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"Canada's National Magazine"

Sixteen Months in Germany

By an Escaped Soldier

Has Canada a Political Boss?



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MARCH

1918

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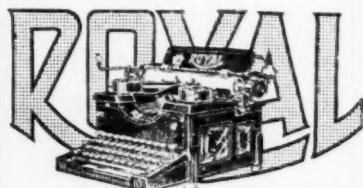
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The Business Outlook

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Future Bright If Industry is Not Hampered

HERE are certain matters of temporary import affecting the business outlook at time of writing. Foremost, of course, is the fuel problem. The order establishing heatless days may or may not relieve the fuel shortage, but unquestionably it has helped to further complicate the industrial situation. Industry is not in a position to take holidays and the enforced rest has added to the burden of unfilled orders in most lines and most factories.

However, fuel and the lack thereof is a purely temporary consideration and by the time these words are published the worst of our difficulties in that respect will be over. The problem that business men in Canada are considering is not one of the present, but purely one of the future. The present is merely a continuation of the prosperous conditions of the past two years carried along by force of war circumstances and certain of continuation as long as the war lasts. No one, not even the rankest pessimist, suggests that there can be any change in the general prosperity that pervades Canada as long as the war lasts. It is a fixed condition. But what of the future?

The feeling among thinking men today is that, unless the war ends very soon and very suddenly, it is almost certain to be prolonged for at least another year and probably longer. The hope of an early peace is based entirely on the belief that Germany may "blow up" internally before the spring comes. Unquestionably the Central Powers are in bad shape from the standpoint of food as attested by the recent general strikes. If it so developed that the lack of food became greater than the people could bear, then the hoped-for end might come. It is not a very tangible hope, however, and the Allies are not building upon it. It is more than likely that the iron will of the German rulers will be imposed on the populace and that the struggling Central Powers will come through the winter and continue the struggle for another year at least.

THE writer had occasion recently to discuss the future outlook with the head of one of the largest Canadian banks.

"We are not afraid of the future," he said. "Unquestionably the coming of peace will bring many new problems but, in view of the fact that we have had a long time to anticipate and prepare for these problems—and will perhaps have a long time still to further prepare,—it does not seem at all likely that we will face the black ruin or the acute depression that some fear. The industrial

world weathers' the shock of war which came upon us almost out of a blue sky with all the effect of a stunning thunderbolt. Surely it will be possible to weather the shock of peace which we can look forward to and which we are preparing for."

"There is one danger," he went on. "The tendency to attack and vilify our big industries is a dangerous one. After the war the great problem will be to provide employment and it is important that our industrial strength should not be impaired. The suggestions so openly made now for the cramping and checking of industrial operations which arise out of class strife could, if put into effect, have only one result: The lessening of employment after the war."

"The great problem, I repeat, is to insure employment for everyone including the returned soldiers who will come back gradually into civil life, during the period of reconstruction immediately following on the making of peace and the ending of war industry. We should do nothing now to make it harder then to keep the wheels of our factories turning."

On the score of the future there is a growing impatience on the part of thinking men to see some program of national organization begun. It is universally recognized that the most pressing problems which will face us then should not be left to individual action. A definite plan must be worked out to find employment for returned soldiers, a plan to be carried out by the various governments. This will be necessary on two counts: First, to make it certain beyond all chance of mistake that every returned man gets a suitable position; and second to protect industry from an unorganized influx of unplaceable labor. So far there has been little evidence of definite action on the part of governments and men who see the gravity of the situation are growing impatient.

It is time, high time, that this problem was approached in a national way. The Dominion must be organized to meet peace better than it is being organized for war. The initiative should come from the Dominion Government.

IN the meantime business conditions throughout Canada are favorable from every angle. Factories are busy and order books are filled. Stores are doing a big volume of business. Collections generally are better. Money is plentiful. There are grave difficulties to be faced, of course, the same difficulties that have been hampering us for the past year and a half—lack of material and lack of labor. The difficulty found in getting

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men and materials is more acute now than ever and at time of writing is further complicated by the very serious shortage of fuel.

The chief difficulty is with reference to materials. The shortage in the most important lines is getting more serious all the time, steel, wool, cotton, chemicals of all kinds. If the war continues indefinitely the markets of the world will be absolutely bared of all such supplies except what are needed for war supplies. That is the greatest danger ahead of business at the present time.

It is remarkable, in fact, that our factories keep running steadily in view of the conditions which prevail. There can be no doubt that the Priority Board at Washington is treating Canada with eminent fairness for we still get supplies from the United States which our American Allies can ill spare.

The chief difficulty is with steel. Conditions have been bad for some time and that they are not getting better is indicated by the following from *The Financial Post*: "Conditions in the steel trade continue unfavorable owing to the severe weather which has prevailed for several weeks. The railways have been badly handicapped by the low temperatures and the yards are still congested, with the result that shipments are coming in slowly. For this reason there is no improvement in the coke situation, which continues acute, and the shortage is interfering with the manufacture of steel, and relief cannot be expected in this quarter until the supply of coke is materially increased. The cold weather is also interfering with manufacturing operations at the steel plants, restricting production considerably. Adverse conditions will likely prevail for the balance of this month. The demand for steel for commercial purposes is showing some improvement, but deliveries have been retarded by the freight congestion."

Labor difficulties are not as great as had been deemed likely when conscription was first mooted. The draft has drawn up so comparatively few that labor conditions have been practically undisturbed.

It is still difficult to get help, particularly in the skilled trades. Tailors, for instance, find it almost impossible to get men; the journeyman tailor can get more at munition work than at his trade. Under the circumstances, however, conditions are not bad enough to give any cause for serious complaint.

With the more general application of the Military Service Act the labor shortage will become more acute, but the chief difficulty looming up is in regard to farm labor. This summer it is going to be necessary to have more help for the farmer and industry is bound to suffer.

Strathcona's Last Million

It is doubtful if the Canadian Northern was ever in as bad shape as the Canadian Pacific was in its worst days. The employees from the president down were at times three or four months behind in receiving their pay. Lord Strathcona, who had been giving all his spare money to help, arrived at a board meeting one day and put down one million dollars, saying, "This is the last cent I own." Van Horne wanted it to be used in buying equipment, but Shaughnessy, who was present, said, "No, I want that ear marked to pay wages and certain kinds of bills.

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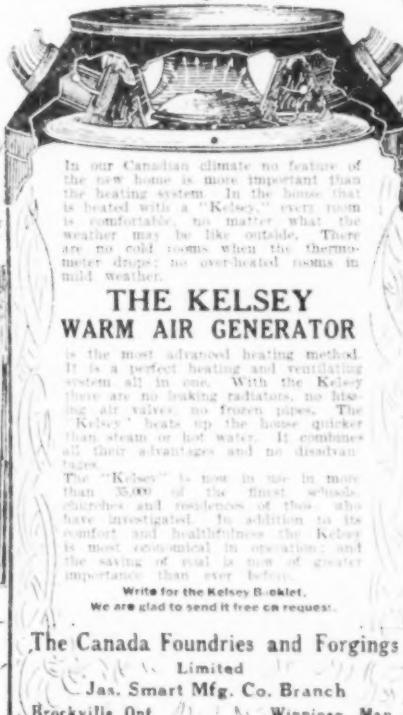
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War Conditions Dominate Situation

ALTHOUGH the Canadian securities markets were not affected to the same extent as the American by the recent movement which came with talk of internal domestic trouble in Germany, and the opinion that peace might be closer, there was still a noticeable improvement. Nor was the advantage all lost in the reaction, there being a larger number of stocks now in the open trading than a month ago, while a number of them have shown substantial gains.

Retrospectively, there does not appear to have been any real foundation upon which to build any very strong price structure. There was no indication that the peace talk was anything more than optimism, but perhaps the best feature of the situation was that mere sentimental influence was such that the bulls were able to build a campaign upon it. Of course they were aided in their plans by the technical situation—the fact that there were a large number of short accounts, and the circumstance that the market was pretty well sold out—but it still remains that there was the necessary underlying strength and confidence to turn news that could not be considered as a real factor in the situation into an influence for strength.

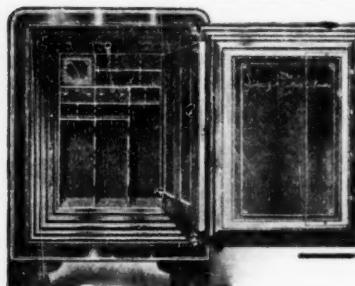
The relapse to dullness came, as it was expected by close students of the situation, as soon as the movement had played itself out. With heavy national financing to be undertaken in the near future, and with the war continuing in all seriousness, it is not to be expected that the readjustment of security values, which is regarded as inevitable under anything like a favorable outcome to the war, will take place for some time. However, it must be remembered at the same time that important security market movements are seldom recognized as such by the public at the time, and it is therefore altogether likely that the looked for readjustment will be unheralded by substantial evidence that it is at hand.

For some time to come the war and war conditions promise to dominate the in-

vestment situation. Good or bad news as to the developments in Europe may be expected to find reflection in stock market quotations. At the same time the continuation of the conflict, which is a heavy drain upon the money markets of the world, must be expected to continue in its influence in maintaining the value of capital, and with the continued rise in interest rates there will be a natural readjustment of the market price of all securities.

Looking to the business situation as a factor in relation to the security markets, the continuation of the war promises that industrial activity will be sustained. Good news from the war will then bear upon the investment market as a general and sentimental influence rather than upon the state of industry itself. In this connection it may be pointed out that the present depressed state of the market has come as a result of conditions arising out of the war which a year or so ago were the foundation upon which a boom in prices was built. It may well be, then, that the rise which is anticipated with favorable war developments would be met, and to some extent checked, by the influence upon the actual industrial situation resulting from a suspension of war activity.

The Canadian situation may be read largely from the American. We, in this country, are daily finding our interests more closely allied with those of the United States. Before the States came in and since conditions here have been largely a reflection of those on the other side of the international boundary. Canada did not feel the war strain to the extent that would otherwise have been the case had great prosperity not prevailed with our national neighbor, and now that both countries are engaged and the strain is daily increasing, we find that the burden is becoming harder to shoulder, and the need is more strikingly evident for business-like efficiency in the conduct of our national affairs.



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Hold Your Victory Bonds

THE recent Victory Loan campaign was such a tremendous success that practically every person in Canada possesses a bond or two at the present time. Some bought with the idea of selling them again. All holders are naturally interested in the market value of their

property and as a result there has been a pretty keen interest in the transactions which have taken place in Victory bonds. A number of subscribers have written in to ask as to the advisability of selling their holdings. The answer to that is emphatically, no. The idea behind the

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Victory Loan was to have each citizen of Canada invest something in the future of the country and incidentally to help win the war by providing the financial sinews. Clearly the object was not to provide material for speculation, profitable or otherwise. The financial situation will be best if the Victory Loan holdings are retained and the market is kept clear for other transactions.

At the same time it is safe to assert that Victory bonds will improve in value as time goes on and that they may even go to a premium. In this connection it is perhaps most convincing to quote from circulars issued recently by thoroughly reliable bond houses. One house predicts that Victory bonds will continue as preferred investments:

"We are frequently asked what the chances are for a rise in the price of the bonds. The answer to this lies largely in the answer to the question: 'What are the chances for an end to the war?' With the war over, it is a reasonable assumption that there would be a prompt advance in the price of the Victory Loan. Before the war, government bonds of equal security would have been considered a good purchase at a price to return 4% on the investment. There has been such a flood of government bonds since the war began, however, that the supply has pressed upon the capacity of purchasers to absorb, the result having been that governments have been compelled to offer better bargains in order to induce purchasers to come forward freely.

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"Whether the price of the Victory Bond advances in the near future or not, there can be no doubt that it will be well above par long before the shortest term bond matures."

Another firm is convinced that the bonds are going to a premium as soon as war conditions change to peace.

"There will never again during our lifetime occur such an opportunity to acquire the strongest form of security obtainable at a price below par, at a rate of interest which, at the present market price, will show about 5 1/4% on money invested, and is more secure than the money with which it is bought.

"There was never a time when the actual value of the dollar was less as regards everything but securities. After the war every dollar saved now will have increased purchasing power. Prior to the war investors were glad to get our government bonds at a price which yielded them but 3 to 4% on their investment. A Victory Bond on a 4% income basis is worth about \$113 a \$100 bond.

"Our advice to you now is to buy Victory Bonds at the market, and hold all you buy. Some holders will be forced, through unfortunate business conditions, to sell, but they will be losing where buyers will benefit."

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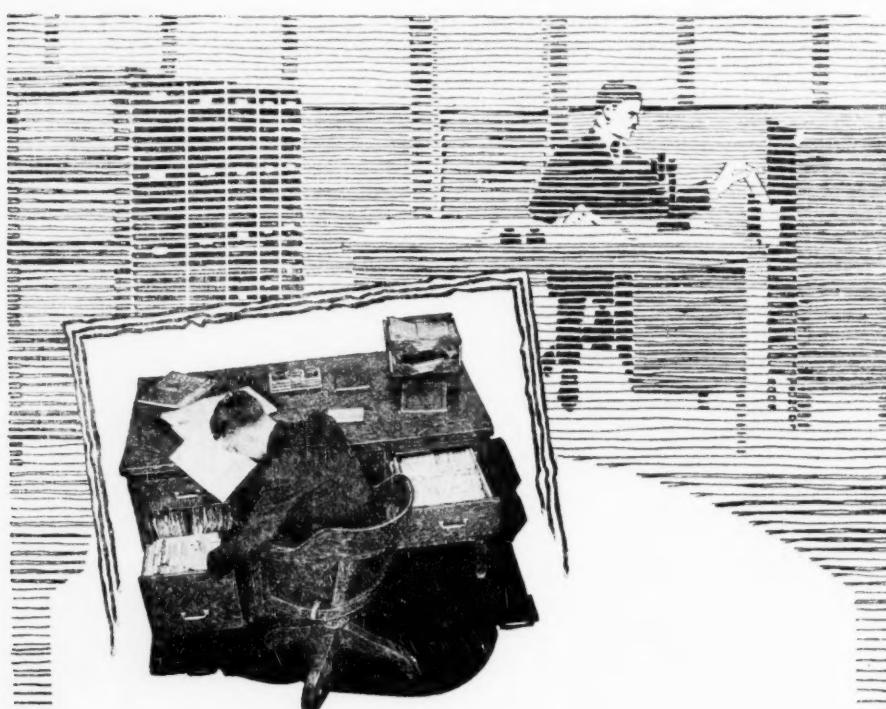
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Preventing Disease at the Front

The War Has Caused Great Advance in Medicine and Surgery.

THAT the war has demonstrated most diseases to be clearly preventable is the main point of an article by Wilson MacNair in the *National Review* under the heading “War and Disease.” Sir Douglas Haig announced recently that there was no preventable disease on the Western front and the writer practically uses that as his text, pronouncing it “one of the most remarkable utterances of the war.” He continues.

That this safety has not been secured by chance or even by a few simple measures is now becoming understood at home. One by one the specious arguments designed to belittle this accomplishment of our Army Medical Service have been disposed of. It was contended, for example, that, after all, soldiers were picked men in the very healthy period of life. The answer to this was the record of disease in every war within living memory (except the Japanese record in the Russo-Japanese War). A further answer was that thanks to the methods of recruiting and examination in vogue during the first year of war many very unfit men were passed for general service and went to France. Again, these soldiers were new to the game; they were raw material in a special sense; they came from lives comparatively sheltered to lives of intense hardship and danger.

A second argument was that the prevention of disease was possible because war is waged over new territory, which, unlike city areas, is not beset with the microbes of disease. But here again the charge breaks down hopelessly because, in point of fact, this war has been waged over very old ground, intensively cultivated, saturated with microbes—witness the gangrene and tetanus met with at first—and covered with innumerable villages the sanitation of most of which was primitive to a degree in pre-war days.

Nor does the third argument, that disease never got a start owing to sanitary measures, fare any better than its predecessors. Disease did get a start. In the winter of 1914-1915 there was a dangerous threat of a typhoid epidemic in Northern France and Belgium which was met and defeated. There have been other attempts on the part of the old enemy to storm the fortress.

The truth is that our army in France has been healthy because every step which could be taken to secure its health was taken, every agency capable of helping in the battle canvassed, every man with special knowledge or capacity called into the service. It was and is a war of administrators on the one hand and scientists on the other. The scientists have made the laws, the administrators have carried them out; the one body of men has learned to know disease, the other body has used this knowledge to defeat it.

All this sounds trite enough until an effort is made to understand its meaning. But once its meaning has been grasped it is seen that a revolution has taken place and that on medicine as on all other affairs the war must leave its indelible stamp. Medicine has put away childish things; it has become a man; it has, on a sudden, realized its own strength. It goes forward with great power to conquer new worlds.

Even now it is possible to assess some of the permanent results of the war medicine and it is important that the public should do this, because the whole profession of doctoring is undergoing a revolution which can only result in bringing that profession into closer touch with the national life. The ancient shibboleths are as good as dead. The “bedside manner,” the cryptic prescription, the vague and pompous talk of other days, are simply no longer useful. The surgeon with his lists of cures in cases of grave internal maladies swept this lumber from a whole suite of the house of disease; the bacteriologist, the hygienist, the maker of vaccines and sera, the nerve doctor, the psychologist

are busily engaged in cleansing the other rooms. In diphtheria, for example, not all the manners and prescriptions of the greatest of the "giants" is worth a single cubic centimetre of anti-diphtheria serum given in time. Nor in a case of acute appendicitis is there any formula to compare even for an instant with the knife of the trained surgeon.

The war has exalted the surgeon. Perhaps it will later on cast him low in the sense that it may render the field of his efforts a narrow one. For the first great and permanent lesson of the war is this: all acute disease is preventable. That doctrine is not new, but belief in it is new. It has been fiercely assailed. There are still vast numbers of people who choose to regard epidemics as evidences of Divine displeasure. There are doctors who accept measles and scarlet fever as inevitable events in childhood, distressing, no doubt, but scarcely to be wondered at. The war comes to those with a trumpet-call bidding them awake from their sleep.

The second lesson of the war is this. The nature and methods of attack of almost every disease, if not of every disease, can be discovered if a big enough effort is made to discover them. The army has inaugurated and has practised the method of mass attack upon disease. It has been forced to do so because

time has been short and danger correspondingly great. The method consists in throwing upon a single problem the whole of the available scientific ability. Every aspect is dealt with at the same time; every clue is followed up; every shred of information collected. The information is then sifted and co-ordinated. Action follows.

This method was pursued when trench-foot became a real source of weakness. A large number of scientific men were engaged on the problem. All kinds of to the lay mind unlikely experiments were carried out. It was shown that cold alone will not produce this type of gangrene, then it was shown that wet alone is also innocuous. Finally the truth emerged that cold and wet together would produce the condition. Another series of experiments proved that the addition of salt to the water rendered it less harmful to the skin and prevented cracking; still another series bore testimony to the value of any oil or fat as a covering to the skin and as an insulator so far as the radiation of heat was concerned. In a short period of time a complete view of the trouble was possible. The administrator stepped in and orders were given. Very soon trench-foot became a "crime" rather than a misfortune, and the condition has been, to all intents and purposes, abolished.

German Designs in the East

Why Russia Must Be Saved in Spite of Herself.

GERMAN designs in the East are laid bare by Lovat Fraser in an article in the London *Daily Mail*. He demonstrates how thinly veiled have been the annexationist designs of the junker element and how necessary it is for the Allies to score a complete victory. He says in part:

We are approaching a very subtle danger, of the nature of which the Germans are well aware. It is not going to be easy to make the nation understand that the enemy can afford to relinquish most of their gains in the West and still obtain in the East such spoils as would ultimately leave us in peril as great as ever. It is not going to be a light task to demonstrate that it is as important to fight for a free Poland and an unconquered Courland as it is for a free Beigium; that if the Germans make immense veiled conquests in the East we shall still have lost the war, and that if we leave an undefeated Germany to batten on the prostrate peoples of Eastern Europe and Middle Asia she will renew the old mad game of the sword at the first opportunity. The very names involved are unfamiliar to the British public. How can they care about the future of Lithuania and Livonia and Estonia and distant Kazan and still more distant Bokhara? Yet the effort must be made, for the fate of the war may depend upon a right understanding of the intentions revealed at Brest-Litovsk.

The Germans are now in possession of the greater part of Western Russia, which is largely inhabited by peoples who are not true Russians. They propose that the inhabitants of Poland, of Lithuania, of Courland, and of "portions" of Estonia and Livonia shall decide for themselves whether they shall pass under German control or remain attached to the State of Russia. Note specially the expression in the German terms about "portions" of Estonia and Livonia. It means that all the shores of the Gulf of Riga and the western portion of the Gulf of Finland, including the naval port of Reval, would become German. It means that the Baltic would be a German lake, and that the Russians would be shut up in Kronstadt. It means that the German flag would fly at points within easy reach of Petrograd, and that the Russian capital would rapidly become Germanized. Note also that Finland has already declared her independence and has sought to enter into relations with the Germans.

Nor is this all. The Germans say that the Russian Army must first demobilize, which is a rather empty request, for as a fighting force

it has already ceased to exist. They also insist that German troops must remain in the occupied territories until the inhabitants have declared "the will of the people." What sort of vote is likely to be taken with armed Germans standing over the ballot-boxes and counting the votes? No wonder that even the amiable Mr. Trotsky professes his dismay.

Side by side with these territorial ambitions the Germans are aiming at the complete economic subjection of Russia. It is to this end that they have incited Lenin and Trotsky, and their desperate associates, to destroy Russian institutions and to undermine the whole fabric of the State. To this end also they are secretly urging the Bolsheviks to set up guillotines in order to murder such men of intellect as are likely to resist the spread of German influence. The western provinces, which they already hold, are only a beginning. They dream of a Greater Germany which will ultimately extend across the Russian plains and across Siberia to the shores of the Pacific. It sounds like madness, but think of what they have accomplished already.

The aspirations thus set forth only represent one-half the German aims in the East. They have an even more gigantic plan, deftly concealed from view at Brest-Litovsk, by which they hope to profit further by the collapse of Russia. It is not often realized that there are twice as many Turkish-speaking peoples in Russia as in Turkey. The Russian Mahomedans are showing a tendency to break off and to form small independent States. In European Russia, and especially in the great district of Kazan, the Mahomedans associate themselves with Russian Republicanism. In the Caucasus and in some of the Central Asian States, particularly in Bokhara, they are more inclined to turn towards the Turks.

The obsequious Turkish tools of Berlin have long been waiting for this opportunity. They have inaugurated the "Pan-Turanian" movement, based on a series of sham theories which suggest that all the peoples speaking the tongues collectively known as "Turanian" are akin. They propose by this movement to link together under Turkish leadership a string of "Turanian" States, stretching from the Bosphorus into the heart of Asia. The propaganda is purely Turkish at present, but at the back of the scheme lies the vision of "Germany over all." The Pan-Turanian movement can only succeed by a German backing, but in all these matters *Turkish aims mean German aims*. Persia and Germany and Chinese Turkestan would be irresistibly drawn towards such a solid block of Mahomedan States stretching athwart the Old World, and we should be confronted with a new Eastern question infinitely more formidable than was ever presented by the old apprehensions of the Russians on the Oxus.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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The Canadians in Mesopotamia

By William Byron

Illustrated by Photographs Made at the Front

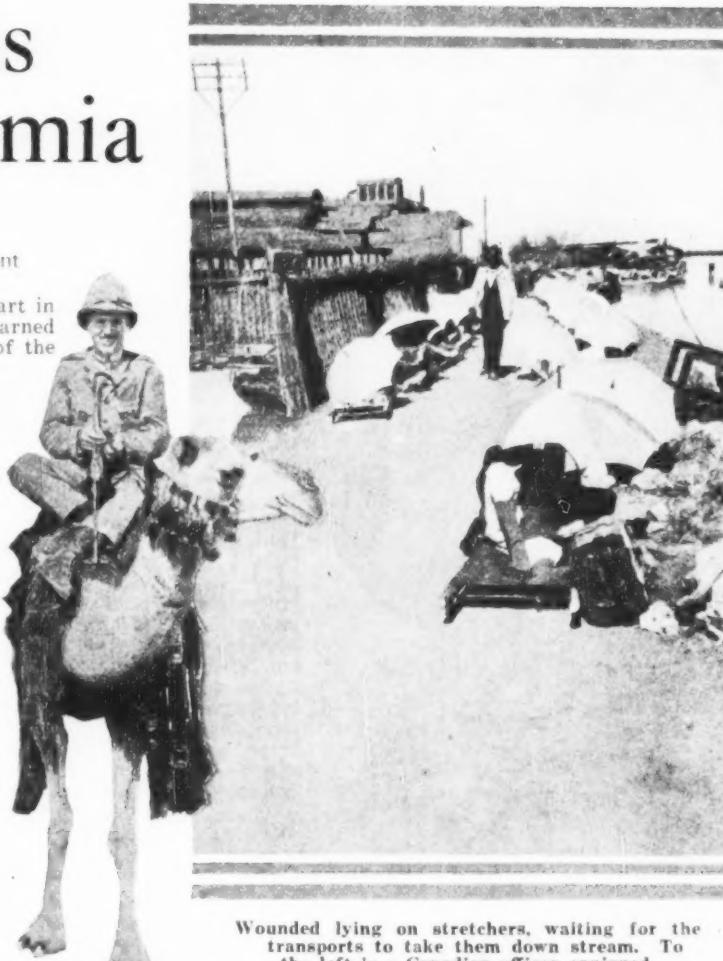
ALTHOUGH no Canadian battalions have taken part in the Mesopotamian Campaign, the Dominion has earned its share of the credit for the successful outcome of the drive on Baghdad. Many Canadians figured in the campaign. There were about sixty in the medical corps, perhaps an equal number in the various branches of the engineering service—and the capture of Baghdad was an engineering feat in the final analysis—and quite a number of Canadian girls serving as nurses.

The story of the second Mesopotamian Campaign is quite as wonderful as any of the famed exploits of Haroun-al-Raschid, one time Caliph of Baghdad. It is the story of rout turned into brilliant victory, of chaos turned into perfect order and efficiency. The first campaign, bungled hopelessly by the Indian Office, had ended in the capture of General Townsend's forces at Kut-el-Amara. The Mesopotamian report issued last year has revealed all the mistakes of that frightful fiasco. Then the Imperial Government took charge and a rapid change came over the scene. Perhaps in no theatre of the war has better management and generalship been shown than in the second campaign on the Tigris. It has been the good fortune of the body of Canadian officers already mentioned to assist in this transformation.

The Indian Office relinquished control of Mesopotamian affairs in July, 1916, and the following month the first party of Canadians arrived consisting of twenty-one medical officers. They went first to Bombay and then trans-shipped to Busra, the sun-blistered port at the mouth of the Tigris River which has served as the base of the Mesopotamian Campaign. It was 120 in the shade the day they landed, a paralyzing heat that rendered the new comers absolutely helpless. It struck through the pith helmets they wore with a numbing effect; it reflected up from the baked clay streets and the mud walls of Busra and filled the vision with delirious fantasies of color. None of the party will ever be able to forget that first day in Mesopotamia.

They were billeted in native palaces which had been turned into hospitals. Evening came on with a welcome degree of coolness and some of the new arrivals took advantage of it to have a look around.

They found Busra in a



Wounded lying on stretchers, waiting for the transports to take them down stream. To the left is a Canadian officer equipped for desert travel.



The splendid railroad built from Busra to Kut before the second campaign.

condition of peculiar turmoil. Ordinarily a very sleepy, dirty and odorous city of moderate size, it was rapidly growing to metropolitan proportions. At that time the population had swelled to well over 100,000 and to-day it probably runs as high as 150,000. Cities of the Orient are not adapted to rapid growth. The sanitary facilities are not adequate at any time; the streets are narrow, rough and crooked; the water and food supply is restricted; hotel accommodation is almost nil. Busra, in the throes of growth, was not good to look upon.



A remarkable photograph taken at Kut-el-Amara immediately after the surrender of Townsend's force. Some of the British prisoners are shown. This picture reached the British after passing through many hands.



The oval inset shows the interior of a Turkish harem now used as a hospital dormitory.

A British soldier with the mascot of his battalion.

The Canadian officers found tangible evidences of both the old order and the new. The old order was represented by long rows of straw-thatched huts, where the wounded and sick were kept. They found these huts crowded with very miserable soldiers suffering from wounds, and dysentery and heat stroke.

"It is inconceivable what these places must be like in the middle of the day!" said a Canadian, as he emerged from one hut where the air had hung about the cots in foetid, stifling heaviness.

The condition of the patients bore witness to what it was like. The sun struck down on the straw thatch until the atmosphere beneath became unbearable. Mosquitoes and sand flies came up in clouds to add to the discomfort of the heat.

The new order was seen in the engineer-



ing work which was under way on every hand. Splendid new piers were being erected. A railway line was being started and already the steel was stretching out from Busra which would carry up the troops needed to push the Turk from his entrenched lines before Kut. New hospitals were in course of erection — well ventilated structures with every convenience and as much protection as could be obtained by mechanical means from the blistering sun of Mesopotamia.

The party met a young Canadian engineer who had been engaged on the pier work for a month or more. He was as brown as a berry and seemed pretty well acclimated already. He was cheerful and even enthusiastic.

"You fellows are just in time to see a miracle," he exclaimed, pointing to the harbor. "That's the first evidence of it over there. They'll be able to bring their transport ships up soon and unload troops by the hundreds of thousands. Then we'll have the railroad built and plenty of ships to ply up and down the river—and some day soon something will land on Johnny Turk like a ton of bricks! I tell you this campaign is being run right. On our end of it we're working by stop-watch; so much to be done by a certain time and no allowances made. We have to produce."

"Things were pretty bad before, I guess," said one of the medical men.

"Awful," said the engineer. "It was a bad bungle. Would you believe it that there were only ten boats on the river to keep up communication with Townsend at Kut?—ten flat-bottomed paddlers to take up reinforcements and supplies and to bring the wounded back! They died like flies on the way back and, of course, there was no hope of relief once the Turks got around Kut. But—believe me!—everything is different now. The war office at London has hold."

In a very short time the miracle that the young engineer had predicted began to unfold. Transport ships steamed up to the new wharves and disgorged troops

and tremendous piles of supplies. The railroad, ingeniously laid with three rails to accommodate rolling stock from both Britain and India, crept further and further up the banks of the Tigris. Flat-bottomed boats for transport upstream kept arriving until there were 150 in all at work. There was a machine-like regularity about it all that suggested a wonderfully well worked out plan.

During all this preliminary work the discomforts suffered by the British and Colonial troops were very great. The season was at its height and the heat was so intense that little work could be done in the middle of the day. At night the air cooled off considerably, but the fleas and sand flies came out of the swamp lands around the camps and settled down like a plague.

The men slept under nets which kept the mosquitoes at bay, but the sand flies, which were small and venomous, easily found their way through all varieties of nets.

In the morning a man awoke—if he had slept at all—with his body red and swollen from the activities of these nocturnal visitors. It became so bad finally that the engineers put oil in all the low-lying lands around the army lines. After that there was less discomfort, but at no stage could unbroken rest be enjoyed.

THE work of preparation for the new drive went forward without any hostility on the part of the inhabitants of the country who were for the most part Arabs. At the same time the natives did not show any great cordiality. The Arab is a calculating person with a wholesome fear of his master, the Turk. The result of the first campaign had left seeds of doubt in the Arab mind. He expected that some day the British would leave Busra and the Turk would come back; and it would not do on that black day for the powers of the Porte to be able to say that the inhabitants had helped the invaders. So there was no enthusiasm and no co-operation. Later, when the Turkish troops were driven back from Kut, the attitude of the inhabitants began to change. When Baghdad fell, Busra came off the fence and from that time on has been actively and openly pro-British.

The Arab from the desert, the Bedouin, was a different problem again. A waif, a friend of no man and a thief of marvellous cunning, the Bedouin had to be carefully watched. Wherever the British tents were erected came these prowlers of the desert and, no matter how close the vigilance displayed, goods immediately began to disappear.

One night a party of three Canadian medical officers went to sleep in a tent. They awoke up to find the sun peeping over the eastern horizon and striking directly on them.

"What the —!" exclaimed the first one to roll over. "What's happened to our tent?"

Half of it was gone. One whole side had magically disappeared. The reason was guessed at when it was found that a sharp knife had ripped the canvas away.



Two Canadian officers in the uniform worn in the Mesopotamian campaign—Capt. James A. Dickson (left) and Capt. C. J. M. Willoughby.

A Bedouin—may his tribe not increase—had been in need of canvas for some purpose or other, perhaps for a new robe, and had taken as much as he required from the tent as they slept.

A few nights later a still more daring feat was carried out. Some Arabs stole through the sentry lines and carried off several sets of mule harness. The officer in charge, again a Canadian, was at first very much wrought up. Finally, however, he began to see a comic side to it and he walked over to the medical headquarters to share the joke with his fellow-countrymen there.

"This is a good one on friend Arab," he said. "They have donkeys only and they'll never be able to use mule harness. It's too big. So they've had their trouble for nothing."

The next night the Arabs came back and stole the mules that went with the harness!

This was a truly remarkable feat, for the animals had to be spirited out through the sentry lines and anyone who knows the army mule will agree that the abductors must indeed have been artists in their own line. Needless to state there was no hilarity next day when the theft was discovered. The joke was not on the Arabs.

THE Canadians mixed very freely with the natives, sometimes rather to the wonderment of their British comrades. Several of them used cameras extensively and the zest for pictures took them into all sorts of queer corners. The Arab is a handy man with the knife so that a certain amount of danger attended these excursions. No case was recorded, however, where unhappy results followed. Perhaps the sheer unconcern of the Colonials carried them through.

One young medical officer had the unique distinction of photographing an Arabian woman of high rank. The wives of the better class Arabians never appear in public with more than their eyes showing. There is something peculiarly fascinating about these dusky-orbed daughters of the desert peeping out from shadowy lattices or gliding by with their graceful drapes and their faces hidden by veils which leave only the eyes free. One day this officer met a very important man, indeed, a date producer who had a large establishment in Busra. The Arab had one of his wives along and did not demur when the Canadian suggested he would photograph them.

"Tell the lady to remove the veil," said the latter.

The Arab caught his meaning and told his wife to reveal



Above: Why Britain succeeds when other nations fail. A photograph taken at the knighting of an Arab Sheik at Koweit—a mark of honor much appreciated by the Arab people.

Inset: Typical Mesopotamian scenery; date trees along a creek running into the Tigris.



Left: A ship sunk by the Turks at the mouth of the Tigris to keep the British out. The tide caused it to shift sideways. Right: A type of Bedouin chief, taken on the visit of his caravan to a British camp.

her charms. She did. "After all," said the Canadian, "it would have been a much better picture the other way."

He went back to his quarters thoroughly disillusioned. Arabian women look better with their veils on.

The harem is still an institution in Mesopotamia. Hospitals were located in several of the palaces belonging to the noble-born of Busra and necessarily the feminine wings were taken over. In one place was a large chamber which had been used as a bedroom for a number of the former owner's wives. Above each alcove was an inscription which the staff declared must represent the name of the particular wife who had slept there and which were variously translated as "Sarah," "Flossie," "May" and "Jenny." Cots were put into these alcoves and now



wounded soldiers sleep there.

THE work of preparation for the new drive went on apace. As the new troops arrived they were sent up the river, chiefly by the boats, to the British lines before Kut. It was a ten-day trip up, as the Tigris follows a serpentine course north. It is very sluggish and in places quite shallow. The engineers soon made a rather remarkable discovery about the river. It is deepest at its widest parts and becomes shallow where the banks converge, thus reversing the natural order. The engineering corps was at first very much puzzled as to how the volume of water flowing along the wide and deep sections managed to get through the narrow and shallow parts; and it was finally concluded that the only explanation was underground seepage.

The Canadian medical officers were used in various parts of the line. Some remained in the hospitals at headquarters and others were stationed at the camps along the river — very trying service for they had to live under canvas which intensified the heat. The majority, however, served behind the lines before Kut or on the hospital boats, plying up and down the river.

The "front" when the campaign opened was on the east bank of the Tigris before Kut-el-Amara, and was similar in many respects to the front in France. It was, of course, trench warfare. The trenches were shallow owing to the sandy nature of the soil and there was no evidence of the complicated systems of communication trenches found on the Western front. There was comparatively little artillery fire and the number of airplanes was limited on both sides so that the approach to the front line was not fraught with the same hazards. On the other hand, however, such fighting as occurred was even more sanguinary. An attack was not preceded by heavy artillery fire calculated to wipe out the opposing line and had to be brought off across open ground swept

The old order — The straw-thatched huts first used as hospitals for the sick and wounded.

fear capture as they do on the Western front.

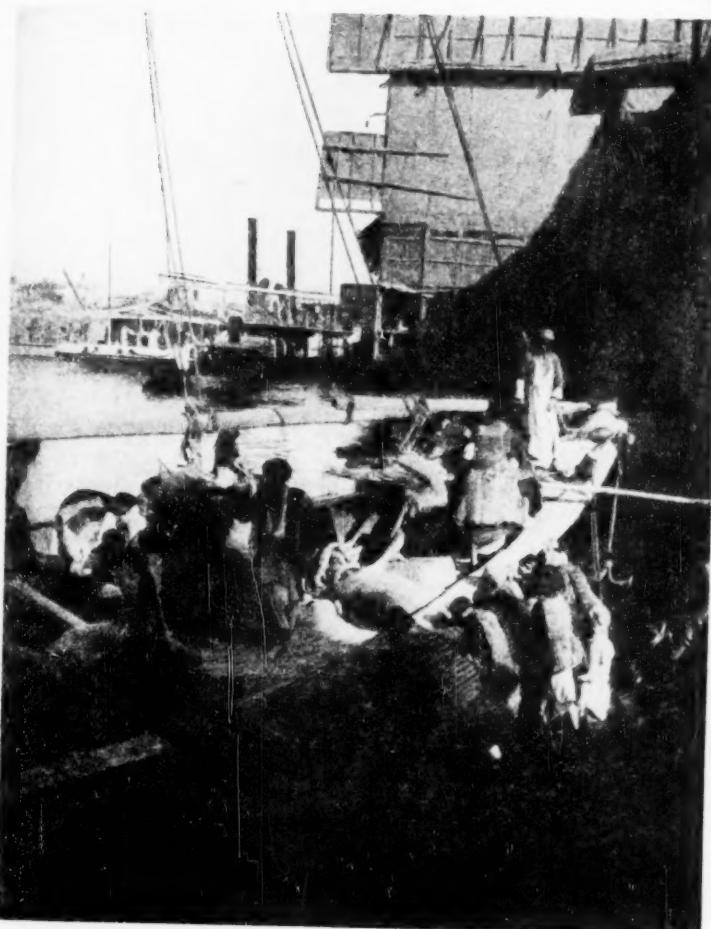
An example of the fairness of the Turk as a fighting man came under the notice of the Canadians. The medical corps had established a dressing station not far back of the front line and quite often Turkish shells landed in dangerous proximity. This was considered unusual. The

Red Cross was conspicuously displayed and the Turk had always respected it. Finally, during a truce to collect wounded — frequently the Turk will hoist a white flag and send stretcher bearers out after his men — a message was sent over which read: "Move your dressing station farther back or we won't be able to help hitting it."

Which is "playing the game."

The campaign opened actively in the cool season: in other words, the season of rain and mud. Soldiers who had seen every variety of mud and had come through campaigns in Flanders swore with all the fluency of old campaigners that they had never seen the equal of Mesopotamian mud. It was heavy and clammy and — everywhere. It stuck to the feet of the marching troops and made every step a muscular effort. After marching fifty yards through a muddy stretch, a man's legs began to ache and sweat beads of sheer agony stood out all over him. A mile was enough to kill the sturdiest. Sometimes attacks had to be made across a No Man's Land of such mud!

IT was soon found that the Turkish lines on the east bank were too strong to be carried. Under the direction of German officers the Turks had dug themselves in so strongly that to carry the lines by assault would have been too expensive



The new order — The open style of concrete hospitals now in use for the British wounded.



an operation. So a large force was thrown across the river to the Western flank. In the meantime a heavy artillery fire was kept up on the eastern side and the Turks did not detect the flanking movement until it was too late. Their troops on the west bank gave way before the attacking force, and the British pushed up the west bank of the Tigris without difficulty.

The flanking movement was a complete success, but crossing the river was found to be a serious problem. Realizing that they were trapped if the British crossed, the Turks fought desperately against all attempts. Finally the flanking movement carried the British above Kut on the west bank. A surprise attack by cavalry and

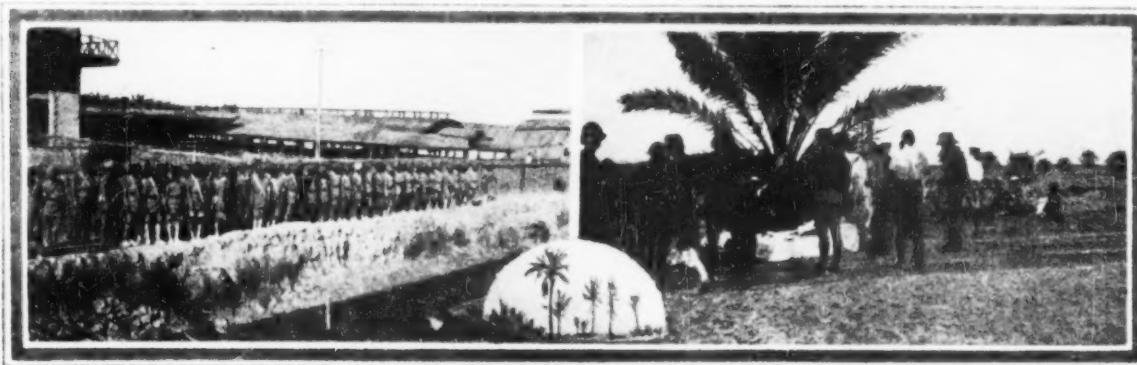
the use of pontoon bridges finally effected a landing on the east side. It was a sanguinary struggle, however, and the British losses were heavy before the defending forces were driven back.

A Canadian medical officer, Lieut. Renton, of London, Ontario, distinguished himself in the crossing of the Tigris. He was in charge of the Red Cross work and was under fire during the whole engagement. So heavy was the fire that all his stretcher-bearers were killed, and he himself was in continual danger. The work was so well carried out, however, that Lieut. Renton was again placed in charge when a similar crossing was successfully made above Baghdad.

Once across the river the British troops had the Turks in the jaws of a vise. A large enough force was thrown across the river above Kut to cut off retreat and practically the whole Turkish army was forced to surrender. Much to the regret of everyone most of the German officers had made good their escape before the vise closed. A few were captured. They were subalterns for the most part and they took their captivity in bad grace, being very much chagrined at the turn the campaign had taken. They had little to say.

"You surprised us," said one of them, in a burst of candor. "We had no idea you

Continued on page 101



The Soldiers' Opinion of Mesopotamia

This "Mesopotamian Alphabet" was written by the officers who served in the earlier stages of the campaign and shows in a good-natured but unmistakable way the feeling that existed with reference to early failures. Repeated efforts were made to send the verses out of Mesopotamia, but the Censor refused to pass them. However, they came out—and here they are, in MACLEAN'S, of course.

A is an apple, which grew, so they say
In the Garden of Eden, down Kurna way.
Till Eve came along and ate it one day
And got thrown from Mesopotamia.

B stands for Bedouin, the waif of the sands;
He'll steal your eye-teeth and the rings
from your hands;
He can steal the boots off the sentry who
stands
On guard in Mesopotamia.

C is the poor old Indian Corps
That went to France, and fought in the
war;
Now it gathers the crops and fights no more
In the land of Mesopotamia.

D is the digging we've all of us done
Since first we started to fight the Hun;
And now we've shifted ten thousand ton
Of mud in Mesopotamia.

E is the energy shown by the staff
Before the much-advertised "Hanna" strafe—
Yet the net result was the Turks had a laugh
At our strafe in Mesopotamia.

F stands for Fritz who flies in the sky,
To bring him down we've all had a try;
And the shells we shot at him all passed by
And fell in Mesopotamia.

G is the grazing we do all the day.
We fervently hope we all may some day
Get issued again with a ration of hay—
Although we're in Mesopotamia.

H is the harems, which it appears,
Have flourished in Baghdad for hundreds
of years;
We hope to annex the destitute dears,
When their husbands leave Mesopotamia.

I is the Indian Government, but
On the subject I'm told I must keep my
mouth shut,
For it's all due to them we failed to reach Kut
From Amara in Mesopotamia.

J is the jam, with label it tries
To say that in Paris it won the first prize.
But out here we use it for catching the flies
Which swarm in Mesopotamia.

K are the kisses from lips sweet and fair
Waiting for all of us 'round Leicester
Square,
Where we wend our way after waiting a year
Or two in Mesopotamia.

L is the loot we hope we shall seize
Wives and wines and bags of rupees—
When the Mayor of Baghdad hands over the
keys
To the British in Mesopotamia.

M is the local mosquito whose bite
Keeps us awake all through the long night.
And makes all our faces a horrible sight,
In the land of Mesopotamia.

N is the navy that's tied to the shore.
They have lashings of beer and stores
galore;
Oh, I wish I had joined the navy before
I came to Mesopotamia.

O are the orders we get from the Corps,
Thank goodness, by now we are perfectly
sure
That, if issued at three, they'll be cancelled
by four.
By the muddlers of Mesopotamia.

P are the postal officials who fail
To deliver each week more than half of
our mail.
If they had their deserts they would all be
in jail
Instead of in Mesopotamia!

Q is the quinine we take every day.
To keep the malaria fever away,
Which we're bound to get sooner or later,
they say,
If we stay in Mesopotamia.

R are the rations they give us to eat.
For breakfast it's biscuit, for dinner tinned
meat.
And if we've been good we get jam for a
treat
With our tea in Mesopotamia.

S and T are supposed to supply
The army with food we hope when they
die.
They will go to a spot as hot and as dry
As this horrible Mesopotamia.

U is the lake called Ummhal Braha.
Which guards our left from all possible
harm
And waters Gorringen's barley farm
In the middle of Mesopotamia.

V is the victory won at Dugailah,
I heard of it first from a friend who's a
sailor.
Who read it in Reuter's aboard his Mahailay.
On the Tigris in Mesopotamia.

W stands for the wonder and pain
With which we regard the infirm and insane
Old Indian generals who guide the campaign
We're waging in Mesopotamia.

X are the extras the corps say we get:
But so far there isn't a unit we've met
Who have drawn a single one of them yet
Since they landed in Mesopotamia.

Y is the yearning we feel every day
For a passage to Busra and thence to
Bombay.
If we get there we'll see we keep right away
From the wilderness Mesopotamia.

I have tried very hard and at last I've hit
On a verse the letter Z would fit
But the censor deleted every bit
Save the last word Mesopotamia.



A Casualty

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys

That lad I took in the car last night,
With the body that awfully sagged away,
And the lips blood-crisped, and the eyes flame-bright,
And the poor hands folded and cold as clay—
Oh, I've thought and thought of him all the day!

For the weary old Doctor says to me:
"He'll only last for an hour or so,
Both of his legs below the knee
Blown off by a bomb . . . So please go slow,
And bear in mind, lad, he doesn't know."

So I tried to drive with never a jar;
And there was I cursing the road like mad,
When I hears a ghost of a voice from the car:
"Tell me, old chap, have I 'copped it' bad?"
So I answers "No," and he says: "I'm glad."

"Glad," says he, "for at twenty-two
Life's so splendid, I'd hate to go,
There's so much that a chap might do,
And I've fought from the start, and I've suffered so,
'Twould be hard to get 'done in' now, you know."

"Forget it," says I; then I drove awhile,
And I passed him a cheery word or two;
But he didn't answer for many a mile,
So just as the hospital hove in view,
Says I: "Is there nothing that I can do?"

Then he opens his eyes and smiles at me:
And he takes my hand in his trembling hold:
"Thank you,—you're far too kind," says he;
"I'm awfully comfy,—stay . . . Let's see:
I fancy my blanket's come unrolled,—
My *feet*, please wrap 'em—they're cold . . . they're
cold . . ."

NOTE.—*This incident happened to the writer while driving on the Somme front.—R.W.S.*

By the Tip of an Eyelash

By A. C. Allenson

Who wrote "The Cobweb Sweeper," "The Draft," etc.

Illustrated by R. M. Brinkerhoff



R. M. BRINKERHOFF

It was opened by the President, Mr. Steeton himself. He looked greatly perturbed.

TERRY O'ROURKE leaned heavily against the rails of the race-course, near the Judge's box. The last race was over and the crowd that had thronged the track was fast melting away. Terry felt that in about ten years he might come round sufficiently to be able to crawl to the cars. The shock had been dramatically sudden. Half an hour before he had been on thick velvet, and then the darkest of dark horses had nosed out a perfectly preposterous victory, putting O'Rourke to the cocoanut matting with an efficiency that, as such, left nothing to be desired. His present assets were seventy cents and a return railway ticket to Grantchester and trouble. It is in such an hour that Wisdom, the prig, mocks at one's calamities, and Conscience, that venerable Pecksniff, hobbles up to get in an unctuous, "I told you so!"

Upon O'Rourke's red head was a pearl-grey derby hat, of much pearliness, that had served to advertise its owner's bookmaking occupation. He now removed it, placed it carefully on the sward, walked

back briskly half a dozen steps, then turned and launched it into the air after the best manner of a place-kick artist of the football arena. He watched it soar skywards with peculiar satisfaction, and his soul felt largely eased.

"To hell wid it!" muttered O'Rourke. "And now for that ould blatherskite Jimmy McShane and little Nora."

With such covering as beneficent Nature had provided for his head he went forth into the shady avenue leading to Dorville, a brilliant spectacle. Brusquely he rebuked a facetious youth who asked permission to light his cigarette at the flaming locks. The road was crowded with vehicles, now crawling a few yards, then pulling up till the jam ahead eased. Suddenly there was a crash, some rapid-fire conversation, and O'Rourke forgot his sorrows. The driver of a smart racing car, trying to push ahead of the crowd, smashed into a standing machine, shearing away guard, step and one of the lamps. Instead of stopping to make what amends he could, the driver swung on, darted through an opening in the traffic and vanished down a side street. The occupant of the damaged car, a tall, elderly lady, stepped out. She was angry clear through and her snapping black eyes showed her wrath.

"Pretty slick get-away, Ma'am. Please God he breaks his neck," said O'Rourke consolatorily. The woman looked at the ruddy Job's comforter and the grim look vanished from her face.

"No such luck!" she said. "But I certainly would have liked just two minutes' conservation with him. Got his number, John?" she asked her chauffeur.

"Very sorry, Ma'am. I could not catch it," the man replied.

Now Terry O'Rourke had happened to stand near that particular car most of the giddy afternoon. For an optimistic hour he had entertained dreams of shortly possessing one like it.

"That's his number, Ma'am." And he pencilled it on a scrap of paper.

"I am greatly obliged to you," said the lady, putting away the slip. No vital damage had been done so she decided to continue her journey. She turned to the obliging young man who had helped to clear away the wreckage.

"Lost your hat?" she asked, a smile flickering about her eyes.

"In a manner of speaking, yes, Ma'am," he replied with a wide grin. "What use is a white hat to a red-headed man up against it?"

"Perhaps——?" she looked at him enquiringly.

"No, Ma'am, thank you kindly," he answered.

"A lift to the city?" she suggested.

"Much obliged, lady," he replied. "Guess the last train will suit me better, and I have my ticket into Grantchester. You see, Ma'am, I've got a wife, and she's got folks, and to-morrow's Sunday, and as Sunday's a holiday they'll have lots of time to speak their opinion of me. But thank you kindly, Ma'am, all the same."

She stepped into her car and it moved off. Half an hour later she opened her handbag and looked again at the slip of paper.

"I should have got the address of the Aurora Borealis," she said.

II.

JIMMY McSHANE was troubled. He never remembered being so utterly under the black dog since the day little Danny underwent the great operation. Jimmy supervised the running of the elevators and maintained order on the street floor of a big office block in Grantchester. A freckle-faced, mercurial Irishman, he was furious with himself for being so fanciful. A dozen times he demonstrated to his reason that he was a fool, but the conclusion brought no relief. A black, suffocating pall enveloped his spirits and, try as he would, he could not get clear.

It all rose from the fact that young Mellish of the Consolidated Bank came out of the offices on the street floor at eleven. This variation in the six-days-a-week continuous performance had upset Jimmy's sensitive nerves. According to schedule Mellish should leave the bank at twelve-five, saunter to the side door, stop for a word with McShane about the performances, prospects, or promises of Grantchester's baseball team, and at twelve-ten meet Miss Mary Marlowe, the little lady from the Fulcherville Company's offices upstairs. Then the pair would go off, with nod and smile to Jimmy, as if Main Street were a bosky Arcady. To-day, when Mellish appeared, an hour ahead of schedule, Jimmy had a facetious remark on his tongue; then he saw the boy's face. The gay, care-free look had gone, he was grey and haggard. At twelve-ten the girl came down as usual, glanced round quickly, hesitated an instant, then went away alone.

"Things are not as they should be, at all, at all," muttered Jimmy.

Between two and three the girl came down twice, and McShane saw on her face the shadow of a cloud. When the Consolidated closed for the day, Doggett, its uniformed messenger, came out. As a rule Jimmy had the profoundest contempt for the spruce Doggett, and had been known to express his opinion of him as a "gilded jackass," but to-day the man had his value. Unprofessional or not, Jimmy's frazzled nerves could stand the suspense no longer, so he button-holed the dignitary, and asked casually if Mr.

Mellish were sick. With a knowing wink, for which Jimmy could have punched the offending eye, Doggett gave it as his opinion, between man and man, that Jack Mellish was very sick, and likely to be a great deal sicker, so much so that it might be a long day before they saw him again, unless— And Mr. Doggett knocked his wrists together suggestively, and departed. The heart of McShane dropped like a leaden plummet to the depths of misery's sea.

"Poor little lady! Holy Saints be good to her!" he muttered. Jimmy was a judge of women. He saw lots of them going up and down his elevators, and was somewhat of a practical philosopher. Dress disguises could not fool him. He knew most kinds, sterling, plated, pewter, commonest lead varnished over, and Mary Marlowe was always to him "the little lady from the fifth floor." The boy—of course he wasn't good enough for his luck—but he came as near as could be expected.

SULTRILY the afternoon dragged on. Jimmy was speaking crabibly to Maggie O'Hara from the tenth floor, who had stopped to ask after Mrs. McShane quite politely, when suddenly his spirits took an inexplicable bound upward. That was Jimmy's way. Temperament made a shuttlecock of him. One second he would be glowing on the optimistic side of the net, and then, like a flash, he would be at the opposite end of the court, in black depression. Some subtle influence now came like a breeze from the ocean, driving the hot, stale weariness away, as before a salt, vivifying gale. Looking up the corridor, he saw two persons, picturesquely unconventional in the stereotyped throng. The man might have been an English gamekeeper, leggings, velveteens and all. The woman, alert, bronzed, dominating, matched in aggressive power his tall, free-striding masculinity. Outside the door of one of the offices they stopped to chat with an acquaintance. Miss O'Hara noted Jimmy's look and lingered. She came from the McShane village in Roscommon, so was privileged.

"The man with the fly-catchers, and hat cocked one side, like the fine buck of an Irish landlord is Lord Eastbury," he said, answering her enquiry.

"Not him as was Lord Lif-tinant av Ireland?" she asked awesomely.

"The same lad," replied Jimmy. "Vice-r-r-r-oy of Ireland! Vice-r-r-r-oy of India, and—all manner of grand jobs!"

"And the funny lady! My stars! Don't she look the Tartar? And-d-d, the clothes av her! An-n-n-d, the hat!" giggled the smart little minx.

"Whisht! Ye little omadhaun!" growled Jimmy. "That lady is Miss Pandora Fulcher."

"What! The lady who took little Danny to the big doctor to be cured of his lameness?" she asked. "And her rolling in millions, and to rig up like that! An-n-d the shoes av her! Brogans like them cost seven an' six, no more and no less in Wirranahinch. I never saw them this side the water before." And she shook her head.

"Here they come!" said Jimmy. "And there's your car, Maggie."

When Miss Pandora saw McShane, erect as a flagpole, she put out her hand.

"John!" she said to the Earl. "Let me introduce Jimmy McShane, formerly of County Roscommon. This is the Earl of Eastbury, Jimmy. I daresay you and your friends spent many a cold hour behind a stone wall with a shotgun, praying for the pleasure of his nearer acquaintance."

"Byegones are byegones in Ireland now, eh, Mr. McShane?" said the Earl, shaking hands. "Well, I'll be off, Pandora. We shall see you at Eastbury for Christmas?"

Miss Pandora lingered a moment to ask after Mrs. McShane and Danny, then entered the elevator and ascended to the fifth floor.

III.

EZRA FLAXTON, superintendent of the Fulcherville Company, was awaiting her when she reached the offices. He was a grizzled, quiet man, under whose capable hand the vast organization ran like a fine watch movement.

"What is this about the Consolidated, Ezra?" she asked, after they had run through the list of pencilled items she had before her. "The mills have done

business with them at Frampton since my father's young days, and I don't like to cut away from them. I had a note from Mr. Steeton, the president, asking for an appointment."

"I closed the account very reluctantly," said Flaxton. "There have been developments in the management of the bank I did not approve of, and which I felt sure you would not approve. Too much skyrocketing. Old man Steeton, who remains at the Frampton end, is being run by a clique his son gathered together downstairs. The youngster thinks his front name is Napoleon, instead of just Bill, and he's cultivating the forehead lock and Man of Destiny expression. He has egged on the old man to butt into Grantchester and New York where he doesn't belong, and his destiny is to be backed up into a blind alley one of these fine days. He'll never know, till the bandages come off, whose brick it was that laid him out. Rubber and coffee plantations, land development schemes, and a pile of other flim-flam deals in places it takes a fortune and half a lifetime to get at!"

"When a bank gets too deep in the outside interests of its customers, and the shady section of them, too, it is apt to find it hard to decide which of the two masters to serve, and, of course, being human in the last analysis, it generally picks the wrong one," he continued.

Miss Pandora nodded. She liked old Ezra in the pulpit, deouncing modern business heresies.

"A bank should play no favorites," he went on, encouraged. "It should grant no special privileges to side partners, with love, hot air, and dreamstuff as collateral. I'd fire an office boy whom I caught gambling with the stamp box, so I fired old Steeton's bank. I am no believer in the principle that sends to jail the man who steals the goose from the common, and sends to the Senate the man who steals the common from the goose. I guessed Steeton would appeal to Caesar." He smiled grimly, knowing how much

good that would do. An appeal from Flaxton's judgment to that of Miss Pandora had small chance of success.



AFTER he had left to catch his train to Fulcherville, she sent for Mary Marlowe, the assistant secretary. There were accumulations of private business to clear off. The girl was a favorite of Miss Pandora's who had personally advanced her to the responsible position she held. Quick, competent and intelligent, she was a valuable assistant, and personal matters, not attended to by the principal herself, were in Miss Marlowe's hands. To-day the work did not go at all well. More than one Miss Fulcher looked up sharply at some evidence of the girl's preoccupation. The pretty, clever face was pale, and, despite effort to focus attention upon the matters before them, she had a jaded, worried look that was very unusual. The room was hot, for the sultriness of the atmosphere made the air of the sun-baked offices seem stagnant and dead.

"It is getting late, so we'll stop for to-day," said Miss Pandora, pushing away a bundle of papers. "You don't look over fit, Mary. No wonder. This place is like a Turkish bath."

The girl apologized for her dulness.

"Never mind, my dear," answered her employer. "There's nothing of special importance, and I wished to have a chat with you. How would you like to become my private secretary? Annabelle Rogers who has been with me twenty years, is getting married on Thursday. She has hypnotized a musty old professor—what of, corns or Sanskrit, I haven't the remotest idea. He comes round every day at three to read to her sugary bits from 'The Angel in the House.' Sits at her feet to read—that's what made me think his line might be chiropody. 'Angel in the House!'" she repeated in deep disgust. "Wait till he sees her in curl papers at seven in the morning, yawning over her stockings. He'll know a lot more about

angels then than he appears to now. You never had a moth-eaten professor read 'The Angel in the House' to you, did you?

"Well then, don't. If one should try it on, just brain him with the volume and have done with it. Now what about it? The secretary job, I mean. You would get nearly double the salary we pay you here, but then, of course, you'd have to travel and live with me to earn it."

"There is nothing I would like better," replied the girl. "But I am engaged to be married, and we did think—"

"The trail of the serpent is everywhere," groaned Miss Pandora heavily. "You poor, foolish child. Can't you fire him, and regain your happiness and peace of mind? Most of them are just trouble makers, and the very minute the surprised choir bleat the 'Amen' part to 'The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden,' your peace has gone. Well, think it over, Mary. Off you go home and rest, you look tired out. A week on my yacht, the *Xantippe* with spray and spindrift flying about you would put color into those cheeks that belong to them."

When the girl had gone, the cashier came in with some memorandum she had called for.

"Do you happen to know whom Miss Marlowe is engaged to, Harrison?" she asked her confidential employee.

"Mr. Mellish, teller at the Consolidated downstairs," he replied.

"Hm!" she said, and busied herself with the details of the statement he had brought to her. She remained, working at her private affairs after the other people had gone. Her car was to call at six, and a few minutes before that hour she went downstairs.

HE was waiting for the return of the boy Jimmy had sent to look for her auto when two men entered the building by the side door. They walked along the now deserted corridor to the

Consolidated offices, tapped and were admitted.

"Working overtime in the bank to-night?" Miss Pandora remarked to Jimmy.

"That's O'Shaughnessy from the Central Station," he answered with a groan. "Poor lad!"

"What's the matter?" she asked, her interest roused.

In a few excited words he told her what he knew of the trouble young Mr. Mellish of the bank was in.

"Mellish!" she repeated, the jaded face of Mary Marlowe coming up before her.

Without another word to the astonished man, she walked up to the bank door, and rapped. It was opened by the president, Mr. Steeton, himself. He looked greatly perturbed, and the astonishment with which he beheld his notable visitor did not lessen this.

"I called as I was passing to say that the hour named in your note—eleven—will suit me very well," she said, in response to his greeting.

Besides Mr. Steeton, there were three men present; one whom Jimmy had called O'Shaughnessy, another who had accompanied him and whom Miss Pandora gathered was young Steeton, and a third, Mellish, doubtless.

"Well, I guess we'd better be moving," said O'Shaughnessy.

"Just one moment, if you don't mind," asked Mellish. "I would like to speak to Miss Fulcher, if I may."

The president looked perplexed, his son annoyed, by the request.

"It is scarcely necessary to trouble Miss Fulcher, is it?" the latter enquired.

"No trouble at all," said Miss Pandora. "I should like to hear what he wishes to say to me."

"All I wish to ask," said Mellish, when the door of the private office closed, "is that you will make things as easy as you can for Mary Marlowe. She knows something is wrong, but does not suspect it is as bad as this. We are engaged, and I am under arrest on the charge of stealing from the bank. It will be a fearful blow to her, and I'd like to have it broken as easily as possible."

HE looked at him steadily. Her words to Mary about trouble makers came back to her. She felt more than a little bitterness in regarding the man who had wrecked his own life, and that of the girl who loved him to her sorrow. He did not flinch before her scrutiny.

"I have done no wrong, Miss Fulcher, to cause Mary to be ashamed of me," he said, answering her unspoken interrogation. "I am clean of that which they charge against me."

"I will make it as easy as I can for her," she replied, opening the door, and returning to Mr. Steeton.

"I know nothing of the details of this matter," she said to the latter. "Mr. Mellish has spoken to me only of a private affair, but, Mr. Steeton, is there no other way than this?"

"I wish I could find one," he replied. "It is a matter of ten thousand dollars. If there were restitution by this young man, we might reconsider the matter of prosecution, though that, as you know, would be in contravention of our fixed rule, which is to prosecute."

"Restitution is out of the question," Mellish spoke up. "I am innocent of theft as you, yourself, Mr. Steeton."

"I wish I could believe that, Mellish," replied the president. "No officer of the



"And the young man," added Jimmy, "is Terry O'Rourke. It's a gambler he is."

R.M. BRINKESHOFF

bank has enjoyed my confidence more absolutely. It is a keen personal trouble to me." The old man spoke with evident sincerity. He was a genial, friendly man.

"It was suggested to me this morning that I clear out," said Mellish. "The motive was doubtless friendly, and opportunity was offered, but I refused to brand myself as guilty, so I came back here. I had nothing to do with the stealing, and I do not know who the thief is. I admit the evidence is strongly against me, and I don't blame you for the steps you have taken. Perhaps, with more time, I might have been able to prove what I say, but there need be no more talk about restitution or clearing out. I have done no wrong, I have nothing to run away from, and I can face the music, if needs be."

"Is it necessary to take immediate action, Mr. Steeton?" asked Miss Pandora, greatly impressed by the strong candor of the young man. "Faces, I know, often lie, but this one impresses me as truthful.

"Suppose you suspend action for forty-eight hours? If he is arrested now I shall go with him before the magistrate and give what bail may be required. Would it not serve your interest just as well to take my word here that I will produce him at the end of the stipulated time, if you want him, or, failing my ability to do this, I will indemnify the bank against loss? I am willing to take a chance for two reasons, the boy's apparent

squareness and courage, and the happiness of someone I am interested in."

"I shall be glad to accede to that," said the kindly old man. He went out, and the detective took his departure.

THE story as given to Miss Pandora by Jack Mellish was a curious one. Clearly there was a very strong case against him. Between closing time at the Consolidated one Saturday at noon and opening time on Monday morning a package containing ten thousand dollars in twenties had disappeared. The bills belonged to a new issue of the bank. There were three paying tellers in the boxes, and each one had some of the new notes on Saturday, which usually was a heavy paying-out day. By an odd coincidence none of the new bills had been put out. Those the other tellers handled were accounted for, those Mellish had were missing.

Shortly after the loss had been discovered, one of the bank's customers, a tailor in business nearby, paid in some money to his account, and, among the bills, were two of the missing issue. Asked how he came by them, he stated that Mr. Mellish paid them to him early the same morning, settling a personal account. Mellish admitted this, and explained that he went out with a friend on Saturday afternoon to the race track at Dorville. His friend, interested in racing, urged him to bet on a twenty to one shot. He invested twenty-five dollars, and, as luck would have it, the tip turned up trumps. The friend cleaned up a thousand and Mellish five hundred. It was from the roll he had won that he paid his tailor on the way down to the bank in the morning. He had noticed that some

of the bills were of the new Consolidated issue, but had supposed they had been put out by his fellow tellers. Who the man was with whom he had placed his bet he did not know. The race had been the last of the meeting, betting was prohibited nominally, and had to be done more or less under cover, and he, himself, was a

very rare visitor at the track. His friend could vouch for the story, so far as the bets were concerned. He admitted that, upon examining the remainder of his winnings, he had discovered three more of the missing bills.

"What about proof of this?" asked Miss Pandora. "You have got some clue surely to the identity of the man you won from?"

"All I know about him is that he was dressed rather loudly, as many bookmakers of the cheaper kind are, with light colored hat, green vest, and coat and trousers of big check tweed. He had, I think, the reddest hair I ever saw in my life," replied Mellish.

"It must have been the Aurora Borealis," said Miss Pandora. "I felt it in my bones that I had missed something when I neglected to get the address."

She packed Mellish off to Dorville to hunt up information on the spot, and instructed her personal attorney, Richard Ambler, to put the best man he could find on the trail of the lurid unknown.

MARY MARLOWE spent the next day with Miss Fulcher at her hotel in Grantchester. A note from Mellish, saying that he had gone away for a day or two on business, dispelled much of the cloud, and the tart humor of her employer had a tonic effect on her spirits. After dinner she went home, and, left alone, Miss Pandora suddenly decided to go to the McShane home to see what the summer vacation in the country had done for her little protege, Danny. To watch the improvement in the lad was an unfailing delight to her. The thin frame was slowly filling out. The wistful look of suffering childhood had passed away. There was still a dragging halt of the long-disused leg, but it was coming back to its own. Much less than men spend on an orchid, a postage stamp, a bit of china, had made a healthy body, a contented mind, and a glad soul out of a bit of human wreckage. The world had become nearer Paradise to Jimmy and Annie McShane, instead of the place of torture it had been before.

Miss Pandora rarely gave notice of her visiting intentions, thereby saving the devastating orgies of house cleaning that were deemed necessary when her comings were announced. This evening Jimmy answered the ring, in shirt sleeves and felt slippers, to his vast embarrassment. "Now, Mrs. McShane, leave that apron on, and if Jimmy thinks I've never seen a man in his shirt sleeves before, he's much mistaken," said Miss Pandora. "I just called to see how young Christy Mathewson is looking. Stand up, Danny! Shoulders squared! Head up! He looks like an army cadet, 'pon my word he does! Now show me, Danny boy, how you get that hop on your fast one. And the muscles of the boy!" She felt him as if he had been a fattening turkey, and his obsequies were at hand.

In a corner of the room were two other persons. The pretty, dark-eyed girl was an indubitable McShane, the younger edition of her mother.

The young man had the reddest head Miss Fulcher had ever seen. He stared at the visitor, then his mouth opened, and a grin beamed out over the ruddy expanse of face. Miss Pandora winked at him, and shot a rebuking glance. He picked it up very intelligently. His mouth closed, and his left eyelid flickered an instant.

Continued on page 91.





Prisoners being questioned by German officers.



A Canadian prisoner in uniform supplied by the Red Cross.

Sixteen Months in Germany

What a Canadian Prisoner Saw and Heard in Enemy Territory

By John Evans

I WAS in Germany as a prisoner of war from June, 1916, to September, 1917, and during the greater part of that time I worked in the coal mines of Westphalia. I rubbed shoulders with the German civilians who worked the mines and in time acquired sufficient intimacy with them and with their language to learn what they thought, what they liked and disliked, what they hoped and feared. The impression I brought away with me was that of a people repressed and mutinous, half-starved, overworked, longing for peace and hoping to see a universal strike that would sweep governments and kings into the discard; a people who muttered in groups but responded almost docilely to the voice of authority, who had given up hope of German victory, but still had enough national spirit left to enthuse over stories of German success. My experience was entirely with the mining class and I cannot say whether the feeling prevailing there was general throughout the German Empire. I feel sure, however, that among the poorer classes, at least, the conditions I found in Westphalia must be general.

The German laboring man is really interested to-day in one subject only—food! A peck of potatoes is more important to him than a victory on the Western front.

My story starts with the third battle of Ypres. The 4th Canadian Mounted

Rifles were in the front line of Zillebeke and we had been pretty severely pounded. The morning of June the second dawned clear and beautiful after a night of hideous anxiety and alarms; and about 5.30 I turned in for a little sleep with four other fellows who made up the machine gun crew with me. Lance-Corporal Wedgewood, who was in charge of the gun, elected to remain up and clean it. I had just nicely fallen off to sleep when it seemed as though the whole crust of the earth was torn asunder. I wakened to find myself buried under loose earth and sand bags. By a miracle I was not hurt and I finally managed to burrow out. A shell, I found, had blown up our dugout. Two of the crew were killed, but the fourth man had shared my luck. He was without a scratch.

"We're in for it" said Wedgewood. "They'll keep this up for a while and then they'll come over. We must get the gun out."

The gun had been buried by the explosion, but we managed to get it out and were cleaning it up again when another trench mortar shell came over. It destroyed all our ammunition but 300 rounds. Then the bombardment started in earnest. Shells rained on us like hail stones. The German artillery started a barrage behind us that looked almost like a wall of flame;

so we knew that there was no hope whatever of help reaching us.

Our men dropped off one by one. The walls of our trench were battered to greasy sand heaps. The dead lay everywhere. Pretty soon only Wedgewood and myself were left.

"They've cleaned us out now. The whole battalion's gone," said Wedgewood. As far as we could see along the line there was nothing left, not even trenches—just churned up earth and mutilated bodies. The gallant Fourth had stood its ground in the face of probably the worst hell that had yet visited the Canadian lines and had been wiped out!

SO we decided to get over to the next machine gun where there might be more ammunition. Taking what was left of our own, we started off down the line, scrambling over dead bodies and dashing through machine gun fire at places where no protection was left. We finally reached the next gun. Not a man was left alive there and the ammunition had been blown up.

We decided to keep on to the next gun, but after going fifty yards or so we reached the end of things. Beyond that point the trenches had been absolutely leveled out and there were few signs even of the unfortunate fellows who had held of that section. They had been buried away

from sight. Wedgewood and I were alone—and the time for the German charge was getting near.

It wasn't long before a trench mortar shell buried us to our waists. We managed to pull ourselves out and crept back a little farther. Here we were joined by two other survivors. We had no idea where they had come from and they were too far gone to bother about explanations. One of them said he had been buried four times. He was dirt and blood from head to foot and so weak that he could only lie in the loose earth and gasp. The other man suggested that we go back and take our chances with the barrage. Wedgewood looked at me and said something, but in that tumult of sound I could not catch what it was. I judged he was asking me what I thought and shook my head. He smiled back at me. We decided to stick it out.

We got back to the second gun and found that about eight yards of trench was left. We climbed in and waited. The bombardment was so heavy at this time that nearly all of our fellows who survived or were captured were deaf for months. This I heard afterwards from prisoners. At the same time I learned that roll call after the battle showed only 59 men left in the battalion. The C.M.R.'s had paid for their devotion in holding the line.

It was not long before one of our party was finished by a piece of shrapnel, the poor fellow who had been buried four times. It was just as well. I was wounded in the back with a splinter from a shell which broke overhead and then another got me in the knee. I bled freely, but luckily neither wound was serious. About 1.30 we saw a star shell go up over the German lines.

"Coming!" cried Wedgewood and jumped to the gun.

The Germans were about seventy-five yards off when we got the gun trained on them. We gave them our 300 rounds and did considerable damage, but the oncoming line was barely checked. It wavered a little and the front line crumpled up, but the rest came on.

What followed does not remain very clearly in my mind. We started back, the three of us. Every move was agony for me. We did not go far, however. Some of the Germans had got around us and we ran right into four of them. We doubled back and found ourselves completely surrounded. A ring of steel and fierce, pitiless eyes! I expected they would butcher us, there and then. The worst we got, however, was a series of kicks as we were marched through the lines in the German communication trenches. I tripped up one German who had aimed a kick at me and would probably have been clubbed to death had not an officer come along and ordered my assailant off.

This is to be a story of

what I found in Germany so I shall hurry over the events which immediately followed our capture.

We were given quick treatment at a dressing station and escorted with other prisoners back to Menin by Uhlans. The wounded were made to get along as best they could. We passed through several small towns where the Belgian people tried to give us food. The Uhlans rode along and thrust them back with their lances in the most cold-blooded way. We reached Menin about 10 o'clock that night and were given black bread and coffee—or something that passed by that name. The night was spent in a horse stable with guards all around us with fixed bayonets. The next day we were lined up before a group of German officers at what I imagined must be military headquarters. They asked us questions about the numbers and disposition of the British forces, and we lied extravagantly in our answers. They knew we were lying and gave us up finally. Leaving headquarters that night in cattle trucks we sang "Tipperary" as loud as our weakened condition would permit.

During the next day and a half we had one meal, a bowl of soup. It was weak and nauseating. We took it gratefully, however, for we were nearly starved by this time.

FINALLY we arrived at Dulmen camp, where I was kept two months and where the treatment was not unduly rigorous. The food was bad, of course, and very, very scanty. For breakfast we had black bread and coffee, for dinner soup (I can shudder at the thought of turnip soup still) and sometimes a bit of dog meat, for supper a gritty, tasteless porridge which we called "sand storm." We used to sit around with our bowls of this concoction and extract a grim comfort from the hope that some day Kaiser Bill would be in captivity, and we might be able to send him in a meal of "sand storm."

While I was at Dulmen we had quite a few visitors and one day who should come in but Mr. Gerard, the American Ambassador. He looked us over with very apparent concern and asked us a number of questions. "Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked, as he was leaving.

"See if you can get them to give us more food," spoke up one of us.

"I shall speak to the camp commander about it," said Mr. Gerard.

I do not doubt that he did so—but there was no change in the menu, and no increase in the quantities served. Visitors were never permitted to visit us at the place we were finally shipped to—that torture place known as Kommando 47 and referred to among prisoners as the "Black Hole of Germany." I want to make it clear that prisoners as a rule are not treated as badly as we were at Kommando 47.

However, after two months of it at Dulmen we got word that we were to be sent to

work on a farm. It sounded good. We conjured up visions of open fields and fresh air and clean straw to sleep in and perhaps even real food to eat. They loaded fifty of us into one car and sent us off, and when we reached our farm we found it was a coal mine!

AS we tumbled off the train, stiff and weary and disappointed, we were curiously regarded by a small group of people who quite patiently worked in the mines. They were a heavy-looking lot—oldish men with beards and dull, stolid women. They regarded us with sullen hostility, but there was no fire in their antagonism. Some of the men spat and muttered "Schweinhunds!" That was all.

We were marched off to the "Black Hole." It was a large camp with large frame buildings which had been erected especially for the purpose. There was one building for the French prisoners, one for the Russians and one for the British and Canadian contingent. Barbed wire entanglements surrounded the camp and there were sentries with drawn bayonets everywhere.

We were greeted with considerable interest by the other prisoners. There were about two hundred of our own there and all of them seemed in bad shape. They had been subjected to the heaviest kind of work on the slenderest rations and were pretty well worn out.

"Hope you like coal mining as a steady thing," said one of them to me. "I've had six months of it."

"I'll refuse to work," I told him.

"No, you won't," he said. "I tried that. It doesn't get you anywhere. Better knuckle under at the start. They'll simply starve you."

I talked it over with the rest who had come up with me and we decided that this advice was sound. So, when we were lined up next day and told what was ahead of us, we made no protests. Some of us were selected for the mine and some were told off for coke making which, as we soon learned, was sheer unadulterated hell. I was selected for the coal mine and put in three days at it—three days of smarting eyes and burning lungs, of aching and weary muscles. Then my chum, Billy Flanagan, was buried under an avalanche of falling coal and killed. There were not proper safeguards in the mine and the same accident might occur again at any time. So we struck.

The officers took it coolly and as a matter of course. We were lined up and ordered to stand to attention. No food was served out and not even a glass of water was allowed us. We stood there for thirty-six hours. Man after man fainted from sheer exhaustion. When one of us dropped he was dragged out of the ranks to a corner where a bucket of water was thrown over him and, as soon as consciousness returned, he was yanked to his feet and forced to return to the line. All this time sentries marched up and down and if one of us moved we got a jab with the butt end of a gun. Every half hour an officer would come along and bark out at us:

"Are you for work ready now?"

Finally, we gave in. It was not until some of our fellows were on the verge of insanity, however. We stuck it out to a man and then gave in in a body.

After that things settled down into a steady and dull routine. We were routed out at 4 o'clock in the morning. The sentries would come in and beat the



Pte. John Evans in his prisoner's uniform.



butts of their rifles on the wooden floor and roar "raus!" at the tops of their voices. If any sleep-sodden prisoners lingered a second, they were roughly hauled out and kicked into active obedience. Then a cup of black coffee was served out to us and at 5 o'clock we were marched to the mines. There was a dressing room at the mine where we stripped off our prisoners' garb and donned working clothes. We stayed in the mines until 3:30 in the afternoon and the "staggers"—our pet name for the foremen—saw to it that we had a busy time of it. Then we changed back into our prison clothes and marched back to barracks where a bowl of turnip soup was given us and a half-pound of bread. We were supposed to save some of the bread to eat with our coffee in the morning. Our hunger was so great, however, that there was rarely any of the bread left in the morning. At 7 o'clock we received another bowl of turnip soup and were then supposed to go to bed.

If it had not been for the parcels that we received from friends at home and from the Red Cross we would certainly have starved. We were able to eke out our prison fare by carefully husbanding the food that came from the outside.

At first our intercourse with the German civilians in the mine was very limited. For the first few weeks I did not understand a word of German and I made no effort to get on friendly terms with them. I controlled my temper under the most aggravating forms of persecution as best I could. And in the meantime I studied them closely.

The men working in the mines when I first arrived were mostly middle-aged. Many were quite venerable in appearance and of little actual use. It seems an axiom



Above: The prison camp. Below: A photograph of John Evans taken after his safe arrival in England.

in Germany, however, that all must work. To do the people justice I don't know that I heard any complaints on that score. They were willing enough to work and work hard; what they complained about was the lack of food. That was the burden of their conversation, always, food—bread, butter, potatoes, Schinken (ham)! It was quite apparent that they were living on meagre rations and the situation grew steadily worse. The people that I worked with were in almost as bad a plight as we prisoners of war, in fact. In the course of a few months I could detect changes in them. There was one big and rather

florid fellow particularly. He was a husky specimen when I first saw him, weighing at least two hundred pounds. He would unquestionably have been in the army but for a lameness in one leg caused by an explosion in the mine some years before. I judged he had always been a hearty eater and it was almost pathetic to hear him talk of the good times and the good meals before the war. When I left he was still at the mine and had fallen away until he could not have weighed more than one hundred and sixty pounds. He had become dull, morose and without hope.

IT was not only lack of food from which they suffered. Clothing was very scarce. I know that the clothing supplied to prisoners for work in the mine depreciated in quality very noticeably during my term at the "Black Hole." In camp we wore blue serge suits supplied by the British Red Cross. At first the authorities took these suits and sewed in arrows of red cloth on sleeves and trousers and up the back. Later, instead of sewing in the red arrows they simply painted them on; and every few days we would have to go to have these symbols of servitude slapped on with a brush. One day in the mine I caught the sleeve of my coat on some projection and it ripped right up with a sound like tearing paper. A civilian working near me laughed.

"It's half paper," he said. "The only kind of clothes we can afford nowadays are almost as bad. I could tear the clothes I'm wearing to tatters—and they're nearly new."

Leather was almost unobtainable. Many of the people in the mine went barefoot and most of them came to work that way. I had a pair of good army boots that had been practically new when the Fourth

went up to Ypres and which served me all through my term of imprisonment. Those boots were coveted by every one in and about the mine from the highest "stagger" down. I have thought since it was strange that I was not held up and forcibly dispossessed of them. I had plenty of offers for them, running all the way up to 150 marks, but, knowing that I possessed a treasure, I refused to sell.

The German miners were quite as much at the mercy of the "stagers" as we were. Discipline was very rigid and they were "strafed" for any infraction of rules; that is, they were subjected to cuts in pay. Lateness, laziness or insubordination were punished by the deduction of so many marks from their weekly earnings and all on the say-so of the "stagger" in charge of the squad. The first few days I was puzzled at one custom. At a certain hour each day an official would come around and hand each civilian a slip. It was an important matter, apparently, for the men put great store on those slips. I asked one of my companions, a British Tommy, who had been in the mine for a year or more and had picked up quite a smattering of German, what it was all about.

"Bread ticket," he explained. "If they don't turn up for work they don't get their bread tickets and have to go hungry. A simple system—and effective. Typical German government trick, eh?"

It was quite effective. It made regularity a necessity as well as a virtue. The same rule applied to the women who worked around the head of the mine, pushing carts and loading the coal. If they came to work they received their bread tickets; if they failed to turn up, the little mouths at home would go unfed for a day.

I OFTEN used to stop for a moment or so on my way to or from the pit-head and watch these poor women at work. Some went barefoot, but the most of them wore wooden shoes. They appeared to be pretty much of one class, uneducated, dull and just about as ruggedly built as their men. They seemed quite capable of handling the heavy work given them. There were exceptions, however. Here and there among the grey-clad groups I could pick out women of a slender mould, women who seemed to suggest different associations. I made some enquiries later and found that quite a few women from neighboring towns, particularly from Recklinghausen, came out to the mines to work. Some of them were women of refinement and good education who had been compelled to turn to any class of work to feed their children. Their husbands and sons were at the front; perhaps they had already been killed.

I have often wished that the opportunity had presented itself of talking to some of these women. Their viewpoint would have been interesting, I think. But, of course, this was quite impossible. For one thing, the women about the mine were always very bitter towards the prisoners. We could get on more or less intimate terms with most of the men, but the women spat at us impartially, and called us "Schwein!" I can imagine that the bitterness of a woman of good position who had been forced to seek work in the mines because of the death or absence at the front of her husband would be very deep-seated toward us, the hated English, and perhaps also toward the German authorities.

I know this, that the food restrictions caused bitterness among all the mine workers. In the early days, when I had not picked up enough German to understand what was going on around us, I could tell that my fellow-workers were in a continual state of unrest. There were angry discussions whenever a group of them got together. For several days this became very marked.

"There's going to be trouble here," my friend, the English Tommy, told me. "These people say their families are starving. They will strike one of these days, mark my words."

THE very next day, as we marched up to work in the dull grey of the early morning, we found noisy crowds of men and women around the buildings at the mine. A ring of sentries had been placed all around.

"Strike's on! There's a bread strike all through the mining country." The news ran down the line of prisoners, starting I don't know where. But it was right enough. We were delighted, of course, because it meant that we would have a holiday. The authorities did not dare to let us go into the mines with the civilians out; they were afraid we might wreck it. So we were marched back to camp and allowed to stay there until the strike was over. We did not have a chance on that account to see what was going on. Apparently, however, there was plenty of excitement.

The strike ended finally and the people came back to work jubilant. They had won their point, it seemed. Just what it was they had been granted I am not sure, but it had to do with the question of more food. The authorities had given in for two reasons as far as we could judge. The first was the dire need of coal which made any interruption of work at the mines a calamity. The second was the fact that food riots were occurring in many parts and it was deemed wise to placate the people.

UT the triumph of the workers was not complete. The very next day we noticed signs plastered up in conspicuous places with the familiar word "Verboten" in bold type at the top. One of our fellows who could read German edged up close enough to see one of the placards.

"There won't be any more strikes," he informed us. "The authorities have made it illegal for more than four civilians to stand together at any time or talk together. Any infringement of the rule will be jail for them. That means no more meetings."

There was much muttering in the mine that day, but it was done in groups of less than four, we noticed. I found afterwards, when I became sufficiently familiar with the language and with the miners themselves to talk with them, that they resented this order very bitterly. But they respected it. The German is very law-abiding.

I found that the active leaders in the strike shortly afterwards disappeared from the mine. Those who could possibly be passed for military service were drafted into the army. This was intended as an intimation to the rest that they must "be good" in future. The fear of being drafted for the army hung over them all like a thunder cloud which might burst at any moment. They knew what it meant and they feared it above everything.

When I first arrived at the mine there

were quite a few able-bodied men and boys around 16 and 17 years of age at work there. Gradually they were weeded out for the army. When I left none were there but the oldest men and those who could not possibly qualify for any branch of the service. The dragnet had been of the finest variety. No fish had escaped.

IN the latter stages of my experience at the mine I was able to talk more or less freely with my fellow-workers. I had picked up quite a bit of German with the help of some of the other prisoners who had been there longer and who in one or two cases had spoken German before. A few of the Germans had for their part picked up a little English. There was one old fellow who had a son in the United States and who knew about as much English as I knew German and the two of us were able as a result to talk freely. If I did not know the "Deutsch" for what I wanted to say he generally could understand it in English. He was a creaky, rheumatic old codger with very bad eyes, but a genial disposition in spite of his many infirmities. He was very prone to terrific indictments of the German government, but at bottom he was intensely patriotic to the Fatherland. He hated England with a degree of hatred that caused him to sputter and get purple in the face whenever it was necessary to mention "the tight little island." But he could find it in his heart to be decent to isolated specimens of Englishmen. I shall call him Fritz, though that was not his name.

I first got talking with Fritz one day when the papers had announced the repulse of a British attack on the Western front.

"It's always the same. They are always attacking," he was muttering. "Of course, it's true that we repulse them. They are but English and they can't break the German army. But how are we to win the war if it is always the English who attack?"

I made this much out of what he was saying. So I broke in with a question: "Do you still think Germany can win?"

"No!" he fairly spat at me. "We can't beat you now. But you can't beat us! This war will go on until your pig-headed Lloyd George gives in."

"Or," I suggested, gently, "until your pig-headed Junker Government gives in."

"They never will!" he said a little proudly, but sadly, too. "Every man will be killed in the army—my two sons, all—and we will starve before it is all over!"

I soon found that this impression was pretty general. They had given up hope of being able to score the big victory that was in every mind when the war started. What the outcome would be did not seem to be clear to them. All they knew was that the work meant misery for them and that, as far as they could see, this misery would continue on and on indefinitely. Stories of victory had lost their power to rouse the people, at any rate the people of the mines. They had lost confidence in the newspapers. This, of course, was never acknowledged to us, but it was plain to be seen that the stereotyped rubber-stamped kind of official news that got into the papers did not begin to satisfy the people. Also there was a growing impatience with reference to the Royal family. Many's the time I heard bitter anathemas heaped upon the Hohenzollerns by lips that were limp and white from malnutrition. There was no love among the miners for the glitter and

Continued on page 83.

In Movie Land

Favorites in Late Films



Theda Bara in
"Cleopatra."



Marguerite Clark in a
fairy tale movie.



Pauline
Frederick —
another
favorite.



Mary Pickford in her
most recent play.

The Garden of Spices

By L. M. Montgomery

Author of "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne's House of Dreams," etc.

Illustrated by F. Weston Taylor

JIMS tried the door of the blue room. Yes, it was locked. He had hoped Aunt Augusta *might* have forgotten to lock it; but when did Aunt Augusta forget anything? Except, perhaps, that little boys were not born grown-ups—and that was something she never remembered. To be sure, she was only a half aunt. Whole aunts probably had more convenient memories.

Jims turned and stood with his back against the door. It was better that way; he could not imagine things behind him then. And the blue room was so big and dim that a dreadful number of things could be imagined in it. All the windows were shuttered but one, and that one was so darkened by a big pine tree branching right across it that it did not let in much light.

Jims looked very small and lost and lonely as he shrank back against the door—so small and lonely that one might have thought that even the sternest of half-aunts should have thought twice before shutting him up in that room and telling him he must stay there the whole afternoon instead of going out for a promised ride. Jims hated being shut up alone—especially in the blue room. Its bigness and dimness and silence filled his sensitive little soul with vague horror. Sometimes he became almost sick with fear in it. To do Aunt Augusta justice, she never suspected this. If she had she would not have decreed this particular punishment, because she knew Jims was delicate and must not be subjected to any great physical or mental strain. That was why she shut him up instead of whipping him. But how was she to know it? Aunt Augusta was one of those people who never know anything unless it is told them in plain language and then hammered into their heads. There was no one to tell her but Jims, and Jims would have died the death before he would have told Aunt Augusta, with her cold, spectacled eyes and thin, smileless mouth, that he was desperately frightened when he was shut in the blue room. So he was always shut in it for punishment; and the punishments came very often, for Jims was always doing things that Aunt Augusta considered naughty. At first, this time, Jims did not feel quite so frightened as usual because he was very angry. As he put it, he was very mad at Aunt Augusta. He hadn't meant to spill his pudding over the floor and the tablecloth and his clothes; and how such a little bit of pudding—Aunt Augusta was mean with desserts—could ever have spread itself over so much territory Jims could not understand. But he had made a terrible mess and Aunt Augusta had been very angry and had said he must be cured of such carelessness. She said he must spend the afternoon in the blue room instead of going for a ride with Mrs. Loring in her new car.

JIMS was bitterly disappointed. If Uncle Walter had been home Jims would have appealed to him—for when Uncle Walter could be really wakened up to a realization of his small nephew's presence in his home he was very kind and indulgent. But it was so hard to waken him up that Jims seldom attempted it. He liked Uncle Walter, but as far as being acquainted with him went he might as well have been the inhabitant of a star in the Milky Way. Jims was just a lonely, solitary little creature, and sometimes he felt so friendless that his eyes smarted, and several sobs had to be swallowed.

There were no sobs just now, though—Jims was still too angry. It wasn't fair. It was so seldom he got a car ride. Uncle Walter was always too busy, attending to sick children all over the town, to take him. It was only once in a blue moon Mrs. Loring asked him to go out with her. But she always ended up with ice cream or a movie, and to-day Jims had had strong hopes that both were on the programme.

"I hate Aunt Augusta," he said aloud; and then the sound of his voice in that huge, still room scared him so that he only thought the rest. "I won't have any fun—and she won't feed my gobbler, either."

Jims had shrieked "Feed my gobbler," to the old servant as he had been haled upstairs. But he didn't think Nancy Jane had heard him, and nobody, not even Jims, could imagine Aunt Augusta feeding the gobbler. It was always a wonder to him that she ate herself. It seemed really too human a thing for her to do.

"I wish I had spilled that pudding *on purpose*," Jims said vindictively, and with the saying his anger evaporated—Jims never could stay angry long—and left him merely a scared little fellow, with velvety, nut-brown eyes full of fear that should have no place in a child's eyes. He looked so small and helpless as he crouched against the door that one might have wondered if even Aunt Augusta would not have relented had she seen him.

How that window at the far end of the room rattled! It sounded terribly as if somebody—or *something*—were trying to get in. Jims looked desperately at the unshuttered window. He must get to it; once there, he could curl up in the window seat, his back to the wall, and forget the shadows by looking out into the sunshine and loveliness of the garden over the wall. Jims would have likely have been found dead of fright in that blue room some time had it not been for the garden over the wall.

But to get to the window Jims must cross the room and pass by the bed. Jims held that bed in special dread. It was the oldest fashioned

thing in the old-fashioned, old-furnished house. It was high and rigid, and hung with gloomy blue curtains. *Anything* might jump out of such a bed.

Jims gave a gasp and ran madly across the room. He reached the window and flung himself upon the seat. With a sigh of relief he curled down in the corner. Outside, over the high brick wall, was a world where his imagination could roam, though his slender little body was pent a prisoner in the blue room.

Jims had loved that garden from his first sight of it. He called it the Garden of Spices and wove all sorts of yarns in fancy—yarns gay and tragic—about it. He had only known it for a few weeks. Before that, they had lived in a much smaller house away at the other side of the town. Then Uncle Walter's uncle—who had brought him up just as he was bringing up Jims—had died, and they had all come to live in Uncle Walter's old home. Somehow, Jims had an idea that Uncle Walter wasn't very glad to come back there. But he had to, according to great-uncle's will. Jims himself didn't mind much. He liked the smaller rooms in their former home better, but the Garden of Spices made up for all.

IT was such a beautiful spot. Just inside the wall was a row of aspen poplars that always talked in silvery whispers and shook their dainty, heart-shaped leaves at him. Beyond them, under scattered pines, was a rockery where ferns and wild things grew. It was almost as good as a bit of woods—and Jims loved the woods, though he scarcely ever saw them. Then, past the pines, were roses just breaking into June bloom—roses in such profusion as Jims hadn't known existed, with dear little paths twisting about among the bushes. It seemed to be a garden where no frost could blight or rough wind blow. When rain fell it must fall very gently. Past the roses one saw a green lawn, sprinkled over now with the white ghosts of dandelions, and dotted with ornamental trees. The trees grew so thickly that they almost hid the house to which the garden pertained. It was a large one of grey-black stone, with stacks of huge chimneys. Jims had no idea who lived there. He had asked Aunt Augusta and Aunt Augusta had frowned and told him it did not matter who lived there and that he must never, on any account, mention the next house or its occupant to Uncle Walter. Jims would never have thought of mentioning them to Uncle Walter. But the prohibition filled him with an unholy and unsubduable curiosity. He was devoured by the desire to find out who the folks in that tabooed house were.





They blew soap-bubbles out on the lawn and let them float away over the garden like fairy balloons.

And he longed to have the freedom of that garden. Jims loved gardens. There had been a garden at the little house but there was none here—nothing but an old lawn that had been fine once but was now badly run to seed. Jims had heard Uncle Walter say that he was going to have it attended to but nothing had been done yet. And meanwhile here was a beautiful garden over the wall which looked as if it should be full of children. But no children were ever in it—or anybody else apparently. And so, in spite of its beauty, it had a lonely look that hurt Jims. He wanted his Garden of Spices to be full of laughter. He pictured himself running in it with imaginary playmates—and there was a mother in it—or a big sister—or, at the least, a whole aunt who would let you hug her and would never dream of shutting you up in chilly, shadowy, horrible blue rooms.

"It seems to me," said Jims, flattening his nose against the pane, "that I must get into that garden or bust."

Aunt Augusta would have said icily, "We do not use such expressions, James," but Aunt Augusta was not there to hear.

"I'm afraid the Very Handsome Cat isn't coming to-day," sighed Jims. Then he brightened up; the Very Handsome Cat was coming across the lawn. He was the

only living thing, barring birds and butterflies, that Jims ever saw in the garden. Jims worshipped that cat. He was jet black, with white paws and dickey, and he had as much dignity as ten cats. Jims fingers tingled to stroke him. Jims had never been allowed to have even a kitten because Aunt Augusta had a horror of cats. And you cannot stroke gobblers!

The Very Handsome Cat came through the rose garden paths on his beautiful paws, ambled daintily around the rockery, and sat down in a shady spot under a pine tree, right where Jims could see him, through a gap in the little poplars. He looked straight up at Jims and winked. At least, Jims always believed and declared he did. And that wink said, or seemed to say, plainly:

"Be a sport. Come down here and play with me. A fig for your Aunt Augusta!"

A WILD, daring, absurd idea flashed into Jims' brain. Could he? He could! He would! He knew it would be easy. He had thought it all out many times, although until now he had never dreamed of really doing it. To unhook the window and swing it open, to step out on the pine bough and from it to another that hung over the wall and dropped nearly to the ground, to spring from it to the velvet

sward under the poplars—why, it was all the work of a minute. With a careful, repressed whoop Jims ran towards the Very Handsome Cat.

The cat rose and retreated in deliberate haste, Jims ran after him. The cat dodged through the rose paths and eluded Jims' eager hands, just keeping tantalizingly out of reach. Jims had forgotten everything except that he must catch the cat. He was full of a fearful joy, with an elfin delight running through it. He had escaped from the blue room and its ghosts; he was in his Garden of Spices; he had got the better of mean old Aunt Augusta. But he must catch the cat.

The cat ran over the lawn and Jims pursued it through the green gloom of the thickly clustering trees. Beyond them came a pool of sunshine in which the old stone house basked like a huge grey cat itself. More garden was before it and beyond it, wonderful with blossom. Under a huge spreading beech tree in the centre of it was a little tea table; sitting by the table reading was a lady in a black dress.

The cat, having lured Jims to where he wanted him, sat down and began to lick his paws. He was quite willing to be caught now; but Jims had no longer any idea of catching him. He stood very still,

looking at the lady. She did not see him then and Jims could only see her profile, which he thought very beautiful. She had wonderful ropes of blue-black hair wound around her head. She looked so sweet that Jims' heart beat. Then she lifted her head and turned her face and saw him. Jims felt something of a shock. She was not pretty after all. One side of her face was marked by a dreadful red scar. It quite spoilt her good looks, which Jims thought a great pity; but nothing could spoil the sweetness of her face or the loveliness of her peculiar soft, grey-blue eyes. Jims couldn't remember his mother and had no idea what she looked like, but the thought came into his head that he would have liked her to have eyes like that. After the first moment Jims did not mind the scar at all.

BUt perhaps that first moment had revealed itself in his face, for a look of pain came into the lady's eyes and, almost involuntarily it seemed, she put her hand up to hide the scar. Then she pulled it away again and sat looking at Jims half defiantly, half piteously. Jims thought she must be angry because he had chased her cat.

"I beg your pardon," he said gravely, "I didn't mean to hurt your cat. I just wanted to play with him. He is *such* a very handsome cat."

"But where did you come from?" said the lady. "It is so long since I saw a child in this garden," she added, as if to herself. Her voice was as sweet as her face. Jims thought he was mistaken in thinking her angry and plucked up heart of grace. Shyness was no fault of Jims.

"I came from the house over the wall," he said. "My name is James Brander Churchill. Aunt Augusta shut me up in the blue room because I spilled my pudding at dinner. I hate to be shut up. And I was to have had a ride this afternoon — and ice cream — and *maybe* a movie. So I was mad. And when your Very Handsome Cat came and looked at me I just got out and climbed down."

He looked straight at her and smiled. Jims had a very dear little smile. It seemed a pity there was no mother alive to revel in it. The lady smiled back.

"I think you did right," she said.

"You wouldn't shut a little boy up if you had one, would you?" said Jims.

"No—no, dear heart, I wouldn't," said the lady. She said it as if something hurt her horribly. She smiled again gallantly.

"Will you come here and sit down?" she added, pulling a chair out from the table.

"Thank you. I'd rather sit here," said Jims, plumping down on the grass at her feet. "Then maybe your cat will come to me."

The cat came over promptly and rubbed his head against Jims' knee. Jims stroked him delightedly; how lovely his soft fur felt and his round velvety head.

"I like cats," explained Jims, "and I have nothing but a gobbler. This is such a Very Handsome Cat. What is his name, please?"

"Black Prince. He loves me," said the lady. "He always comes to my bed in the morning and wakes me by patting my face with his paw. *He* doesn't mind my being ugly."

She spoke with a bitterness Jims couldn't understand.

"But you are not ugly," he said.

"Oh, I am ugly—I am ugly," she cried. "Just look at me—right at me. Doesn't it hurt you to look at me?"

Jims looked at her gravely and passionately.

"No, it doesn't," he said. "Not a bit," he added, after some further exploration of his consciousness.

Suddenly the lady laughed beautifully.

A faint rosy flush came into her unscarred cheek.

"James, I believe you mean it."

"Of course I mean it. And, if you don't mind, please call me Jims. Nobody calls me James but Aunt Augusta. She isn't my whole aunt. She is just Uncle Walter's half sister. *He* is my whole uncle."

"What does he call you?" asked the lady. She looked away as she asked it.

"Oh, Jims, when he thinks about me. He doesn't often think about me. He has too many sick children to think about. Sick children are all Uncle Walter cares about. He's the greatest children's doctor in the Dominion, Mr. Burroughs says. But he is a woman-hater."

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, I heard Mr. Burroughs say it. Mr. Burroughs is my tutor, you know. I study with him from nine till one. I'm not allowed to go to the public school. I'd like to, but Uncle Walter thinks I'm not strong enough yet. I'm going next year, though, when I'm ten. I have holidays now. Mr. Burroughs always goes away the first of June."

"How came he to tell you your uncle was a woman-hater?" persisted the lady.

"Oh, he didn't tell me. He was talking to a friend of his. He thought I was reading my book. So I was—but I heard it all. It was more interesting than my book. Uncle Walter was engaged to a lady, long, long, ago, when he was a young man. She was devilishly pretty."

"Oh, Jims!"

"Mr. Burroughs said so. I'm only quoting," said Jims easily. "And Uncle Walter just worshipped her. And all at once she just jilted him without a word of explanation, Mr. Burroughs said. So that is why he hates women. It isn't any wonder, is it?"

"I suppose not," said the lady with a sigh. "Jims, are you hungry?"

"Yes, I am. You see, the pudding was spilled. But how did you know?"

"Oh, boys always used to be hungry when I knew them long ago. I thought they hadn't changed. I shall tell Martha to bring out something to eat and we'll have it here under this tree. You sit here—I'll sit there. Jims, it's so long since I talked to a little boy that I'm not sure that I know how."

"You know how, all right," Jims assured her. "But what am I to call you, please?"

"My name is Miss Garland," said the lady a little hesitatingly. But she saw the name meant nothing to Jims. "I would like you to call me Miss Avery. Avery is my first name and I never hear it nowadays. Now for a jamboree! I can't

Continued on page 93.

 "It seems to me," said Jims, "I must get into that garden or bust."

On Leave

Third of a Series of Articles from a Canadian Artist in France

By Driver H. W. Cooper

Illustrated by the Author

I AM sending a few more sketches. There is nothing picturesque about war and there is nothing picturesque about these sketches; they show rubbish heaps and broken walls and soldiers in uniforms that have been boiled—but they give momentary glimpses of things as they are over here.

However, I do not intend to give any explanations of the sketches; where or when or how they were made. I am going to give instead a description of the most important thing in the soldier's life. And it is not going to be a story of a charge, or of the gaining of decorations or of a big advance. The most important thing in a soldier's life is when he goes on leave! He thinks of it for weeks in advance and he lives on the memory of it for months after he has come back. When he curls up in

a muddy, odoriferous dug-out in his soaked and filthy uniform he thinks of the nights in "Blighty" when he slept in warm, clean sheets, and the memory mitigates to some extent the discomforts of the present. "Leave" becomes a fond memory and a pleasant anticipation. I am just back from a glorious two weeks. Hence these ebullitions!

FIRST comes the warrant from Divisional Headquarters to say that No. 111226, Private Exyz, has permission to proceed to the town to which he has pre-

MONDAY
TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY
THURSDAY
FRIDAY
SATURDAY

SUNDAY



HOW WE KNOW SUNDAY!



THE
UNINVITED GUEST—
H.M.L.S. 'CRÈME DE MENTHE'



AN ESTAMINE—



A BELIEVE FARM WITH A LARGE STINKING DRAINAGE & MANURE POOL BEFORE THE FRONT DOOR



viously stated his intention of going. The warrant thereafter serves as his ticket. The next step is to find the paymaster and wring from him a cheque for about \$100—or as much as that calculating, flinty-hearted individual can be induced to give. Then comes a visit to the nearest bath and a very thorough scrubbing and overhauling. New clothing is issued to



Everyone envies the man
starting on leave.

the transformed individual who issues from the suds and when he has dressed he begins to look human again. There follows an examination, for the man on leave must carry a certificate which reads:

No. 111226, Private Exyz, has been
bathed and is free from lice and
scabies.

With this certificate handy and the comforting knowledge that it is true spreading a warm glow through his body, the lucky ticket-of-leave man makes for the rail head, which will be anywhere from 6 to 8 miles away. He is all hung up with kit like a Christmas tree, but he walks those miles like a man treading on air.

WHAT follows will be based on my own experiences. I went to a place called Mont St. Eloi for my train and had a wait of nine weary hours. It was already filled when it arrived, but we piled in on top of the previous occupants. There is always room for a few more in a troop train. It so happened that it was a pretty sharp day and, of course, every pane of glass in the train was broken, so it was perhaps just as well that we were crowded. No one cared for mere physical discomforts. We stood in that jolting, slow-moving train for eight more hours and froze in perfect contentment.

We arrived at Boulogne and got a meal at a rest camp. The next morning we were stowed away on board the boat and the trip across channel began. It was a mixed lot we had on board. All branches of the service were represented and all parts of the Empire—men of all shapes and sizes and degrees of intelligence moulded down to the army standard, the standard of sharp and implicit obedience. I could not help thinking: "These are super-supermen, the master craftsmen of war, made over from whatever they were before after a long and arduous apprenticeship into perfect machines; but will it be possible to convert them back into

what they were before?" The super-supermen were not thinking anything of that kind themselves. They were leaning over the rail and straining to see over the tossing waves of the Channel what lay beyond—Blighty!

WE moved off and pretty soon—well, all manner of thought left us. It was rough. My, how rough it was! Everybody was sick in no time; and we even wished perhaps that we were back in the trenches. The nausea lifted a little when we came in sight of land—dear, dirty, old England with the inevitable pall of smoke and fog hanging on the horizon.

We feasted our eyes on the landscape which whirled past us as we traveled up to London on the train—orderly fields, untortured trees, houses that were actually *whole*, so different from the land we had left. A Tommy in the seat opposite me looked out of the window meditatively and apparently he saw the country in the

same light as I did for he remarked to his pal:

"No shell holes there, Bill."

"Nah," remarked Bill, who was still looking pale, "but there was lots on the Channel coming across. I hopes they'll get 'em filled in afore we goes back."

The station names began to get familiar and I became positively excited as we drew closer and closer. We were moving so rapidly



Dawn in a French leave train

that I could almost imagine I was riding on the magic carpet. Finally with a rush and a roar we slid

into Victoria Station and never was charge more frenzied than the struggle to get out that ensued. Each man grappled for his haversacks and there was a frantic buckling on of belts and a clamor of talk—and then we streamed out on the platform a joyous, grinning crowd. The great moment had arrived.

I had one thought uppermost in my mind as I strode along the platform—a barber shop. I noticed the glad smile of the over-friendly sirens here and there in the crowd—yes, they meet every train—and out of the corner of my eye I could see that some of my fellow-travelers were much interested. Most of the fellows had friends to meet them, however.

I sought out the nearest barber and stretched myself in the chair. As he applied the hot cloths I ruminated that for fourteen whole long days I was my own man again and lord and master of the joys of London to the extent, at least, of the paymaster's cheque, which was creating a regular conflagration in my pocket.

MY first experiences were a severe disappointment. Remembering my old Fleet Street days—I was once a staff artist on a London paper—I made for that region early, intent on looking up former friends. None of them were to be found.

Continued on page 100.



The bed I am expected to sleep in when on leave.



Just types—this is in rest billets, needless to state.



Getting ready for theatricals—the heroine dressing her hair.

U.S. War Machine Breaks Down

The Reasons Why

By Agnes C. Laut

Who wrote "Lords of the North," "The Canadian Commonwealth," etc.

Illustrated by Special Designs

WHAT with Chamberlain's Bill to create a War Cabinet in the United States and Fuel Administrator Garfield's orders practically shutting down three-quarters of the country's industries for part time for a duration of three months, the Wilson Administration has been coming in for fast and furious censure over the breakdown of its war machine.

But get these facts clearly in your mind!

The war machine *per se* is not breaking down.

Conscription went through without a ripple within a few months of the declaration of war.

Ten million men have been enrolled.

One million men are under training.

Half a million men are in France.

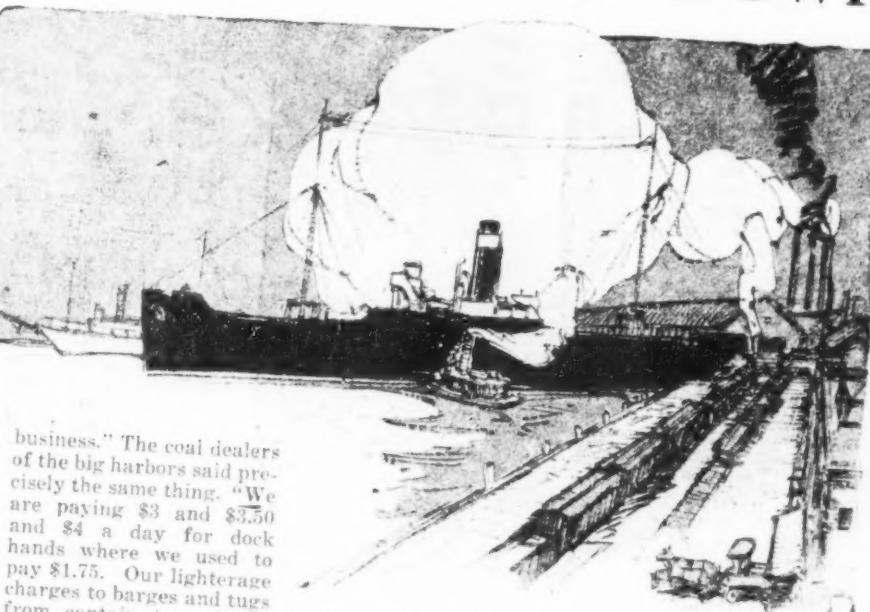
In spite of the trouble with labor, there will be ship tonnage enough to transport and maintain in France five million men within a year.

More war supplies have been manufactured, and are being manufactured, than the railroads can convey to ship side.

WHICH of the other warring countries has done as well in as short a time?

"Yes, but," shriek the critics, "here are the railroads of the entire country absolutely tied up a month after the Government took them over! Here are the wheels of industry absolutely at a dead stop owing to a shortage of coal within one month of the time the Government took over the administration of fuel!"

To which the Administration would be perfectly justified in answering—though it hasn't—that the railroads were already tied up in bow knots before they handed over their difficulties to the Government—that, in fact, they handed their operation over to the Government because they, themselves, were no longer able to go on, that it was a case of "passing the buck" to the Government and getting out from under before the tornado of criticism would break in blasts. Likewise of coal! Precisely what has happened this last winter was predicted by the coal operators as early as last September. "We are," they said, "on the verge of a precipice! We need twice the coal produced last year; and we are 25,000 men short of workers. We cannot pay higher wages, grant shorter hours, keep production under a fixed minimum price, and go on doing



business." The coal dealers of the big harbors said precisely the same thing. "We are paying \$3 and \$3.50 and \$4 a day for dock hands where we used to pay \$1.75. Our lighterage charges to barges and tugs from captain to stoker have increased 300%. Our hours have been cut from ten to twelve a day to eight and nine. We can't pay highest wages for shortest hours, and keep the cost of coal under the price set by the Fuel Administrator. We daren't load up with surplus under those conditions; or we'll go stone broke." And they didn't load up with surplus supplies, and the worst winter weather known to New York since 1717-39 came and five million people literally absolutely shivered in New York alone. I

know of huge office buildings and factories where five thousand people are normally employed, where all hands except the chiefs had to be sent home from Christmas to February, and the chiefs could only work by mailing beaver board to four chairs round them and putting a kerosene stove in the centre of the circle. This was not an exceptional condition. From Maine to Baltimore, and from New York to Chicago, it was universal; and it didn't matter how much money you had—John D. Rockefeller had to close up his house—if you had not a supply of coal you could not get it for love or money.

As to factory employees I venture to say between the Mississippi and the Atlantic not less than twenty million were thrown out of work or put on half time owing to the shortage of fuel.

AND what men and women are saying to themselves is this: It is coal this year. If the war lasts—will it be food next year? And frankly I have to answer if the war lasts and if labor does not waken up to the fact that it must do its part as valiantly as Army and Navy, it will be food next year. It will be starvation and food riots and anarchy; and windy soapbox oratory about "blasted plutocrats" and "the rights of man" never yet stoked up one empty stomach, nor filled one empty coal bin.

The tragedy of the situation has

not been without its comic side, too. At the very time the anthracite mine operators were scouring heaven and earth for 25,000 more men, miners' delegates were in session in a Middle Western city considering shorter hours, higher pay and other rights. They had to foreshorten their sessions because there was no coal in that city to heat their hall, the theatres, the churches, the schools, or the most of the hotels; so they blew one clarion blast about the cause of the shortage lying with the railroads and went quietly home. They did not add that the railroads were frantic because they could not pay twelve-hour wages for eight hours' work and get cars moved and unloaded. Which did not add one degree's temperature of warmth to the millions of people shivering between the Mississippi and the Atlantic.

Why have the fabricating shops fallen short 1,000 cars a week of plates needed for the Emergency Fleet shipyards? Why are the soldiers both in France and in the cantonments in America short of shirts and boots and shoes and overcoats and hats and socks and machine guns and rifles? Congress has been orating the hair and hide off the various official bureaus; but the bureaus have proved that they had given adequate orders to the factories; and the factories proved they had purchased ample raw material to fill the orders; but you can't spike prices down and spike wages up and not have what geology calls "a fault in the stratum," or in plain words—an earthquake that is apt to topple a lot of theories over; and that is what has happened to our war machine.

In eight months there have been 3,000 strikes in war industries. This is a record of fact, not of opinion. We haven't heard of any of the boys in the trenches going on strike, nor any of the men in training. Over thirty strikes took place among the carpenters and builders, who were rushing up the army camps. These men were receiving wages of \$4.50 to \$7 a day. Dock hands from New York round



to San Francisco have gone on strike some three times since 1914, though the pay has increased in that time 300%. Shipyard strikes for longer and shorter periods have delayed the work of 116,000 men. Suppose the delay averages only ten days a man. The minimum wage of the shipyard is now \$4 a day; so the loss there in dollars represents 10 days \times \$4 \times 116,000 men, which you can figure for yourself. The American Government is not paying for that loss. The American public, which buys the Liberty Bonds, is paying for it. More than 25,000 men have gone on strike in the copper mines. Their minimum wage is \$5. Average their lost time at 10 days; and figure for yourself. Coal strikes have held out at various periods in the last year 130,000 men. Their minimum wage is now between \$3.50 and \$5.50. Figure that for yourself also. Soldiers are short of coats, shirts, boots. Yet 32,000 weavers and shoe operators have gone off on strikes lasting as long as three months.

In England during the war strikes are punishable by imprisonment for life; but in America we have not yet been truthful enough with ourselves to face the true cause of the breakdown in our war machine. Like the censor we have tried to persuade ourselves all is well as long as we keep the lid clamped down hard on ugly facts. "High wages mean high prices," declared a House of Commons Committee investigating the cost of living in England. "Fresh cycles of wage advances succeed one another. Each one results in a further increase in prices. If the process continues the results cannot fail to be disastrous. The whole thing is a vicious circle of rising wages followed by rising prices."

SO the first thing Uncle Sam did when he jumped into the war was to spike down prices so they couldn't rise. Wheat was to be \$2.20 a bushel. Coal \$2 to \$3 at mine mouth, \$8 to the householder, eggs 42 to 47 cents a dozen, and so on. The little hen did not go on strike. She kept on scratching on a ten-hour day, but every other form of labor contributing to the cost of living did; and when wages jumped so that, added to the mine mouth cost of coal, they put coal above the fixed price, there was not coal. That is all. The war machine threatened to jar to a stop; and every wheel of industry from the Mississippi to the Atlantic did jar to a complete stop, throwing not less than twenty million people either out of work, or on half time, which meant a stoppage of all wages, or a cut in all wages by 50%.

And right here, if you ask, though the whole country is busy skinning Garfield alive and though his head will probably have been dropped in the basket of the deposed by the time these words see print, if you ask me, I want to put on record that Garfield is no fool. He stood pat on his order to stop industry to save fuel; and the President stood pat behind him; but what I want to ask is—*didn't they take the only way out of the dilemma?*



Whether that was their motive or not I do not know; but I do know it has done more to solve the labor problem in this country than soft soap platitudes. Men are out of work. They are up against cold from lack of coal; and they are asking themselves—will we be up against the lack of food next year? And I want to answer with perfect frankness and absolute certainty, if the war lasts and labor conditions continue as they are at present we will. And riots and bloodshed will not fill one cupboard if the food does not exist. Why were there no riots in New York over fuel last January? Because—they would not have done any good. The temperature was 30 to 13 degrees below zero from Albany to New York. The river was blocked with impenetrable ice. The tugs and barges were tied in a vise. Cussing didn't thaw the weather. Soap box orators kept their breath to blow on their freezing hands. It wasn't in flesh and blood to stand up and shovel that coal in that weather; and the local yards were empty because they couldn't stand the gaff of wages spiked up and prices spiked down; and I never witnessed a great city so patient under outrage. The people were patient because they knew in their hearts what not a newspaper nor speaker dare utter—that they were paying the penalty for a false system.

LET us get it clearer on the matter of food.

From where I sit I am looking out on one of the best and most economically managed and productive farms in New York State. (It is not my own farm; so I am not handing myself compliments.) Last spring this farmer had a dairy herd which it had taken him ten years to breed up and develop from ordinary stock. The wages of his help had advanced from \$30 to \$33 and \$33 to \$38 and \$38 to \$42 and \$42 to \$45, which with house and privileges amounts close to \$65 to \$75 a month. The air was full of delicate German propaganda about "help being scarce," and "farmers had to pay and couldn't help themselves" and so on. Every mail brought such dope in pamphlets or boiler plate supplied to local country press. One man refused one night to work overtime when a fire was burning two stacks close to the barn, and the other man refused to milk if his employer went riding in a car he had just bought. Also, they both demanded an increase, which would have given more to the help than the farmer was making for his own labor. He sold off his dairy and let both men go. It was cheaper for him to sit tight than run on a margin close to a loss.

But as summer went on and the air filled with patriotic propaganda for "every farmer to help feed the fighting world" he bought up more cows and hogs and began again. One of his men was drafted. On the plea he was a farmer, also that he was flat footed, the man got exemption. This man's duty was to feed

the hogs. He was asked always to count as he fed and see that the smaller ones got their share. The farmer suspected something amiss and counted for himself one day. He looked in a pen. A small hog lay dead plainly of starvation. He called the man.

"Counted every day?"

"Yes."

"All there?"

"Every one."

"Then go into the pen and see what is wrong with that one lying in the straw."

The man hauled the dead one out.

"Well?" asked the farmer.

"You can feed your own — hogs. I can get work in a factory!"

That this man will be living on charity the first shut-down of the factory does not modify the fact that he and his kind are the men responsible for the shortage of fuel this year and the shortage of food that is bound to come next year. Farmers are supposed to be the soldiers on the firing line of the food supply. Yet a soldier in the trenches guilty of this conduct would face a firing squad at daylight.

OR take another case—this time a capitalist's farm with investment of \$225,000, a herd of 190 and a very high average production both of milk and crops, of course, with such a supply of fertilizer. A hundred head were sold off last year to pay a deficit and the whole plant is being shut down this year. I asked the owner whose brother is an officer on the firing line and who would, himself, have taken a commission on the firing line, but he thought he could do more good by raising food, why the shut down? Here is his answer: "The factory system has killed us dead. The men demanded factory hours. I gave them. Then they demanded factory wages. I gave them. In three years I have just doubled wages. It will take just exactly every head of stock I have and all machinery I have to sell for me to pay the deficit that has accumulated with four years wasted out of my life. I am quitting because I can't go on."

He laid off fourteen men. Very cocky, they hied them off to the factories. Then the fuel shortage came, and the factories could not take them and they are back looking for farm jobs at high wages, spoiled for at least a year for normal farm work with its moderate wages and long hours; but that farm has been put out of business and will lie idle, with a cut-off of at least a ton of milk a day, ninety beesves a year, twenty carloads of hay and four to five thousand bushels of oats. This has contributed to another jacking up in the cost of milk, meat, beef. I could give hundreds of such examples within a radius of a hundred miles from any big market in the Eastern States.

Or take another case—a building proposition essential to an increase in food production. The time specified by the contractor was fifty-two days. The work dragged to ninety-two days. Exactly twenty-nine days were lost by the men laying off to get over drunks. The rest of the lost time was represented by the efforts of the boss builder who had to scurry for substitutes for the drunks. When asked if he realized "this was his bit for the war," he answered he "did not care a

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The two could discern the feathery spars of the whaler three miles out.

The Magic Makers

A Story of Mystery and Adventure in Canada

By Alan Sullivan

Author of "The Inner Door," "Blantyre-Alien," etc.

Illustrated by J. W. Beatty

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

“I DON’T know what deviltry you’re up to,” said a grim voice, “but if aught goes wrong you’ll answer to me with every bone in your bodies. As for you, Nanook, I am told you are a strong man, so come and show me how strong you are.” A forbidding chill had crept into the tones of Sergeant MacTier. He stepped back a pace and waited for the answer.

But Nanook, for the present at least, was satisfied. He only stared with his dark face sullenly blank, though the blood was coursing hotly through every vein. And as he stared the moon slid from behind a cloud and its pale gleam fell on the oily lustre of his black eyes. Matt, trembling with fear and anger, swallowed a lump in his throat. He too, for the present, had had enough, so he only muttered some unintelligible reply and the two moved noiselessly away while Jock looked after them and wondered whether for once he had been remiss in the administration of justice. Later that night he told Salty Bill—told him at least a third of what had taken place. There were reasons, he reflected, for not saying more. After which the big man turned in and slept like a child.

But he might not have slept so soundly

SYNOPSIS.—Sergeant MacTier, of the North-West Mounted Police, accepts a private commission from a wealthy family in Scotland to search in the far Canadian north for Henry Rintoul, who has disappeared. The only clue is an imperfect map which came through the mails which indicates that Rintoul is held a prisoner on an island in Walrus country. MacTier charters the ship “Siren” and its crew, with Salty Bill, its owner, in charge, and sets sail for Hudson’s Bay. As they approach the northern end of Labrador the crew, led by Black Matt, the mate, shows mutinous symptoms. At Chimo Trading Post they pick up an Esquimo named Nanook, who mysteriously offers to guide them to the country from which the map came. Early in the voyage MacTier finds Nanook plotting with Black Matt to secure control of the ship.

had he known that Nanook was back on deck, and in a moment of profound thought was scratching on the rough gunwale a diagram that had a certain significant resemblance to the undeciphered map of Henry Rintoul. The only difference was that Nanook’s drawing seemed,

so far as it went, to be complete and intelligible.

CHAPTER V.

TWO hundred miles south of Mansel Island the *Siren* began to roll heavily before a north-westerly gale, and Salty Bill, glancing searchingly into the lowering sky, made everything fast and refused to leave the jumping wheel. The wind took them at midday, and by nightfall the broad-beamed craft was reeling.

“We’re in for it now!” roared Salty Bill to Jock, wiping the brine out of his smarting eyes. “This gale is coming clear across from Chesterfield Inlet and it has a run of a thousand miles.”

“Can’t you head up into it?” Sergeant MacTier’s words were almost snatched out of his mouth.

Bill braced himself against two feet of solid water that suddenly climbed up over the *Siren*’s stern and swirled hissing along her decks. “We—we can’t beat against this, she won’t sail close enough to the wind. I reckon we’re nearly abreast of Smith Island and by morning, if it’s clear, we ought to run in for shelter. It’s too thick now to do anything but let her drive.”

The black hours passed slowly, but so overcast was the sky that morning

brought with it only a wintry gloom that seemed obliterated by the fragments of torn clouds which now dipped close to earth and, sodden with half frozen moisture, were swept with extraordinary rapidity across the angry surface of the Bay. During the night the wind seemed to have taken on additional weight, so that the waves, racing from the north-west, appeared like semi-flattened ridges from which the crests had been snapped and whipped away. No opportunity was here for dead reckoning, as Salty Bill grimly admitted, standing half frozen at the wheel.

"I'm damned if I know where we are, but we can't be far off shore. We're well down past Smith Island and we ought to be inside the Ottawa Group. God help us if we are, because I can't round up in the face of this."

Jock glanced forward to the jumping bows where, crouched low, the figure of Nanook had rested motionless since the night before. Putting his mouth close to the hunter's ear he shouted aloud:

"Do you know where we are?"

The brown face turned slowly and into the black eyes crept a gleam that seemed almost one of triumph. "Not far now—a little more—just the same as this. Wind change by and by, then Nanook will take the wheel."

When Salty Bill heard of this he scoffed indignantly. That the *Siren* should be entrusted to a tricky Husky, of whom from the first he had had the most profound suspicions, seemed something worse than insult. "I tell you," he growled, while his frame stiffened against the savage jerking of the wheel, "what he wants is to pile up the *Siren* near where his own tribe is wintering so they can loot everything that's in her, and then burn her hull. That's happened before this."

"But what becomes of Nanook if he does pile her up?" objected Jock, after a moment's grim reflection.

"He clears out, that's what he does, and it's up to us to look after ourselves if we can. Mind you we're not equipped for winter travel. We've got no dogs."

ALL that day the whaler reeled drunkenly southward. Early in the afternoon a flurry of snow whipped down from the west and instantly the air became opaque. A little later the wind shifted, also to the west, and in the shallow and uncharted waters beneath the plunging keel there was set up a hideous commotion. The sea now lost any semblance of regularity and became a chaotic maelstrom in which great irregular masses were torn bodily from the surface and flung screaming, as though in some titanic sport. Such was the turmoil and so insupportable was life beneath the springing deck that the *Siren*'s crew, to a man, deserted her echoing bowels, and found a precarious shelter where there was at least air and a semblance of light. But in the bows Nanook alone remained unmoved, while over him the seas broke constantly and poured aft in freezing cataracts of foam.

Midnight approached. Over the staggering vessel had settled a black and impenetrable pall. The gale, that now seemed to rock with its own velocity, changed its tune and vented itself in varying assaults, each more vicious than the last. Whither the *Siren* was being hurled was past comprehension and, shivering and half-famished, her stiffened crew could only cling more desperately to her trembling frame and make mute

but ceaseless conjecture as to the manner of the end. Far in the north glowed a pale phosphorescent shimmer of light that, struggling weakly through the flying spume, illuminated for successive and poignant instants the surrounding desolation. At this moment, Nanook, crawling cautiously back from the bows, laid a lean hand upon the wheel and, with unmoved confidence, asked that the *Siren* be turned over to him.

"I know where we are," he said calmly, "and, if you are wise, death will not come."

Salty Bill looked up inquiringly. "What do you say, MacTier?" he whispered thickly.

The big man turned unshakenly. "You know of a harbor near here and you can make it?"

Nanook nodded. "Yes, good harbor. We can be there by morning."

"Is it the place of which you told me?" Be careful, because if you do not speak the truth perhaps death will come." Jock's eyes were bloodshot and his voice ragged.

For answer Nanook's brown fingers closed over the whirling spokes. "If we are not in harbor by morning, I lose the wealth of five black fox skins and get much anger instead. I have told you there is much that is not on the white man's maps. Now I will show you."

At that Jock, turning to Salty Bill, nodded assent. So it was that after one last look at the tossing circuit of sea, and into the mocking and still storm-swept sky, the wheel was consigned to Nanook and the two worked perilously forward, till, gaining the hatchway, they descended gingerly between decks for food.

THUS towards its end drew on the voyage. Ever through the gloom raced the *Siren*, seemingly gathering more speed as though to escape the interminable battering of the hungry sea. Her canvas, long since ripped into shreds, streamed out like ragged oriflammes as she tossed and lurched, league after league, over the heaving waves. In the stern stood Nanook. His lips were set tight, his black eyes flashed brilliantly and over his face there settled a strange look of triumph. Master of the ship at last, he had come, it seemed, to something towards which from the first he had irresistibly moved, and the very gale, as it howled about him, appeared, in some mysterious way, to acknowledge this pagan soul as its master.

In that transitory hour when the night begins to yield insensibly to the grey battalions of dawn, Jock and Salty Bill scrambled forward and strained their eyes into the murky profundity ahead. Since sunset the wind had been gradually shifting and now held fiercely from the north-east, so that the *Siren*, still driving before it, was headed toward the southerly extremity of the great bay. Suddenly the skipper raised his arm and pointed to a spot in the torn sea a hundred yards away and just abeam.

"We're in the reefs!" he shouted.

Simultaneously, on the other side of the ship, and at about the same distance, a jagged ledge of rock showed black in the valley between two great waves. Further ahead came the sound of a dull crashing roar, as though here at last the long sweep of storm were piling itself up against some immovable barrier.

"There is land there," screamed Bill,

and we're going to pile up on it. Come back and help me to get that wheel."

Jock nodded, then worked strenuously aft. "Harbor!" he shouted with his lips jammed against Nanook's ear. "Is there harbor ahead?"

The black eyes gleamed confidently. "Yes, good harbor. The ship will stay there all winter. It will be very soon now."

Even while he spoke there came a second savage burst of wind and the *Siren*, projected violently forward, grated across a sunken reef. At the touch a shiver ran through her stout timbers and her masts quivered rapidly. Another heave and she was over.

"She can't stand much of that!" shouted Salty Bill, his face drawn with exposure and anxiety. "If we'd hit a little harder we'd have stayed there and been pounded to splinters."

HARDLY had the words left his lips when, before one ultimate gust, the *Siren* was picked up and flung onward at giddy speed. The boundaries of the channel became suddenly constricted, and on either side a low hog-back of rock gleamed in the half light. Across the end of this funnel stretched a black wall which received the full thrust of the hurricane on its stony breast. And, just as the *Siren* neared this infrangible parapet, there opened to the south the mouth of a long and sheltered bay. At the sight of it Nanook raised his arm and pointed triumphantly.

TEN minutes later the *Siren* shot into safety and comparatively smooth water. The wind still whistled through her topmasts, but a barrier of living rock was interposed between her and the long sweep of tortured waves. Sergeant MacTier breathed hard, and, wiping the salt water from his smarting eyes, turned to the Husky who still stood immovable at the wheel.

"You were right, Nanook," he said guardedly, "and it is a good harbor. Is this the land of which you told me?"

A curious light dawned in the hunter's eyes. "It is a strange land of strange people. Of these you will learn. It is also the land where magic was made, and perhaps of that you will learn also."

His glance wandered to the far sweep of the horizon where a line of low hills lifted irregularly. "You have come a long way," he said quietly, "and it would not be well that you come for nothing."

From the creaking shrouds MacTier and the skipper stared at this new found area of the great Dominion. To the north the land stretched out of sight. To the west there was a glint of water ten miles away, while to the east was a long channel running north. Across this there was more land.

"Well, I'll be damned," breathed Salty Bill, his eyes rounding.

MacTier said nothing, but his brain was on fire. This was a new discovery, a discovery of great magnitude, hitherto uncharted, in well-known and travelled water. The mystery of it worked in his mind, filling him with strange sensations, till it was borne on him with redoubled assurance that somewhere in this wilderness Henry Rintoul awaited rescue. And just then the voice of Salty Bill broke in again.

"Well," he drawled, with a curious lift in his tones, "what now?"

"We'll go ashore and look about, then I'll tell you, and I'd be surprised if there's

not a good deal about it. 'But,' he demanded suddenly, 'where are we? You said you knew the Bay, now tell me!'

The skipper's lips moved soundlessly while amazement deepened in his face. 'I know where we must be,' he hazarded presently, 'but I'm darned if I know where we are.'

Jock's eyes glittered as they rested on league after league of wilderness. 'That doesn't tell me much.'

'We cleared the Ottawa Islands,' began Bill uncertainly, 'and came down between them and the Sleepers. I know that much. Then, after we got inside the Sleepers it wasn't easy to follow, but when the wind changed we drove southward. Now, according to the chart there is no land where there ought to be, but I admit there's some where we are, and that.' he concluded gruffly, 'is my limit.'

Jock descended to the deck and reappeared with the Government chart. 'There are just reefs marked here,' he said, after a careful scrutiny, 'and those must be the reefs we see. Now how do you suppose they can be in while this land is left out?'

'God knows,' answered Bill despondently, 'but I wish it had been all left out. Say,' he added, with a touch of rising truculence, 'what are we going to do now?'

'Just one thing — stay.'

'What? We can't stay here. We haven't got enough fuel and we'd freeze to death.' He shook his head vigorously. 'We've got to make for the coast, I mean the mainland.' He clambered down the ratlines and stalked up to Nanook and Black Matt, who had been watching his survey with absorbed interest. 'Here, you fellows, get a boat out and find some fresh water. We'll clear as soon as this gale is over.'

'We'll do nothing of the sort,' came in a steady voice from MacTier, 'and from this minute I'm in command. Otherwise,' here the accents hardened perceptibly, 'I cancel the charter.'

Salty Bill drew a long breath. 'Either we stay here and freeze to death before spring, or else we pull out and lose our money. Nice sort of choice, ain't it?' he went on sarcastically. 'Say,' he added, 'when I chartered the *Siren* I reckoned I was dealing with a sane man who didn't want to spend his winter holidays on top of a frost-bitten pile of rock.' A wave of recklessness took him, and he laughed out loud. 'Look here, MacTier, I'll leave it to these two,' he jerked his thumb at Nanook and Black Matt. 'Matt, you've



"I'll anchor this blackguard to you," interjected the skipper, "and take a watch till midnight."

always been figuring on having the say, now you've got it.'

Slowly and almost imperceptibly Nanook's elbow shifted till it touched the seaman with the slightest possible pressure. MacTier caught the movement and the eyes of the two crossed like rapiers. Then Matt's voice, husky with ill-concealed sullenness, replied:

"MacTier is the boss, and what he says goes."

And at that Nanook grunted assent.

NOW on the exploration of the immediate neighborhood in search of some sheltered site for a cabin which would make the nightly return of the explorers to the ship unnecessary, should they so desire, and on the finding of this site some half a mile distant, it is not necessary to dwell. Suffice it to say that within the next few days the cabin was built out of spare planks unearthed in the *Siren*'s hold and roofed with canvas from her tattered sails. To it there was brought

a barrel of the crude oil used for the whaler's auxiliary engine, and a small store of provisions such as might serve the occasion. With this cabin as a base, MacTier reckoned to explore the new found island with Nanook as guide, but not for an instant did he relax his guarded watch on the hunter and Black Matt. It appeared, now that the *Siren* was safely harbored, that the worst of possible danger was over, and he took unceasing care that the two men spent but little time together. Always, while this work continued, Salty Bill and MacTier divided themselves, one remaining on land the other on the *Siren*. Rifles and ammunition were removed to safety and kept almost within arm's reach. It was noticeable, however, that during these arduous days Matt displayed no desire for further conversation with the Husky. He seemed, indeed, imbued with a new and more agreeable spirit and worked with unremitting willingness and ability. But for

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Has Canada a Political Boss?

Something About Sir Clifford Sifton and His Habit of Swinging Elections

By H. F. Gadsby

Illustrated by Lou Skuce

SIR CLIFFORD SIFTON is fifty-six years of age, as young in mind and body as he is ripe in wisdom and experience, and fit every way. If a great occasion ever calls for a great executive it will find Sir Clifford Sifton in great condition. He is one of the busy rich and his gospel is hard work. That is the way he keeps fit.

Sir Clifford has two hobbies—horses and the Dominion of Canada. He rides hard for his body's health and he thinks hard for his mind's refreshment. It is not too much to say that Canada is his main interest in life and that the Conservation Commission, of which he is chairman, is the medium of his good will. Outside of that his chief athletic exercise is swinging elections. He is a giant swinger and, as he does it only once every six years, he has plenty of time to gather strength and make a good job of it.

These sextennial appearances and disappearances of Sir Clifford Sifton's are very disturbing to his enemies. They never know where he is going to turn up next. All they know is that each sixth year he will burst into view like a comet in the sky and that great events will befall and will continue to befall until Sifton hides his light again. The great event that usually happens is a general election and, when the shouting and the tumult dies, it will be found that Sir Clifford had the great event by the tail and was doing about what he liked with it.

One thing certain is that Sifton never interferes in Canada's affairs save for what he considers Canada's good, and having done his bit he leaves the glory and the reward to other men. This is the strangest part of Sir Clifford Sifton's psychology—his avoidance of the harvest. He plants the seed for others to reap. He passes the fruit around but takes not a bite himself. He plucks victory from

defeat and lets others take the credit. Where was ever such another conqueror in history? It is as if Napoleon refused to follow up Austerlitz or Julius Caesar ran away from the Rubicon.

Sifton is professor emeritus of Cana-

of the English race is the Canadian North-west and such other vacant spots as the five Eastern provinces may offer. After the war this Canada of ours will fail of the great expectations formed of it if it does not become the substance of things hoped for and put in train by Clifford Sifton when his hand was on the helm more than twenty years ago.

It was in 1905 that Clifford Sifton dropped out of the Laurier Cabinet on a question of conscience and from that year dates his every-sixth-year appearances which have caused so much comment. In the nine-year period between 1896 and 1905 Sifton had done his great work of opening up the North-West. He was now squared away to bestow on his favored domain the ultimate blessing of responsible government. He took a great interest in the drafting of the Autonomy Bills for Alberta and

Saskatchewan, aiming especially to steer clear of the great curse—as he deemed it—of separate schools.

Sifton's idea was that separation of education meant separation of thought and action and did not make for harmonious citizenship or united nationhood. He saw no reason why the new provinces of the West should be saddled with the old feuds of the East, with its heritage of racial and religious strife. What Sifton wanted for the West was a clean page—no blots dating back to Confederation and before. The West had a right to go ahead on its merits with no handicaps passed along from the effete East. Sifton had had experience of separate schools in Manitoba, where he had been Attorney-General in the Greenway administration, and he desired nothing so much for Alberta and Saskatchewan as surcease from the same danger. As a former son of Ontario Sifton had not thought separate schools worked any too well there and one way and another he was determined that Al-



He rides hard for his body's health, and he thinks hard for Canada for his mind's refreshment.

dian politics. His career at Ottawa is well known. From 1896 to 1905 he was Minister of the Interior, during which period by reason of his bold yet sound immigration policies, Canada experienced such a development as she never did before or since. Sifton has been reproached for spending too much money on his settlement enterprises, but no one will gainsay the fact that he put Canada on the map by his colossal endeavors and tuned her up to play the great part in the British Empire which she has sustained from that time forward. Now that Union Government is a reality and we have a cabinet which is seized of the Western spirit—which is the Sifton spirit—which is the spirit of progress—we may assume that the aggressive immigration policy which Mr. Calder promises, and which a brother of Clifford Sifton confirms, is the old Sifton policy valid again.

Clifford Sifton is of Rudyard Kipling's opinion—that Canada's future is Anglo-Saxon and that the home for white men

berta and Saskatchewan should start free and unshackled in matters of education.

As he himself put it to a friend at the time, "We must stop raising hell and raise something else. Now's our chance."

But, if Sifton was determined that the North-west with its seventeen per cent. Roman Catholic population should not be given separate schools, which took thirty per cent. to justify them in Ontario, and forty-five per cent. in the Maritime Provinces, others were quite as determined that the new provinces should enjoy the doubtful boon. Quebec was determined, and so was Laurier. Henri Bourassa was also very much determined and busied himself as a go-between for Monsignor Sbaretti, the papal delegate, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, at that time Minister of Justice, was also set on giving the North-west separate schools and is generally regarded as the author of the famous clause on which Sifton broke with the Government. The story runs that Sifton went away for a week's rest and on his return found that the clause had been slipped in. The general opinion at the time was that "they had put one over on Sifton."

IN the end Sifton went out alone. For a while it was thought that the Ontario Liberals might bolt with him, but they had their own bargain with separate schools to consider so they held steady, though wobbling perceptibly. Sifton never forgave Laurier for the trick played in his absence and then and there began that quarrel between two big men which bore such bitter fruit for Laurier in 1911 and again in 1917. Rumor has it that Laurier repented afterwards, missing, as he did, the keen, practical mind of Sifton from his counsels, and sent messengers of peace to his rebellious colleague. But Sifton was a proud man and would not deal with subordinates. Laurier was just as proud. So these two great men never came together again. It is wagered by some that, if this feud had been adjusted, the Liberal party would be in power yet and Sir Wilfrid Laurier would not now be casting about for a successor while the greatest business mind Canada has produced in fifty years is a voluntary exile in England.

The more one reflects on the matter the more one is convinced that the next premier of Canada will come out of the West and it seems a great pity to those who believe in him that Sir Clifford Sifton should not be the man. How the tangled skein of national finance and social economy would unravel before his penetrating shrewdness! His deafness, which some people make an objection, is a mere trifle. He would guess what the other fellows were saying anyway and an official nudge at his elbow in Parliament could easily

put him wise to such points of the debate as might merit his attention. At all events Sir Clifford wasn't so deaf in 1917 that he couldn't hear Union Government coming. Indeed, the current joke at Ottawa anywhere from April last was that Union Government would be a very fine thing because it was strained through Sir Clifford Sifton's ear trumpet.

Many people will remember what Sir Clifford Sifton did in 1911—he swung the manufacturing East against the agricultural West. In 1917 he made the reverse play—he swung the patriotic West against the indifferent East. At least that is what his critics say he did and they think none the more of him for it. Twice in six years Sir Clifford did what his enemies said he could never do again—won an election. At all events that is the charge made against him. Whether it was Sifton's organizing genius or the luck of circumstance that turned the trick I am not disposed to say, but I do know that in each case Sifton beat the game. Wherever he has interested himself in a general election it has been "heads I win, tails you lose." There is no need to go into motives here—what we are describing is results.

IT is worth remarking that Sir Clifford's present frame of mind is to regard Ontario as part of the West and to rely on a *rapprochement* between the West and its nursing mother—which Ontario really is—to pull Quebec and the Maritime Provinces into the full swirl of national affairs. And now is the time for the *rapprochement* while the West feels grateful to Ontario for body-checking Quebec while Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan and British Columbia scored the goal. A *modus vivendi* is Sir Clifford's constant cry—meaning by that a better understanding between Western enterprise and Eastern Capital. A *modus vivendi* may also include a sane compromise on the tariff—live and let live instead of take everything and give nothing which is the West's weakness to-day. The limit of tariff variation in Canada is well known to all publicists. Free Trade under the Liberals means about five per cent.

less tariff than Adequate Protection under the Conservatives. The difference is hardly worth quarreling over if people are prosperous and markets easy. After all it is markets that makes the farmer happy, not tariffs, and markets the farmer has had and will continue to have in plenty. Free cattle he has had for a long time—free wheat is a more recent blessing. Nearly every item on the reciprocity schedules of 1911 is now conceded and what the farmer has to complain about in that direction heaven only knows. He says that agricultural implements cost too much—and perhaps they do—but why worry about the tools of industry when the industry is so enormously fruitful? I might just as well curse this pencil of mine—which earns me a fairly good living—for costing five cents instead of three.

Many reasons have been suggested why Sir Clifford opposed reciprocity and the best interests of the West in 1911 when his own newspaper, the Manitoba *Free Press*, took the other side. Sir Clifford invited the resentment of his fellow Westerners by the course he took and the motive-mongers naturally sought for a compelling reason. The first thing that popped into their minds was revenge on Laurier, but those who know Clifford Sifton never believed it. The fact of the matter is that Sifton is a staunch Canadian and in opposing reciprocity he simply followed up a fundamental doctrine of his that there are better, more self-respecting ways of making Canada rich than by selling things to the United States.

Let motives be what they may, Sir Clifford Sifton is generally credited with winning the election of 1911 for the Borden Government. Up to two weeks of polling day the Liberal campaign had gone with a hurrah. Then came a change in the air, a chill, almost a frost, and the betting—sure sign of the weather—veered to the Conservative side. The story spread that Sifton was managing the strategy for the enemy and the battle was lost right there. Part of the Sifton strategy was to make a dead set on the Laurier cabinet ministers—to shoot down the leaders, so to speak—and this strategy



Part of the Sifton strategy was to make a dead set on the cabinet ministers—to shoot down the leaders.

was so successful that three-quarters of them were left on the stricken field. The veteran Minister of Militia went down before a beardless boy in King's County, Nova Scotia. The rout was complete—but the victor—if Sir Clifford was the man—claimed no spoils. Following his usual practice he disdained the laurels and asked as guerdon the hardest job of work in sight.

THAT job he got in the shape of the Chairmanship of the Conservation Commission, which is not only the hardest job in Canada, but the most important for the future welfare of the country. It is a happy turn of events that the man with the most constructive intellect for resolute administration is posted, in this time of stress and storm, where those qualities are most needed. In 1911 the Government did not consider the Conservation Commission a big job. It saw, as through a glass darkly, that our natural resources must come to an end—as all things do—if not prudently managed, but it assumed that the end was a long way off and that the old haphazard, wasteful methods had years to go yet. Let the next generation worry—that was their cue. Sifton was the man who saw the danger close at hand and took measures to meet it. His watchwords were "conserve," "restore," but it took a world-war to bring this doctrine of thrift home to the whole people.

Time has proved that Sifton was right, but his great merit is that he didn't wait for time to prove it but went ahead with the necessary measures. That the natural resources of Canada are in as good shape as they are is largely due to the far vision and untiring vigilance of Sir Clifford Sifton, who has done sentry-go for the people's interests for the last six years. The Conservation Commission is known in Ottawa as the one commission that gets things done. It gets things done because it is a projection of Sir Clifford's personal efficiency, buttressed by capable officials who reflect the Sifton mind and are confident of their chief's support. This confidence is mutual—Sifton backs his men up and his men do the same by him. All questions of conservation are solved on the simple formula of the greatest and most lasting good for the greatest number.

The Conservation Commission embraces in its purview all the resources of the field, forest, river, lake, sea and mine. Sir Clifford's last annual address took in such various matters as forest patrol, replanting, briquetting and carbonizing Alberta lignites, prairie fires, white pine blister, the pulpwood industry, illustration farms, rural school gardens, farm accounting, breeders' clubs, tractor demonstrations, co-operative tillage and marketing, fuel control, wasteful mining, nickel development, electric smelting, the flotation process, steel for shell making, fire losses, town planning, civic improvement and—water powers.

From the space given to water powers



Union Government must be a fine thing because it was strained through Sir Clifford Sifton's ear trumpet.

it is clear that Sir Clifford Sifton considers this the greatest question of the day. The bibliography of water power in Canada amounts now to a pile of books six feet high—all of which the Conservation Commission has read and digested. The net result of this research is that the water power of Canada represents one hundred and seventy million tons of coal running to waste every year. In this vast reserve store lies the solution not only of Canada's power problem, but to a great extent of her heating problem also. If Quebec and Ontario, for example, are ever to be independent of Pennsylvania coal—and we can't go on begging of the United States much longer—water power must do the business. Wherever black coal is lacking white coal must do the work. When Sir Adam Beck took hold of the Hydro-Electric the most sanguine prophets spoke of ten thousand horsepower as the limit. Hydro-Electric is now distributing two hundred and fifty thousand horsepower and could sell that much more if it had it.

Sir Adam Beck is a sort of river god and Niagara is his special care. He is, I take it, not much interested in other projects, being busy enough with his own. This leaves the St. Lawrence to Sir Clifford who has acted more than once as its tutelary deity. Some years ago Sir Clifford defeated an attempt to steal the St. Lawrence river for a group of gentlemen in New York, who aimed to divide a million dollars a year among them and give Canada nothing for it. This attempt is likely to be renewed this year, but with Sir Clifford on guard the prospect of success is not overwhelming. Canada's share

of the St. Lawrence is two million horsepower—enough to turn all Eastern Ontario and a good part of Quebec into a hive of manufacturing industry. The policy of the Conservation Commission is to develop this power under a joint international commission of expert engineers, to dispose of Canada's share in Canada, to keep it under public control, to make no lease to private corporations, and to allow no vested interests to be created either here or in the United States.

The Conservation Commission, given a free hand, may be trusted to handle St. Lawrence power for the benefit of the people concerned in its use. It knows a great deal more about the subject, for instance, than the Committee of Scientific and Technical Research whose first proposal was that the river might be dredged to a navigable depth of thirty feet, not knowing that it would ruin Canada to pay the bill and provide nothing in the way of practical result that the fourteen-foot channel does not furnish already. The Committee of Scientific and Technical Research should devote itself to study and the collection of data on which policies of conservation may be based. Its proper function is deliberative, not executive—to think and perpend, not to do. When it oversteps this mark it only shows what a pottering and futile body it is. Steps should be taken to fit it in where it belongs—a research branch of the Conservation Commission under the guidance and impulse of Sifton's practical mind.

WHEN Sifton came back to Canada in the spring of 1917 the Union Government idea had sagged considerably. Premier Borden had had bad luck with it, but was still set on forming a trump hand out of two spots and discards from the Liberal party. The Conservative party was sore at its leader for peddling its chances among the little fellows. It looked to Sir Clifford as if Laurier might win and he didn't favor the prospect because Sir Wilfrid did not seem to be as keen on war matters as he might be. Sir Clifford, who has one son at the front and another invalided home to England, was of the opinion that the war and nothing else in the world mattered. Not only did the safety of democracy and the triumph of Christian civilization depend on its being won, but the honor of Canada was at stake—we must "carry on." That meant, of course, that Sir Clifford believed in conscription.

Sir Clifford sounded four Liberal members of Parliament on the subject with the result that those four members said Sir Clifford said one thing and Sir Clifford said that he said nothing at all. Nobody lied. The simple explanation is that the four Liberals read opinions into Sir Clifford's question which Sir Clifford did not hold. When you are quizzing another man on his views you do not stop his flow

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The Pawns Count

A Story of Secret Service and the Great War

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Author of "Mr. Rex of Monte Carlo," "The Double Traitor," etc.

Illustrated by Charles L. Wrenn

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Now, indeed, I feel that I am in New York," Pamela declared, as she broke off one of the blossoms of the great cluster of deep-red roses by her side, and gazed downward over her shoulder at the far-flung carpet of lights. "One sees little bits of America in every country of the world, but never this."

Fischer, unusually grave and funereal-looking in his dinner-clothes and black tie, followed her gesture with thoughtful eyes. Everything that was ugly in the stretching arms of the city seemed softened, shrouded and bejewelled. Even the sounds, the rattle and roar of the overhead railways, the clanging of the electric car bells, the shrieking of the sirens upon the river, seemed somehow to have lost their harsh note, to have become the human cry of the great live city, awaking and stretching itself for the night.

"I agree with you," he said. "You dine at the Ritz-Carlton and you might be in Paris. You dine here, and one knows that you are in America."

"Yet even here we have become increasingly luxurious," Pamela remarked, looking around. "The glass and linen upon the tables are quite French; those shaded lights are exquisite. That little band, too, was playing at the Ritz three years ago. I am sure that the *maître d'hôtel* who brought us to our table was once at the *Café de Paris*."

"Money would draw all those things from Europe even to the Sahara," Fischer observed, "so long as there were plenty of it. But millions could not buy our dining-table in the clouds."

"A little effort of the imagination, fortunately," Pamela laughed, looking upwards. "There are stars, but no clouds."

"I guess one of them is going to slip down to the next table before long," Van Teyl observed, with a little movement of his head.

They all three turned around and looked at the wonderful bank of pink roses within a few feet of them.

"One of the opera women, I daresay," the young man continued. "They are rather fond of this place."

Pamela leaned forward. Fischer was watching the streets below. Only a short distance away was a huge newspaper building, flaring with lights. The pavements fringing it were thronged with a little stationary crowd. A row of motor-bicycles was in waiting. A night edition of the paper was almost due.

"Mr. Fischer," Pa-

SYNOPSIS: *Capt. Graham, an English officer, invents a new explosive of tremendous power and tells about it at a fashionable London restaurant in the hearing of a number of people, including John Lutchester, another Englishman; Pamela Van Teyl, an American girl; Oscar Fischer, a German-American, and Baron Suryea, a Japanese. The formula disappears and Graham is murdered. Pamela Van Teyl returns to America on the same boat as Fischer and finds that he is sharing rooms in New York with her brother with a Japanese valet named Nikasti. The valet proves to be in the Japanese secret service and, believing Pamela to have the stolen formula, he tries to force it from her. She is rescued by Lutchester, who has also journeyed to America. Fischer has James Van Teyl in his power and promises to release him if Pamela will give him the document. She gives him a document believing it to be the formula. Immediately Fischer and Baron Schwerin, a German envoy, give Nikasti a message to be delivered by him to the Japanese Emperor, proposing a secret treaty between the two countries. Lutchester takes the document by force from Nikasti and learns the contents. Fischer proves to be a member of a group of German-Americans plotting to prevent by violence the shipping of munitions from the United States to the Allies. He plots to have a gun-man kill Lutchester.*

mela asked suddenly, "what about that news?"

He withdrew his eyes from the street. Almost unconsciously he straightened himself a little in his place. There was pride in his tone. Behind his spectacles his eyes flashed.

"I would have told it you before," he said, "but you would not have believed it. Soon—in a very few moments—the news will be known. You will see it break away in waves from that building down there, so I will bear with your incredulity. The German and British fleets have met, and the victory has remained with us."

"With us?" Pamela repeated.

"With Germany," Fischer corrected himself hastily.

"Is this true?" James Van Teyl almost shouted. "Fischer, are you sure of what you're saying? Why, it's incredible!"

"It is true," was the proud reply. "The German navy has been a long time proving itself. It has done so now. To-day every German citizen is the proudest creature breathing. He knew before that his armies were invincible. He knows now that his fleet is destined to



Pamela Van Teyl.

make his country the mistress of the seas. England's day is over. Her ships were badly handled and foolishly flung into battle. She has lost many of her finest units. Her navy is to-day a crippled and maimed force. The German fleet is out in the North Sea, waiting for an enemy who has disappeared."

"It is inconceivable," Pamela gasped.

"I do not ask you to believe my words," Fischer exclaimed. "Look."

Although the flood-gates had been suddenly opened, the stream of patient waiters broke away from the newspaper building below. Like little fireflies, the motor-bicycles were tearing down the different thoroughfares. Boys like ants, with their burden of news sheets, were running in every direction. Motor-wagons had started on their furious race. Even the distant echoes of their cries came faintly up. Fischer called a messenger and sent him for a paper.

"I do not know what report you will see," he said, "but from whatever source it comes it will confirm my story. The news is too great and sweeping to be contradicted or ignored."

"If it's true," Van Teyl muttered, "you've made a fortune in my office to-day. It looks like it, too. There was something wrong with Anglo-French beside your selling for the last hour this afternoon. I couldn't get buyers to listen for a moment."

"Yes, I shall have made a great deal of money," Fischer admitted, "money which I shall value because it comes magnificently, but I hope that this victory may help me to win other things."

He looked fixedly at Pamela and she moved uneasily in her chair. Almost unconsciously the man himself seemed somehow associated with his cause, to be assuming a larger and more tolerant place in her thoughts. Perhaps there was some measure of greatness about him after all. The strain of waiting for the papers became almost intolerable. At last the boy reappeared. The great black head-lines were stretched out before her. She felt the envelopment of Fischer's triumph. The words were there in solid type, and the paper itself was one of the most reliable.

GREAT NAVAL BATTLE IN THE NORTH SEA. BRITISH ADMIRALTY ADMITS SERIOUS LOSSES.

"QUEEN MARY," "INDEFATIGABLE," AND MANY FINE SHIPS LOST.

Pamela looked up from the sheet. "It is too wonderful," she whispered,



Fischer, the German-American Spy.

with a note of awe in her tone. "I don't think that anyone ever expected this. We all believed in the British navy."

"There is nothing," Fischer declared, "that England can do which Germany cannot do better."

"And America best of all," Pamela said. Fischer bowed.

"That is one comparison which will never now be made," he declared, "for from to-night Germany and America will draw nearer together. The bubble of British naval omnipotence is pricked."

"Meanwhile," Van Teyl observed, putting his paper away, "we are neglecting our dinner. Nothing like a good dose of sensationalism for giving us an appetite."

Fischer was watching his glass being filled with champagne. He seized it by the stem. His eyes for a moment travelled upwards.

"I am an American citizen," he said, with a strange fervor in his tone, "but for the moment I am called back. And so I lift my glass and I drink—I alone, without invitation to you others—to those brave souls who have made of the North Sea a holy battle-ground."

He drained his glass and set it down empty. Pamela watched him as though fascinated. For a single moment she was conscious of a queer sensation of personal pity for some shadowy and absent friend, of something almost like a lump in her throat, a strange instinct of antagonism towards the man by her side so enveloped in beatific satisfaction—then she frowned when she realized that she had been thinking of Lutchester, that her first impulse has been one of sympathy for him. The moment passed. The service of dinner was pressed more insistently upon them. James Van Teyl, who had been leaning back in his chair, talking to one of the *maitres d'hôtel*, dismissed him with a little nod and entrusted them with a confidence.

"Say, do you know who's coming to the next table?" he exclaimed. "Sonia!"

They were all interested.

"You won't mind?" Fischer asked diffidently.

"In a restaurant, how absurd!" Pamela laughed. "Why, I'm dying to see her. I wonder how it is that some of these greatest singers in the world lead such extraordinary lives that people can never know anything of them."

"Society is tolerant enough nowadays," her brother observed, "but Sonia won't give them even a decent chance to wink at her eccentricities. She crossed, you know, on the Prince Doronda's yacht, for fear they wouldn't let her land."

"Here she comes," Pamela whispered.

There was a moment's spellbound silence. Two *maitres d'hôtel* were hurrying in front. A pathway from the lift had been cleared as though for a royal personage. Sonia, in white from head to front, a dream of white lace and chinchilla, with a Russian crown of pearls in her glossy black hair, and a rope of pearls around her neck, came like a waxen figure, with scarlet lips and flashing eyes, towards her table. And behind her—Lutchester! Pamela felt her fingers gripping the tablecloth. Her first impulse, curiously enough, was one of wild fury with herself for that single instant's pity. Her face grew cold and hard. She felt herself sitting a little more upright. Her eyes remained fixed upon the newcomers.

Lutchester's behavior was admirable. His glance swept their little table without even a shadow of interest. He ignored with passive unconcern the mistake of

Van Teyl's attempted greeting. He looked through Fischer as though he had been a ghost. He stood by Sonia's side while she seated herself, and listened with courteous pleasure to her excited admiration of the flowers and the wonderful vista. Then he took his own place. In his right hand he was carrying an evening paper with its flaming headlines.

"That," Fischer pronounced, struggling to keep the joy from his tone, "is very British and very magnificent!"

PAMELA had imperfect recollections of the rest of the evening. She remembered that she was more than usually gay throughout dinner-time, but that she was the first to jump at the idea of a hurried departure and a visit to a music-hall. Every now and then she caught a glimpse of Sonia's face, saw the challenging light in her brilliant eyes, heard little scraps of her conversation. The Frenchwoman spoke always in her own language, with a rather shrill voice, which made Lutchester's replies sound graver and quieter than usual. More than once Pamela's eyes rested upon the broad lines of his back. He sat all the time like a rock, courteous, at times obviously amused, but underneath it all she fancied that she saw some signs of the disturbance from which she herself was suffering. She rose to her feet at last with a little sigh of relief. It was an ordeal through which she had passed.

Once in the lift, her brother and Fischer discussed Lutchester's indiscretion volubly.

"I suppose," Van Teyl declared, "that there isn't a man in New York who wouldn't have jumped at the chance of dining alone with Sonia, but for an Englishman, on a night like this," he went on, glancing at the paper, "say, he must have some nerve!"

"Or else," Fischer remarked, "a wonderful indifference. So far as I have studied the Anglo-Saxon temperament, I should be inclined to vote for the indifference. That is why I think Germany will win the war. Every man in that country prays for his country's success, not only in words, but with his soul. I have not found the same spirit in England."

"The English people," Pamela interposed, "have a genius for concealment which amounts to stupidity."

"I have a theory," Fischer said, "that to be phlegmatic after a certain pitch is a sign of low vitality. However, we shall see. Certainly, if England is to be saved from her present trouble, it will not be the Lutchesters of the world who will do it, nor, it seems, her navy."

They found their way to a large music-hall, where Pamela listened to an indifferent performance a little wearily. The news of what was termed a naval disaster to Great Britain, was flashed upon the screen, and, generally speaking, the audience was stunned. Fischer behaved throughout the evening with tact and discretion. He made few references to the matter, and was careful not to indulge in any undue exhilaration. Once, when Van Teyl had left the box, however, to speak to some friends, he turned earnestly to Pamela.

"Will it please you soon," he begged, "to resume our conversation of the other day? However you may look at it, things have changed, have they not? An invincible British navy has been one of the fundamental principles or beliefs in American politics. Now that it is destroyed, the outlook is different. I could

go myself to the proper quarter in Washington, or Von Schwerin is here to be my spokesman. I have a fancy, though, to work with you. You know why."

She moved uneasily in her place.

"I have no idea," she objected, "what it is that you have to propose. Besides I am only just a woman who has been entrusted with a few diplomatic errands."

"You are the niece of Senator Hastings," Fischer reminded her, "and Hastings is the man through whom I should like my proposal to go to the President. It is an honest offer which I have to make and although it cannot pass through official channels, it is official in the highest sense of the word, because it comes to me from the one man who is in a position to make himself responsible for it."

Her brother came back to the box before Pamela could reply, but, as they parted that night, she gave Fischer her hand.

"Come and see our new quarters," she invited. "I shall be at home any time to-morrow afternoon."

It was one of the moments of Fischer's life. He bowed low over her fingers.

"I accept, with great pleasure," he murmured.

CHAPTER XXV.

SONIA had an air of one steeped in an almost ecstatic content. On her return from the roof garden she had exchanged her wonderful gown for a white silk negligee, and her headdress of pearls for a quaint little cap. She was stretched upon a sofa drawn before the wide-flung French windows of her little sitting-room at the Ritz-Carlton, a salon decorated in pink and white, and filled almost to overflowing with the roses which she loved. By her side, in an easy chair which she had pressed him to draw up to her couch sat Lutchester.

"This," she murmured, "is one of the evenings which I adore. I have no work, no engagements—just one friend with whom to talk. My fine clothes have gone. I am myself," she added, stretching out her arms. "I have my cigarettes, my iced sherbet, and the lights and murmur of the city there below to soothe me. And you to talk with me, my friend. What are you thinking of me—that I am a little animal who loves comfort too much, eh?"

Lutchester smiled.

"We all love comfort," he replied. "Some of us are franker than others about it."

She made a little grimace.

"Comfort! It is my own word, but what a word! It is luxury I worship—luxury—and a friend. Is that, perhaps, another word too slight, eh?"

He met the provocative gleam in her eyes with a smile of amusement.

"You are just the same child, Sonia," he remarked. "Neither climate nor country, nor the few passing years, can change you."

"It is you who have grown older and sterner," she pouted. "It is you who have lost the gift of living to-day as though to-morrow were not. There was a time, was there not, John, when you did not care to sit always so far away?"

She laid her hand—ringless, over-manicured, but delicately white—upon his. He smoothed it gently.

"You see, Sonia," he sighed, "troubles have come that harden the hearts even of the gayest of us."

She frowned.



Sonia came like a waxen figure. And behind her—Lutchester!

"You are not going to remind me—" she began.

"If I reminded you of anything, Sonia," he interrupted, "I would remind you that you are a Frenchwoman."

She stretched out her hand restlessly and took one of the Russian cigarettes from a bowl by her side.

"You are not, by any chance, going to talk seriously, dear John?"

"I am," he assured her, "very seriously."

"Oh, la, la!" she laughed. "You, my dear, gay companion, you who have shaken the bells all your life, you are going to talk seriously! And to-night, when we meet again after so long. Ah, well, why should I be surprised?" she went on, with a pout. "You have changed. When one looks into your face, one sees the difference. But to me, of all people in the world! Why talk seriously to me? I am just Sonia, the gipsy nightingale. I know nothing of serious things."

"You carry one very serious secret in your heart," he told her gravely, "one little pain which must sometimes stab you. You are a Frenchwoman, and yet—"

Lutchester paused for a moment. Sonia, too, seemed suddenly to have awakened into a state of tense and vivid emotion. The cigarette burned away between her fingers. Her great eyes were fixed upon Lutchester. There was something almost like fear in their questioning depths.

"Finish! Finish!" she insisted. "Continue!"

"And yet," he went on, "your very dear friend, the friend for whose sake you are here in America, is your country's enemy."

She raised herself a little upon the couch.

"That is not true," she declared furiously. "Maurice loves France. His heart aches for the misery that has come upon her. It is your country only which he hates. If France had but possessed the courage to stand by herself, to resist when England forced her friendship upon her, none of this tragedy would ever have happened. Maurice has told me so himself. France could have peace to-day, peace at her own price."

"There is no peace which would leave France with a soul, save the peace which follows victory," Lutchester replied sternly.

She crushed her cigarette nervously in her fingers, threw it away, and lit another.

"I will not talk of these things with you," she cried. "It was not for this that you sought me out, eh? Tell me at once? Were these the thoughts you had in your mind when you sent your little note?—when you chose to show yourself once more in my life?"

FOR the first time of his own accord he drew his chair a little nearer to hers. He took her hands. She gave him both unresistingly.

"Listen, dear Sonia," he said, "it is true that I am a changed man. I am older than when we met last, and there are the other things. You remember the Chateau d'Albert?"

"Of course!" she murmured. "And the young Duc d'Albert's wonderful house party. We all motored there from Paris. You and I were together! You have forgotten that, eh?"

"I lay in that orchard for two days," he went on grimly, "with a hole in my side and one leg pretty nearly done for.

I saw things I can never forget, in those days, Sonia. D'Albert himself was killed. It was in that first mad rush. Of the Chateau there remains but four blackened walls."

"*Pauvre enfant!*" she murmured. "But you are well and strong again now, is it not so? You will not fight again, eh? You were never a soldier, dear friend."

"Just now," he confided, "I have other work to do. It is that other work which has brought me to America."

She drew him a little closer to her. Her eyes questioned him.

"There is, perhaps, now," she asked, "a woman in your life?"

"There is," he admitted.

She made a grimace.

"But how clumsy to tell me, even though I asked," she exclaimed. "What is she like? . . . But no. I do not wish to hear of her! If she is all the world to you, why did you send me that little note? Why are you here?"

"Because we were once dear friends, Sonia," he said, "because I wish to save you from great trouble."

She shrank from him a little fearfully.

"What do you mean?"

"Sonia," he continued, with a note of sternness in his tone, "during the last two years you have gone backwards and forwards between New York and Paris, six times. I do not think that you must make that journey again."

She was standing now, with one hand gripping the edge of the table.

"John! . . . John! . . . What do you mean?" she demanded, and this time her own voice was hard.

"I mean," he said, "that when you leave here for Paris you will be watched day and night. The moment you set foot upon French soil you will be arrested and searched. If anything is found upon you, such as a message from your friend in Washington—well, you know what it would mean. Can't you see, you foolish child, the risk you have been running? Would you care to be branded as a spy?—you, daughter of France?"

She struck at him. Her lace sleeves had fallen back, and her white arm, with its little clenched fist, flashed through the twilight, aimlessly yet passionately.

"You dare to call me a spy! You, John?" she shrieked. "But it is horrible."

"It is espionage," he told her gravely, "to bring a letter from any person in a friendly capital and deliver it to an enemy. That is what you have done, Sonia, many times since the beginning of the war, so far without detection. It is because you are Sonia that I have come to save you from doing it again."

She groped her way back to the couch. She threw herself upon it with her back towards him, her head buried in her hands.

"The letters are only between friends," she faltered. "They have nothing to do with the war."

"You may have believed that," Lutchester replied gently, "but it is not true. You have been made the bearer of confidential communications from the Austrian Embassy here to certain people in Paris whom we will not name. I have pledged my word, Sonia, that this shall cease."

SHE sprang to her feet. All the feline joy of her languorous ease seemed to have departed. She was quivering and nervous. She stood over her writing-table.

"A dispatch form!" she exclaimed. "Quick! I will not see Maurice again. Oh, how I have suffered! This shall end it. See, I have written 'Good-bye!' He will understand. If he comes, I will not see him. Ring the bell quickly. There—it is finished!"

A page-boy appeared, and she handed him the telegram. Then she turned a little pathetically to Lutchester.

"Maurice was foolish—very often foolish," she went on unsteadily, "but he has loved me, and a woman loves love so much. Now I shall be lonely. And yet, there is a great weight gone from my mind. Always I wondered about those letters. You will be my friend, John? You will not leave me all alone?"

He patted her hand.

"Dear Sonia," he whispered, "solitude is not the worst thing one has to bear, these days. Try and remember, won't you, that all the men who might have loved you are fighting for your country, one way or another."

"It is all so sad," she faltered, "and you—you are so stern and changed."

"It is with me only as it is with the whole world," he told her. "To-night, though, you have relieved me of one anxiety."

Her eyes once more were for a moment frightened.

"There was danger for poor little me?"

He nodded.

"It is past," he assured her.

"And it is you who have saved me," she murmured. "Ah, Mr. John," she added, as she walked with him to the door, "if ever there comes to me a lover, not for the days only but *pour la vie*, I hope that he may be an Englishman like you, whom all the world trusts."

He laughed and raised her fingers to his lips.

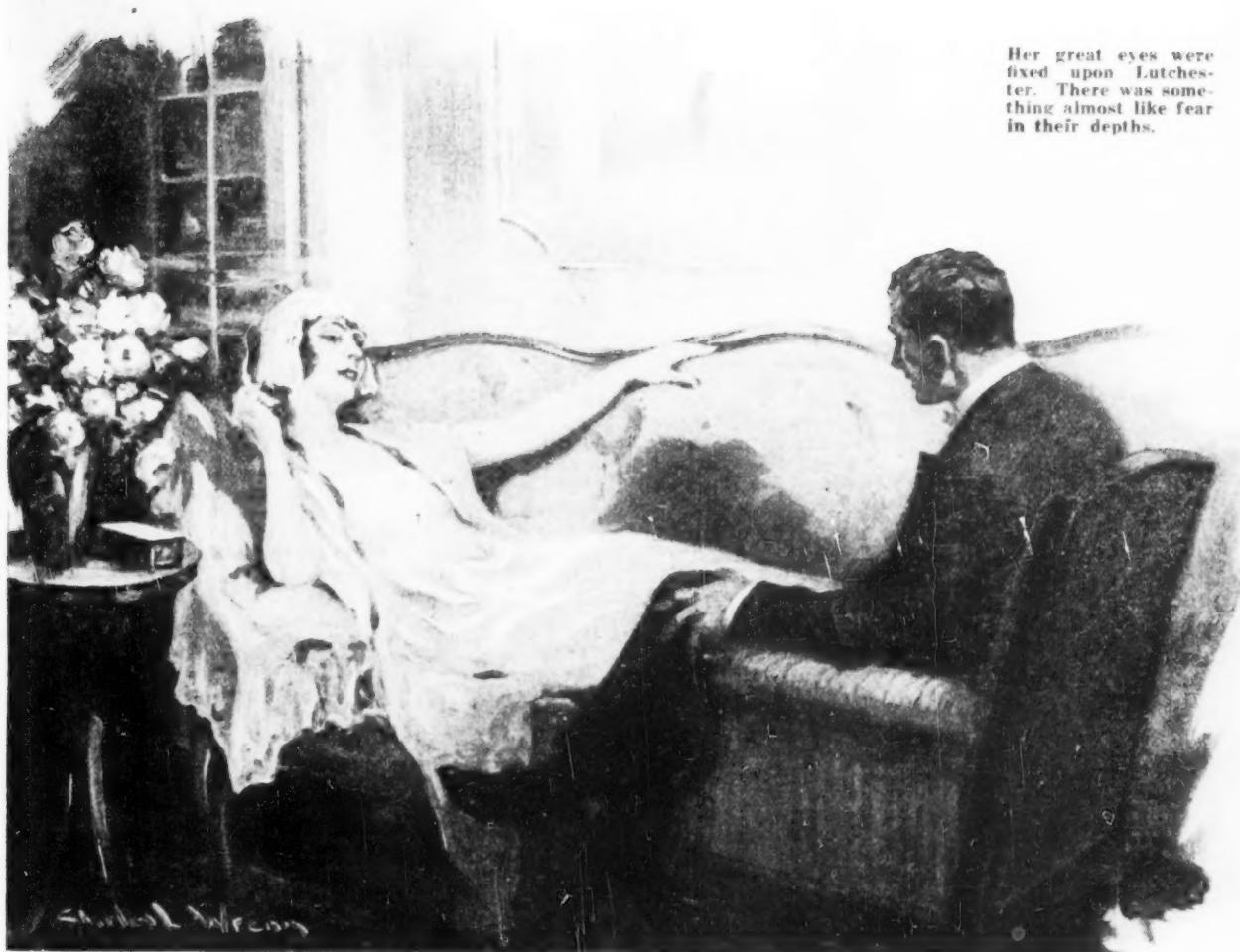
"Over-faithful, you called us once," he reminded her.

"But that was when I was a child," she said, "and in days like these we are children no longer."

CHAPTER XXVI.

LUTCHESTER left Sonia and the Ritz Carlton a few minutes before midnight, to find a great yellow moon overhead, which seemed to have risen somewhere at the back of Central Park. The broad thoroughfare up which he turned seemed to have developed a new and unfamiliar beauty. The electric lamps shone with a pale and almost unnatural glow. The flashing lights of the automobiles passing up and down were almost whimsically unnecessary. Lutchester walked slowly up Fifth Avenue in the direction of his hotel.

Something—the beauty of the night, perhaps, or some faint aftermath of sentimentality born of Sonia's emotion—tempted him during those few moments to relax. He threw aside his mask and breathed the freer for it. Once more he was a human being, treading the streets of a real city, his feet very much upon the earth, his heart full of the simplest things. All the scheming of the last few days was forgotten, the great issues, the fine yet devious way to be steered amidst the rocks which beset him; even the depression of the calamitous news from the North Sea passed away. He was a very simple human being, and he was in love. It was all so unpractical, so illusionary, and yet so real. Events, actual happenings—he thrust all thoughts of these away from his mind. What she might



Her great eyes were fixed upon Lutchester. There was something almost like fear in their depths.

be thinking of him at that moment he ignored. He was content to let his thoughts rest upon her, to walk through the moonlit street, his brain and heart revelling in that subtle facility of the imagination which brought her so easily to his presence. It was a vividly real Pamela, too, who spoke and walked and moved by his side. His memory failed him nowhere, followed faithfully the kaleidoscopic changes in her face and tone, showed him even that long, grateful, searching glance when their eyes had met in Van Teyl's sitting-room. There had been times when she had shown clearly enough that she was anxious to understand, anxious to believe in him. He clung to the memory of these; pushed into the background that faint impression he had had of her at the roof-garden, serene and proud, yet with a faint look of something like pain in her startled eyes.

A large limousine passed him slowly, crawling up Fifth Avenue. Lutchester, with all his gifts of observation dormant, took no notice of its occupant, who leaned forward, raised the speaking-tube to his lips, and talked for a moment to his chauffeur. The car glided round a side street and came to a standstill against the curb. Its solitary passenger stepped quietly out and entered a restaurant. The chauffeur backed the car a little, slipped from his place and followed Lutchester.

By chance the little throng of people here became thicker for a few moments and then ceased. Lutchester drew

a little sigh of relief as he saw before him almost an empty pavement. Then, just as he was relapsing once more into thought, some part of his subconscious instinct suddenly leaped into warning life. Without any actual perception of what it might mean, he felt the thrill of imminent danger, connected it with that soft footfall behind him, and swung round in time to seize a deadly and uplifted hand which seemed to end in a shimmer of dull steel. His assailant flung himself upon Lutchester with the lithe ferocity of a cat, clinging to his body, twisting and turning his arm to wrest it free. It was a matter of seconds only before his intended victim, with a fierce backward twist, broke the man's wrist and, wrenching himself free from the knees which clung around him, flung him forcibly against the railings which bordered the pavement. Lutchester paused for a moment to recover his breath and looked around. A man from the other side of the street was running towards them, but no one else seemed to have noticed the struggle which had begun and finished in less than thirty seconds. The man, who was half-way across the thoroughfare, suddenly stopped short. He shouted a warning to Lutchester, who swung around. His late assailant, who had been lying motionless, had raised himself slightly, with a revolver clenched in his left hand. Lutchester's spring on one side saved his life, for the bullet passed so close to his cheek that he felt the rush and heat of the air. The man in the centre of the road was busy shouting an

alarm vociferously, and other people on both sides of the thoroughfare were running up. Lutchester's eyes now never left the dark, doubled-up figure upon the pavement. His whole body was tense. He was prepared at the slightest movement to spring in upon his would-be murderer. The man's eyes seemed to be burning in his white face. He called out to Lutchester hoarsely.

"Don't move or I shall shoot!" He looked up and down the street. One of the nearest of the hastening figures was a policeman. He turned the revolver against his own temple and pulled the trigger. . .

Lutchester and an inspector of police walked slowly back along Fifth Avenue. Behind them, a little crowd was still gathered around the spot from which the body of the dead man had already been removed in an ambulance wagon.

"I really remember nothing," Lutchester told his companion, "until I heard the footsteps behind me, and, turning round, saw the knife. This is simply an impression of mine—that he might have descended from the car which passed me and stopped just round the corner of that street."

"He's a chauffeur, right enough," the inspector remarked. "It don't seem to have been a chance job, either. Looks as though he meant doing you in. Got any enemies?"

"None that I know of," Lutchester answered cautiously. "Why, the car's there still," he added, as they approached the corner.

"And no chauffeur," the other muttered.

The inspector searched the car and drew out a license from the flap pocket. The commissionaire from the restaurant approached them.

"Say, what are you doing with that car?" he demanded.

"Better fetch the gentleman to whom it belongs," the inspector directed.

"What's up, any way?" the man persisted.

"You do as you're told," was the sharp reply.

The commissionaire disappeared. The inspector studied the license which he had just opened.

"What's the name?" Lutchester inquired.

The man hesitated for a moment, then passed it over.

"Oscar H. Fischer," he said. "Happen to know the name?"

LUTCHESTER'S face was immovable. He passed the license back again. They both turned round. Mr. Fischer had issued from the restaurant.

"What's wrong?" he asked hastily. "The commissionaire says you want me, Mr. Superintendent?"

The inspector produced his pocket-book.

"Just want to ask you a few questions about your chauffeur, sir."

Fischer glanced at the driving-seat of the car, as though aware of the man's disappearance for the first time.

"What's become of the fellow?" he inquired.

"Shot himself, the inspector replied, "after a deliberate attempt to murder this gentleman."

Mr. Fischer's composure was admirable. There was a touch of gravity mingled with his bewilderment. Nevertheless he avoided meeting Lutchester's eyes.

"You horrify me!" he exclaimed. "Why, the fellow's only been driving for me for a few hours."

"That so?" the inspector remarked, with a grunt. "Got any character with him?"

"As a matter of fact, I did not," Fischer admitted frankly. "I discharged my chauffeur yesterday, at a moment's notice, and this man happened to call just as I was wanting the car out this afternoon. He promised to bring me references tomorrow from Mr. Gould and others. I engaged him on that understanding. He told me that his name was Kay—Robert Kay. That is all that I know about him, except that he was an excellent driver. I am exceedingly sorry, Mr. Lutchester," he went on, turning towards him, "that this should have happened."

"So you two know one another, eh?" the inspector observed.

"Oh, yes, we know one another!" Lutchester admitted dryly.

"I shall have to ask you both for your names and addresses," the official continued. "I think I won't ask you any more questions at present. Seems to me the magistrate had better take this on."

"I shall be quite at your service," Lutchester promised.

The man made a few more notes, saluted, and took his leave. Fischer and Lutchester remained for moment upon the pavement.

"It is a dangerous custom," Lutchester remarked, "to take a servant without a reference."

"It will be a warning to me for the remainder of my life," Fischer declared.

"I, too, have learnt something," Lutchester concluded, as he turned away.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FISCHER, as he waited for Pamela the following afternoon in the sitting-room of her flat on Fifty-Eighth Street, felt that although the practical future of his life might be decided in other places, it was here that its real climax would be reached. Pamela herself was to pronounce sentence upon him. He was feeling scarcely at his best. An examination in the court-house, which he had imagined would last only a few minutes, had been protracted throughout the afternoon. The State attorney had asked him a great many questions, some rather awkward ones, and the inquiry itself had been almost gradually adjourned for a few hours. And here, in Pamela's sitting-room, the first things which caught his eye were the headlines of one of the afternoon papers:

WESTERN MILLIONAIRE ENGAGES
THE GIRL HESTE'S MURDERER
AS CHAUFFEUR!

ATTEMPTED MURDER AND
SUICIDE IN FIFTH AVE.
LAST NIGHT.

Fischer pushed the newspaper impatiently away, and, in the act of doing so, the door was opened and Pamela entered. She came towards him with outstretched hand.

"I see you are looking at the account of your misdeeds," she said, as she seated herself behind a tea-tray. "Will you tell me why a cautious man like you engages, without reference, a chauffeur who turns out to be a murderer?"

Fischer frowned irritably.

"For four hours," he complained, "several lawyers and a most inquisitive magistrate have been asking me the same question in a hundred different ways. I engaged the man because I needed a chauffeur badly. He was to have brought his references this morning. I was only trusting him for a matter of a few hours."

"And during those few hours," she observed, "he seems to have developed a violent antipathy to Mr. Lutchester."

"I do not understand the affair at all," Mr. Fischer declared, "and, if I may say so, I am a little weary of it. I came here to discuss another matter altogether."

She leaned back in her place.

"What have you come to discuss, Mr. Fischer?"

"That depends so much upon you," he replied. "If you give me any encouragement, I can put before you a great proposition. If your prejudices, however, remains, as I think they always have been, on the side of England, why then I can do nothing."

"If I counted for anything," Pamela said, "I mean to say if it mattered to anyone what my attitude was, I would start by admitting that my sympathies are somewhat on the side of the Allies. On the other hand, my sympathies amount to nothing at all compared with my interest in the welfare of the United States. I am perfectly selfish in that respect."

"Then you have an open mind to hear what I have to say," Fischer remarked. "I am glad of it. You encourage me to proceed."

"That is all very well," Pamela said, stirring her tea, "but I cannot help asking once more why you come to me at all?"

What have I to do with any proposition you may have to make?"

"Just this," he exclaimed. "I have a serious and authentic proposition to make to the American Government. I cannot make it officially—although it comes from the highest of all sources—for the most obvious reasons. It may seem better worth listening to to-day, perhaps, than a week ago, so far as you are concerned. That is because you believed in British invincibility upon the sea. I never did."

"Go on, please," Pamela begged. "I am still waiting to realize my own position in all this."

"I should like," Fischer declared, "my proposition to reach the President through Senator Hastings, and Senator Hastings is your uncle."

"I see," Pamela murmured.

"My offer itself is a very simple one," Fischer continued. "Your secret service is so bad that you probably know nothing of what is happening. Ours, on the other hand, is still marvellously good, and what I am going to tell you is surely the truth. Japan is accumulating great wealth. She is saving her ships and men for one purpose, and one purpose only. Europe could not bribe her highly enough to take a more active part in this war. Her price was one which could not be paid. She demanded a free hand with the United States."

"This," Pamela admitted, "is quite interesting, but it is entirely in the realms of conjecture, is it not?"

"Not wholly," Fischer insisted. "At the proper time I should be prepared to bring you evidence that tentative proposals were made by Japan to both England and France, asking what would be their attitude, should she provide them with half a million men and undertake transport, if at the conclusion of the war she desired a settlement with the United States. The answer from France and England was the same—that they could not countenance an inimical attitude towards the States."

"You are bound to admit, then," Pamela remarked, "that England played the game here?"

"The bribe was not big enough," Fischer replied dryly. "England would sell her soul, but not for a mess of pottage. To proceed, however, Japan has practically kept out of the war. She is enjoying a prosperity never known before, and for every million pounds' worth of munitions she exports to Russia, she puts calmly on one side 25 per cent. to accumulate for her own use. At the conclusion of the war she will be in a position she has never occupied before, and while the rest of the world is still gasping she will proceed to carry out what has been the dream of her life—the invasion of your Western States."

"I admit that this is plausible," Pamela confessed, "but you are only pointing out a very obvious danger, for which I imagine that we are already fairly well prepared."

"Believe me," Fischer said earnestly, "you are not. It is this fact which makes the whole situation so vital to you. Later on in our negotiations I will show you proof of your danger. Meanwhile let me proceed to the offer which I am empowered to make, which comes direct from the one person in Germany whose word is unshakable."

PAMELA changed her position a little, as though to escape from the sunlight which was finding its way underneath the

Continued on page 72.



A recent photograph of Premier Lloyd George

HERE can now be no doubt. Something is radically wrong in the British army. Since the outbreak of the war nearly all our great tactical moves have been failures or only partially successful and the waste of lives and material has been appalling. If they happened in civil life there would be arrests for manslaughter and parliamentary enquiries.

Study this map. How did Germany do it?

With our great superiority we have now abandoned the offensive in the west. It is now frankly admitted in Parliament that we need at least 450,000 more men to defend ourselves in France until the Americans come in sufficient force a year hence, and that does not take into consideration possibilities in the Balkans and Palestine. A storm of objection from wounded pride went up across Canada when a year ago it was suggested that our only hope was the United States. Without the United States, German would soon be the national language of Canada. With the United States we are superior in men and resources. By avoiding mistakes of the past we ought to win; but we must have new men and new methods. Whether we win depends upon how our men and supplies are directed.

Why Our Failures?

By John Bayne Maclean

This is the eighth of Colonel Maclean's war articles. They have given the most accurate information appearing anywhere in Canada on conditions as they actually are and have spoken fearlessly with reference to the failures of the past, the reasons therefore and the probable results therefrom. These articles have been much criticized, but the information given and the conclusions drawn have been invariably correct.—THE EDITORS.

Lack of men is the excuse of our higher command. Incompetence, weakness in direction, is the charge made against them by the politicians who point out that Russia has no lack of men.

Some who speak for the army have aroused suspicion and resentment because of their tendency to hide or pass over the mistakes or blame them upon the regimental officers and men.

It is a fact that cannot be disputed. Officers and men of the individual corps have seldom, if ever, even against terrific odds, failed to carry the objectives or hold the positions indicated by the higher command. Therefore, the men are blameless.

It is also a fact that our organization in France is a series of the most wonderfully efficient machines. The way in which the medical, transport, aviation and the many other departments carry out their individual duties is a marvel. It is more perfect, it works more smoothly than any great industrial organization on this side.

To have each of his departments working as perfectly as the war departments are working in France would be regarded as a heavenly condition by any great industrial organizer. It is the popular idea that the men who build up great concerns get their pleasure in making money for their personal use. This is a very great mistake. I know or knew a great many of these men here and in Europe, some of them intimately. They all got their only pleasure out of the organizations they were developing. Not one of them benefited as much financially from their success as did their *employees* and the country as a whole. They are generally in debt all their lives.

The greatest individual business builders I knew in Canada were Mr. Eaton, the retail merchant, and Mr. Massey, the agricultural implement manufacturer. Their incomes were larger than those of any other men in Canada. Two or three thousand dollars a year was all they averaged for their own food, clothing or pleasures, but the contributions to the public of the organizations they built up now amount to millions of dollars. Timothy Eaton who left the most valuable estate in Canada said shortly before his death that he had accomplished his object in life and there was nothing more to live for.

I am writing of the really great men—not the second raters and bluffers who have acquired high rank and riches by the financial support of others; by luck and get-rich quick methods and not by brains and slow, hard work, or the

financial highwaymen who depend upon combinations or crooked ways.

Get this thought! you non-thinking, small visioned, jealous pin heads who are making it increasingly difficult for our worth-while men to give their tremendous ability to the building up of Canada with your threats to confiscate investments. The money the real business builders make invariably goes back into the business. And the agitators who make most noise on this topic are also the men who have been too cowardly to enlist or too lazy to put forth the tremendous self-sacrificing efforts necessary for the success that excites the envy of the indolent.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great efficiency of these two essential factors of our army—men and machinery—we fail when we put them into motion to carry out the great object for which they are organized. The individual units work perfectly, but they do not synchronize with the others. For example, the artillery and infantry capture their objectives, but the cavalry ordered to be right behind them to pursue and keep moving the dislodged enemy does not arrive until next day.

Viewing the war situation as a practical big business problem—and that is all it is—there is undoubtedly something wrong with the general management or the supreme command. The people of the Empire have refused nothing. They agree to any sacrifice. They have been magnificent.

The Northcliffe group blame Haig and Robertson for our failures, but I think if the problem were submitted to some big business executive, Geddes, for example, he would very quickly exonerate, partially at any rate, these two military leaders. The Imperial Government—which ought to mean His Majesty and the man he selected and entrusted with the general management of the Empire, Lloyd George—is primarily to blame for placing an inexperienced executive in the war ministry. Lord Derby is a man for whom we must all have the greatest respect, but a man who has not had years of training in the direction of great organization and particularly in finding and handling great executive officers is so much handicapped as to be a real danger. It is bad enough to put the building and direction of the organization for the defence of the Empire under an amateur in peace times; but it is criminal when we are fighting for our very existence. The greatest organizers make mistakes but how many must a man make with no experience in finding the best men? And there are so many great men with proved organizing and directing capacity in the Empire there should be no difficulty in

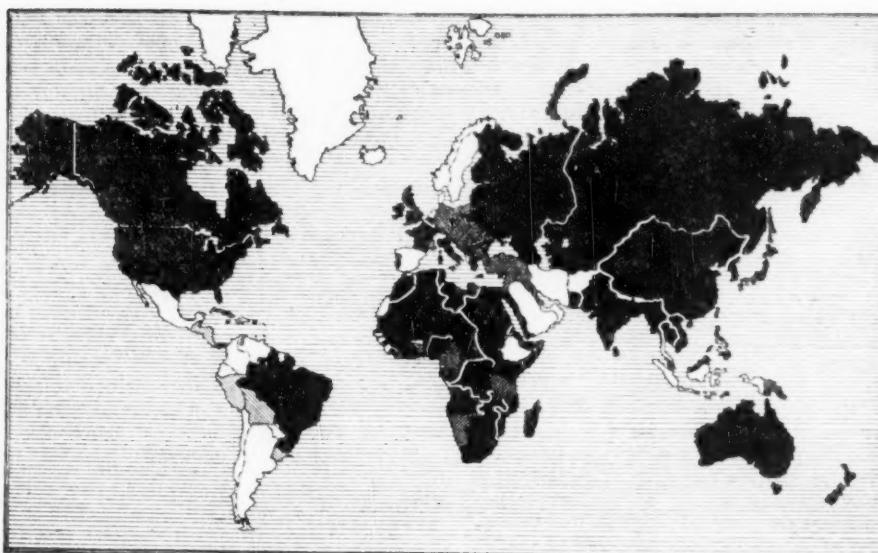
getting a good man. A good man would soon decide whether Robertson and Haig were blamable. Possibly Robertson himself should be War Minister. He has risen from the ranks which is a great recommendation. And it is a fact given me by a friend of his only the other day, that he is continually handicapped by political interference.

At the same time there are some explanations worth considering. One fact is you cannot improvise a great organization with able executives in two or three

years and a general manager must fail if his directors and shareholders are continually interfering, putting their friends into good jobs, or letting his secret plans leak out to his competitors. Something like this has happened scores of times in Canada and the United States. British concerns have been started here with useless men in charge, put in charge by family and financial pull, with the inevitable result—failure. The Grand Trunk Railway is a good example of this. It has never shaken itself clear of this baneful influence.

A friend of mine, now probably the greatest industrial executive in the United States, told me he was once figuring with some financial associates on buying an old established factory, rundown, losing money, full of obsolete machinery. The owners wanted \$2,000,000, while an entire new plant with the most modern machinery could be built for \$1,000,000. His financial backers were surprised when he decided upon the old concern. About the old plant was an organization which its founder had spent fifty years building up, so that the various executives and all their departments knew and were working smoothly with each other. All they needed to do far bigger things was improved direction. Poor as it was he knew it would cost a great deal more than a million in waste and many years in time to get another such organization together.

WE provided, at Camberley, England, for the technical training of men for the big military jobs, a staff college with a two year course. To this were sent annually a small number, far too few, selected by competitive examination, from the most capable and efficient in the entire army. To get in meant months and months of hard preparatory work assisted by expert coaches. Many officers were too lazy to compete. Therefore the men who took the course were undoubtedly the pick of the army. They had ability and, what is more, a capacity for hard work. We had a similar course in Canada under the supervision



—From *Red Cross Magazine*.

Ten republics, seven monarchies, and two empires (black) have declared war upon the central powers (heavily shaded) and eight republics (lined) have declared themselves opposed to militarism by severing diplomatic relations with Germany.

Neutral countries are shown in white.

of Imperial officers. Over 125 of our non-professional soldiers took it and they deserve our grateful thanks. It meant working hard by day at their civilian calling and studying by night, eschewing all pleasures for one or two years. The best evidence of its value is that nearly all these officers have done exceptionally well in the higher Canadian commands in Europe. Some of them, like Mitchell, have forced themselves, by sheer ability and strenuous effort, to places on the general staff of the entire Allied forces.

But this limited number of our specially trained experts were not given practical opportunities, such as the Germans constantly had, for handling big bodies of men or for planning and preparing for the big problems of war. Worse still, many of these experts were not used at all. They were sent to atrophy in barrack squares and anterooms; or since the war, to a common soldier's work in front line trenches, while staff jobs were given to men with political or family influence.

HERE are three cases from among friends of mine who passed the staff college. Capt. D. had worked his way up in the navy, where he was regarded as so capable that in 1899 he was selected as one of the young midshipmen to take the big ship guns to help the army in South Africa. His good work was specially mentioned in the official despatches. He took his profession seriously and, feeling he could do better work for the Empire, transferred to the army. He travelled, studied the languages and probable battle fields of Europe. He passed the staff college practically at the head of his class. He had a tremendous capacity for work and every one who knew him was impressed with his remarkable ability. In the business world such a man would be quickly grabbed up for one of the big jobs in a great corporation. Yet, to my amazement and horror, his name appeared as one of the first killed in the Yorkshire Light Infantry in the action near Mons in 1914. I happened to be in

Yorkshire at the time and as the local papers could not place him I sent a sketch of him to one of them, the *Leeds Mercury*. I think, which they were good enough to publish in part. In this I drew attention to the employment of a staff expert in the firing line. To have allowed an expert like Capt. D. to get into the firing line when war broke out, instead of assigning him to important staff duties, was about as senile as if the brilliant Charles M. Schwab, when he got the big munitions orders in 1914 had sent young Grace, the technical school post-graduate, back to the yards to superintend the ore gang instead of jumping him right into one of the highest staff jobs in the Bethlehem Steel Co. With Grace and a staff of young experts like him Schwab was able to make records, some of them in Canada, which Kitchener said were impossible. Without the experts, the British have made failures.

In the next case, a very capable staff course major served for many months in the front line trenches until he was wounded and made prisoner.

The third officer entered the army through the Militia—which is a recommendation in itself. He proved so efficient during the South African war that he was specially selected by a general—who has, in this war, risen to one of the very highest commands—for the two year staff course. His work there justified the great general's estimate of him, but soon after family influence put an unqualified favorite over him on a staff appointment and he retired from the army in disgust. He is so foolishly secretive, like so many officers on all army weaknesses, that, though an old friend, I got this information only through another staff officer.

If, in my limited experience, among "passed staff college" men I can refer to three such cases, how many more similar ones must there be?

THERE are many instances in this war of amateurs or incompetents being put into the big jobs over the experts to enable them to gain personal *kudos*. They range all the way from a Cabinet Minister's secretary to the outrage committed on the Canadians, when Col. the Rt. Hon. J. B. Seely, a discredited war minister, a *dilettante* lawyer and amateur soldier, was given command of our own cavalry brigade, made up of our regulars, Royal Canadian Dragoons and North-West Mounted Police. He was put over the heads of our most capable professional soldiers, Royal Military College graduates and

p. s. c. men. As usual, it is not the man's personality they complained of. He is described as quite as charming as he is foolishly brave before the enemy, but he is hopelessly incompetent as a great cavalry executive. If you want to know more, get some Canadian cavalryman to tell you. It is the one sore spot with every one of the many I have talked to or heard from. You will hear more of the bitterness over mismanagement, lost opportunities and lost prestige than will get into print until the war is over.

Complaint is made that really capable men of the new army are not given equal opportunity for important staff jobs for which often their capacity or civilian training fits them. But, as the army is the life work of the professional soldier, if he can fill the job, he should be given the preference in important work in order that he may get the experience. If, however, the professional soldier has been too lazy to work for the staff course he is likely to be too indolent to fill any important staff job. And there ought to be many higher appointments from the "successes" in the new army.

In studying the lives of the generals who finally came to the top on both sides in the United States Civil War, I was much struck with three facts. With few exceptions they came from poor parents, and from farms or village homes; they were chiefly West Point graduates; and they were officers who, as juniors, were not content with following the dull, lazy routine duties of their place in the army or the society life at the local posts. The majority of them took over the quartermaster's work—a disagreeable job, which is looked down on and never assumed by one of our commissioned officers, but is put upon a man who has risen from the ranks. Others, like Lee, got temporary leave to fill other public positions, building harbors, docks, river improvements. Some found the army too slow, and went into business. Grant, a West Pointer, left the army and was a commercial traveller. The next ablest executive commander had left the army and successfully operated a street railway and a bank. Grant's chief of staff had no military training, but was a lawyer in a small Western town when the war began.

All of which suggests that the successful men are those who have a capacity to do things and get things done. Therefore, we should bend ourselves to finding these men in our armies and navies who have proved this.

This is what Lincoln did. He discarded one "show" general after another who had failed to do anything against the great Southern leader, Lee—who was placed by Wolseley with Caesar and Napoleon as one of the three ablest commanders in the history of the world. Finally he found a man away off in the West who did his work so well that he never lost a battle. He had rejoined the army as a drill instructor and had risen to a Brigade command. Lincoln sent for him. He did not belong to the Washington military or society clique. Lincoln soon heard many disagreeable things when it came out that he was to put Grant in supreme command. Mainly, Grant was said to be a drunkard, and the story has often been printed that Lincoln asked the complainants to ascertain at once the brand

of whiskey Grant drank that he might feed it to the other generals. It is also a fact that Lincoln gave his generals a free hand. He did not allow the politicians to interfere.

Most humane and kind-hearted of men, he did not allow any silly sentiments of the five o'clock tea room or the gentlemanly usages of the cricket field or the golf course to interfere with winning the war, nor did he supply French chefs and English valets to enable enemy spies to live in comfort on palatial ships. He sent, for example, General Wilson with the largest cavalry command in history to wheel round the South, burning, pillaging, until he left the whole population starving and homeless.

THAT usually accurate and courageous writer, Lovat Fraser, attributed the failures to lack of brains in the army. My observations and experiences lead to the conclusion that the British political, war and business leaders, as a class, are mentally superior and more alert than those of any other nation. They are by far the most charming, but they are also the most indolent. Their love of sport and open air life gives them clearer heads than the ambitious over-workers in Germany and America, but their wealth, their upbringing, their prejudices, encourage them to avoid effort. Balfour is one of the brainiest men in the whole Empire, and at the same time one of the most indolent. This inherent objection to activity he developed into a principle. Speaking in 1902 on the settled policy of the British Foreign Office he laid down the principle: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." This was the favorite motto of a king known in history as Ethelred, the Unready. It accounts for much that has happened to the Empire

since and led to Lloyd George's plaintive explosion, "We're always too late." Bulgaria and Russia were lost to us by intrigue—and Italy was swept back. Yet our Foreign Minister, on whom we and all the Allies depended, has said he knows nothing of intrigue or business. He is brilliant and astute, but very, very lazy. Only a mental bomb will excite him to activity, such as struck him when he visited Washington last year and where he did, under its inspiration, what was perhaps the most important work of his life.

Thinking and investigating is the hardest form of work, and few men who are not spurred by necessity have the temperament or ambition to work.

I once made a two weeks' trip of the South with the president of the Seaboard Air Line. At Tampa they were carrying out some extensive improvements. The Seaboard for years was unable to get near the choice water front section. Every effort of railway officials, financiers and big lawyers failed to get them there. The pioneer Atlantic Coast Line had appropriated everything in sight. One day some one told the Seaboard President that he ought to send for Peter Knight, a resourceful young attorney, and put the problem up to him. He did. Peter went off to the solitude of his grape fruit plantation and, after a couple of days' hard thinking, returned with a twinkle in his eye and with the report that he could give the Seaboard all the water front they wanted. When the president took us along the front the Seaboard were then laying their rails between the Atlantic Line and the water's edge. Southern Florida is mostly sand, and Mr. Knight merely hired a powerful dredge and soon pumped enough sand to make a new foundation for the Seaboard tracks and docks on the water side of the Atlantic Coast Line. I have met Mr. Knight in Europe several times since and have come to know him very well and have learned of similar and still bigger feats this smiling modest little country town lawyer had performed. I once asked him how he managed to outwit the brilliant New York attorneys who get \$100,000 fees for doing little jobs like this. He said:

"We think we think, but we don't think."

That was his secret, and it is the reason why most men are successful. Too many of us follow leaders and precedents. Thinking is the hardest kind of work, and precedents are said to be made for those too lazy to think for themselves. One of the first of the great American executives I have known once told me that when he had an important question to deal with he went off alone fishing in the Sound, anchoring his boat for the day, perhaps a mile from shore where he could neither see nor heard any one. He allowed no one to alter the decisions then arrived at. Even the office boy, he said, or a small-minded prejudiced clerk or secretary often wrongly influenced strong men.

If our preconceived opinions are disturbed we just "fly-off." We don't think. We don't like the truth, even in homeopathic sugar-coated tiny doses.

Lord Lansdowne is one of the greatest men in the Empire, and the most intelli-



Sir Eric Geddes, the dynamic head of the Admiralty.

gently indefatigable worker, with the longest and best history of safe, sound, sane public service of any of our present political leaders. The late Sir John Macdonald considered him one of the ablest men he had ever met.

An expression of opinion from such a man should command profound respect. But when we read his recent letter we damned him without giving a thought to the fact that a man with Lord Lansdowne's record would write in such a serious strain only when he had very, very good reasons. As the facts percolate through and we find Lloyd George and Wilson forced to agree with him only then do we realize that we had been misled by our prejudice and misinformation as we so often are.

The last mail brings me a letter from the British House of Commons. Sir Auckland Geddes, Minister of National Service, had just spoken. Rather he had upset all precedents—as they ought to be upset—by reading what he had to say. He is a brother of the Naval Lord, and once was a professor at McGill, Montreal. It was described as one of the most important, masterly, frank and truthful statements of the war situation that has yet been given. His courageous exposure of the condition into which we had drifted in our labor, production, and war problems, stunned his audience, and more than half of them disliked the truth so much that they left the House before he had finished.

I do not know whether the army chiefs or the politicians are finally to blame. Our ablest soldiers are human. If able, they are usually poor, and depend upon political and family influence for preferment. If you look over the staff Roberts carried in South Africa and also French in France, you will be struck with the number of men who would not be there but for "pull." Kitchener would have none of them and was not a London favorite. When the war broke out he was ordered to hurry back to Egypt. They wanted to get him out of the way. Only the popular demand, voiced by the Northcliffe press, forced Asquith to bring him home and eliminate Haldane. But they say Kitchener in his last days had succumbed to London influences, as has Smuts of South Africa more recently.

THE big job of this nation to-day is to find the right man for War Minister and give him a free hand, and back up Lloyd-George to the fullest possible extent; give him a free hand to gather about him the great organizers, managers and experts of the Empire, and with the help of the United States we can, with our magnificent armies and navies, most assuredly win this war. If Lloyd George fails, then it is the duty of His Majesty to find the man. That is the King's job—to find a capable general manager for the British Empire.

FROM time to time a new reader writes objecting to the frank way in which we have given the facts as they really are. After this article was typed one came from Rev. M. E. Bannerman, B.A., Alameda, Sask., who has been a subscriber for two months. There are some who do not want to hear the unpleasant things. But let me again remind these persons that probably 99 per cent. of our readers are Canadian financiers, the business men, investors of all classes, and well-to-do farmers

from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It is part of the service we give them—the service for which they pay us. These articles are written specially for them. Because they are vitally interested in the real conditions present and to come they want to know the truth more than the sensation-loving general public.

I have been writing these articles since the war began. They appear almost every week in *The Financial Post*. The readers of that paper in particular needed the news that they might not make business plans, be committed to investments or make developments based on early peace or the early decisive victory which our incompetent politicians led us to believe. The first article in October, 1914, caused the greatest criticism among even the big financiers and industrial leaders, who follow that paper closely. An overwhelming victory over the Germans, with the Russians in Berlin by Christmas, was the confident and joyous news the British politicians and press gave out. But *The Post* said our only hope was in the British navy being able to hold out long enough to enable us to get ready for a five or six year, not a three months', war; and Canada was urged to prepare then the military force we are now approaching. More criticism came when we urged the replacing of Asquith, Churchill, Grey, Balfour, with Lloyd George and a group of the ablest workers—not the orators—of the Empire. And again, when we advised our readers against buying Russian bonds or shipping goods not prepaid, I mistrusted that country from the outset, and wrote two years ago that she might make a separate peace.

It must also be recognized that our readers have given their sons as freely as others, perhaps more so, but it is they, more than any other class in the country, who now will bear the big financial

burdens of the war; and the interest, debts, and pensions in the future in the form of tremendously increased taxation. We are, therefore, performing a further service and duty to them and to the country when we present their views, and advocate their best interests regardless of whose personal feelings are ruffled or whose selfish designs are thwarted.

NOR is this all. One of our papers is *Canadian Machinery*, a weekly which gives all the news of general interest to the big manufacturers, their executives, superintendents, and foremen. It also specializes on technical information as to the latest and most efficient methods of manufacture in the metal fields. There were no munition plants in Canada when Britain needed them badly. Many of these manufacturers, as is their custom when needing advice to apply to the editors of the various technical papers, asked *Canadian Machinery* to tell them how to make shells. The editors began at once a series of illustrated articles on how to adapt general machine plants to munitions making, and manufacturers were urged to go into the business at once. Many, misled by the ignorant opportunists, official and press, to expect a short war, refused for months to accept our advice.

Canada thus made the start and made enormous developments. One plant in Canada made more shells than any other in the world.

Not only in Canada did this technical newspaper do effective work, but the Australian Government, the Indian Government, the Russian Government reproduced in book form these series of articles for distribution among their manufacturers. Copies of these official publications are on file in our office. Thousands of copies of Canadian Machinery were subscribed for by British, United States, French, Italian, Japanese and Russian manufacturers. Even such big munitions manufacturers as Vickers and Bethlehem Steel were among them.

These papers also did the work the Canadian Department of Trade should have done. When our manufacturers had a chance of tendering on French shells our Minister of Trade, after delaying them for days, finally admitted he could give them no assistance whatever; but when the manager of *Canadian Machinery* was asked if he would cable to our European office for them he supplied the blue prints and detailed specifications within five minutes after the inquiry was made. We had anticipated the demands and all the information was in our office.

The great majority of our readers are, of course, familiar with this specialized journalism, but I have given briefly the above information for the benefit of such new readers who have not been in touch with newspaper developments of the past quarter of a century. Publications circulating among the classes, such as this magazine does, must above all be fearless and accurate, whether their information pleases their readers or not. If they are not they will eventually lose their subscribers. On the other hand, so fickle are the unthinking masses that on many important questions the daily and weekly general press have to be most circumspect in how they handle questions on which their readers' opinion is prejudiced. Such papers will lose thousands of subscribers over one article which may be absolutely accurate, but which fails to humor their preconceived and erroneous notions.

MORE VEGETABLES TO SAVE GRAIN

There are large supplies in Canada of potatoes, carrots, turnips and onions in excess of the amounts normally consumed. It is a small but necessary war service for the people of the Dominion to increase their consumption of these in order to save bread, meat and other foods needed for export.

It is the Canadian aim during the current year to produce not less than 400,000,000 bushels of wheat. Human beings and animals are now competing directly for the grain crop. Even if we use more barley, oats, and rye, the supplies of these grains available for feeding live stock are correspondingly reduced. Only increased production of grain can alleviate the situation.

Urbanites can aid the production of grain by growing potatoes and other vegetables, because—

Every pound of vegetables produced in urban districts releases farm hands for the production of grain and the larger crops. Vegetable crops lend themselves admirably to production on small areas.

The labor employed in the production of garden crops could not otherwise be secured for food production.

If more vegetables are grown by town and city dwellers, farmers and market gardeners can devote more of their land to grain, beans, root and corn production.

REVIEWS OF REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

Germany's Final Offensive

When and Where the Blow of 1918 Will Be Struck.

GREAT interest attached to the appointment of Frank H. Simonds to succeed Colonel Repington as military critic of the *London Times*. Mr. Simonds is an American and the move which takes him from New York to London has an international significance. His last article for the *American Review of Reviews*, where the best of his war summaries have appeared, dealt with the impending German offensive—the much discussed blow which the Mailed Fist may strike on the Western front. He shows when and where the Germans are likely to launch the offensive.

First of all, the Germans have told us that it was coming. They have affirmed that it would be the greatest blow of the war and they have led their public to believe that a victory was not only possible but assured. Under other circumstances it would be possible to doubt the assertion of the foe. Certainly it will be well to watch events in the Balkans and Italy, as well as Asia Minor. Yet it is clear that only on the West Front can there be a decision and that victory elsewhere will not win the war for the Germans. Hence the probability of a Western offensive.

Actually the Germans will find themselves in February, 1918, in much the situation they were in two years before, when they made their great bid for victory at Verdun. Then they had disposed of the Russians for months. Now they have put Russia out of the war. Then they had cared for Balkan perils by crushing Serbia. Now they have attended to Italian threats for the time being. Then, as now, they were able to transfer troops from East to West and to concentrate their great munitions resources in the West.

In 1916 Germany struck to avoid the blow that was sure to come when Britain was ready. To-day her offensive must anticipate American participation in the war on a great scale, because when America enters in fact Germany will be for all time put on the defensive through inferiority of numbers. Not to win the war before America arrives is to lose the chance of winning it at all, just as not winning it before Britain was ready would have meant not to win it at all, if Russia had stayed in the war.

Russia's collapse restores something of the situation of 1916. Germany has reserves, she has artillery. Her foes in front of her have no decisive advantage of numbers, if they have any. They cannot attack now, because to attack and to fail might lead to disaster, while to wait is to be assured of American help. If Germany, by striking, breaks France, then Italy will be easily put out of the war and Britain and America will be left to fight the thing out. This would not mean a victory of supreme proportions, for Britain and America will continue to dominate the

seas, but it would mean mastery of the continent and leave Germany as Napoleon was after Friedland or Wagram.

Falling short of a decisive victory, the Germans plainly hope that they will produce such exhaustion in the ranks of their enemies that the foe will consent to talk peace and abandon the task of holding on until America gets ready, since America is sure to be a considerably delayed arrival. These are the two stakes of the German gamble: Decisive success with the mastery of the Continent and the perpetuation of Mitteleuropa, if the assault have the success which was not realized at the Marne or at Verdun; possible peace by negotiation on reasonably satisfactory terms, if the assault makes material but indecisive progress on the field but uses up the moral and material resources of the French and brings them to a willingness to make peace before America is ready.

Similarly the program has obvious perils. An attack which does not bring victory fairly speedily, an attack which becomes another Verdun, after the first few days, will unquestionably awaken protest at home, just as Verdun did. The military leaders have told a war-weary public that they can win the war if they are permitted one more try. The people have been partly persuaded and partly dragooned into giving their consent to the campaign. But it will be watched with suspicion and if it does not produce rapid results it may lead to a change of popular sentiment and a far more serious crisis than Germany experienced just before Russia collapsed last year.

Germany has her chance to win the war again. It is not as good as the chance she had at the Marne. It is not nearly as good as the chance she had at Verdun, but it is a chance. She is, in all human probability, planning to take it and to make the greatest military venture of human history, as great in this world war as was Napoleon's campaign to Moscow, in his day. And Moscow had similar stakes. Germany can attack, she must attack, but to attack and fail means approximate ruin.

Will Germany attack the British line or the French? On this point British and French writers are agreed. Conceivably Germany will attack on both fronts, as Haig and Nivelle made joint attacks last spring, but even in this case all agree that the weight of the blow will fall on France.

The reasons are simple. Britain has had heavy losses. Her man-power is beginning to feel the strain, but she has had no such test and loss as France, and her numbers are not actually declining, as are the French. She can still repair great wastage. It is doubtful if the French can. Since German losses are greater in proportion, as well as in aggregate, than the British, to attack Britain would be to attack a relatively fresh opponent, who, in any event, would emerge from the war with less serious losses. And since Britain's losses are smaller than France's, the strain on the civil population is less and

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the chance of a break in morale behind the lines smaller.

Germany will attack France in 1918, as she did in 1916, most observers assert, because she believes France is bled white, because she sees in political disturbances within France signs of a breakdown. Granted that the French army might hold, as it always has so far, and its morale was concededly as high as ever in the recent Battle of Malmaison on the Aisne, the Germans calculate that the nerve of the politicians behind might crumble.

It is all very simple, very brutal, and very German. You select the weaker antagonist and you beat him up. France, by reason of her resistance and her sacrifices, because she has been invaded and ravaged, is weaker than Britain and, therefore, the German is selected; has been invaded and ravaged, is weaker than He has always believed the French a decadent people. He has never ceased to murmur "poor France" since the war began. Not even the Marne nor Verdun have shaken this original view and he is planning to prove it to be correct this time, having proven it false in 1914 and 1916.

Now granted that the Germans attack the French, the British will have to attack the Germans. Sir Douglas Haig offered to do this in 1916 at the Verdun time and Joffre declined the aid proffered because the British army was unready. It is ready now, but it

will have to attack under the compulsion of the foe and when he is expecting the attack and ready for it. We had just such another campaign when the Germans were standing on the defensive in the West and beating the Russians to pieces on the East in the spring, summer and autumn of 1915. Then both the French and the British attacked, first in Artois, about Lens and Arras, and later in both Artois and Champagne in the memorable offensive of September 25. They failed both times and Russia fell, while Serbia was annihilated.

But a year later, after the Verdun campaign had been going on for four months, the British, with the French, did attack at the Somme and Germany had to give up her Verdun venture, as the pressure on the Somme increased in August and September, and finally abandon her Verdun gains, when her numbers began to fail in October and in December.

Unfortunately for the Allies, there seems another possibility. We read of constant destruction of French villages behind the German lines facing the British. It would seem that the Germans may be contemplating a withdrawal, a "strategic" retreat like that of last spring, a retreat from before the British

as a concomitant of their attack upon the French. Were this to happen British attack for a considerable period would be quite impossible and Britain would have to remain quiescent or send troops to the French front, which involves enormous difficulties of transport and of munitions.

As to the time the Germans will attack, they struck at Verdun on February 21. The weather was bad and hampered them much, but their necessities were great, for Britain was preparing and was sure to be ready in a few months. But is there such a necessity now? Can we, the United States, be ready in a time so near that Germany will have to shoulder the discomforts of a winter effort, with all its handicaps, to anticipate American intervention? I do not think so. I do not believe the American army will be ready in great numbers before autumn, perhaps not before the spring of 1919, therefore, it seems to me unlikely that Germany will move before March or even April, unless her home situation requires prompter action and an earlier decision. With the Verdun precedent in mind, I cannot believe the Germans will strike again in February unless they are impelled by conditions of which we are not informed.

great, as his engine might have stopped when he landed, in which case there would have been no way of starting it again and escaping.

On another occasion about six months later, he had an experience just as thrilling as the one above. He had chased an enemy machine for ten miles behind its lines and, on turning to come home, found himself cut off by several groups of the enemy. Picking out a group just in front of him, and the smallest group which was trying to cut him off, he decided to fly straight at the machines and through them. There were four in the party, and as he flew toward them they all opened fire at him, while he did the same at them.

The leader of the enemy patrol did not like it, however, and swerved to one side, just as Ball was hoping he would. Two of his followers did the same thing, perhaps in the hope that they would be able to catch Ball from the flank; but it was all according to Ball's plan and he carried on straight at the last man, whom he hoped would also turn.

At a speed of 250 miles an hour they approached, both firing two machine-guns at each other. It looked as if they were going to do into each other. Both men seemed determined that they would not swerve the slightest. Ball told me later that he was quite sure in his own mind that the man intended ramming him and thus causing death to them both.

Many bullets struck Ball's machine, one hitting an oil pipe, allowing the oil to leak and splash over him. His face was covered with it and some of it got in his eyes and he could hardly see. He closed his eyes and flew straight, firing as he went, expecting every second to hear the awful crash when they would strike. The other man, however, when only about twenty yards away, suddenly dived down and went straight to earth, where Ball saw him crash into the ground.

Upon looking back upon the encounter Ball came to the conclusion that he must have killed his adversary with an early shot and the way in which the German fell back in his seat must have just held the machine in a level position for the length of time while he came on straight at him. Ball thought the man's fingers must have remained on the triggers of his guns.

Battles in the Air

Major Bishop, Canadian Aviator, Tells of Comrades' Exploits.

HERE have been famous air-fighters in all the belligerent armies. Major Bishop, the Canadian boy, has been the outstanding aviator of the British forces, but others have made records of almost equal lustre. There was the late Captain Albert Ball, V.C., a lad of 19, who performed numerous exploits of extraordinary daring. Major Bishop himself tells of some of his comrade's deeds in the course of an article in the *National Geographic Magazine*. He writes:

Some of the exploits of the late Captain Ball, V.C., were most exciting. He was especially noted for getting himself into the tightest corners and then, in an instant, turning defeat into victory and coming out of the fight victorious.

Upon one occasion in the early part of his career as a fighter he had gone some twenty miles across the enemy lines, vainly looking for some one to fight with. Finally he saw two enemy machines flying together. Without hesitation he flew straight at these two and engaged them in a fight which lasted over ten minutes, at the end of which time he found that he had run out of ammunition. The two enemy machines had also had enough of it by now and seized their first opportunity to escape, diving down to the earth.

Ball was much disgusted at this and emptied six rounds from his revolver at the two diving machines. He then seized a piece of paper and a pencil which he had with him and wrote out a challenge for the same two machines to meet him at the same spot the next day.

At the appointed time Ball turned up on the spit and a few minutes later the same two enemy machines approached him from the east. He flew toward them to engage in a fight, but at that moment three more of the enemy came down from the sky and attacked him. It was a carefully laid trap and he had fallen into it without even suspecting that there was one.

The three enemy machines that had attacked him from behind were of the latest fighting type and were all flown by expert men.

At every turn Ball, who was underneath and was thus at a slight disadvantage, found himself outmaneuvered. Turn and twist as he would, he always found one of the enemy on top of him and another just ready to catch him if he turned the other way. Several times bullets passed within inches of him. Finally, deciding to escape, he realized that he must do something extraordinary; so he dived toward

the ground and, picking out a large field, glided into it and landed.

The three enemy machines at once suspected that he had been shot and forced to land, and they all glided down and landed, either in the same field with him or the adjoining one. Then, jumping out of their machines, they ran over to Captain Ball. However, Ball, who had carefully foreseen exactly what would happen, had kept his engine running slowly while he was on the ground, and the moment he saw the others come out of their machines he tore off again and flew away from them.

By the time the first of the Huns had been able to get off the ground, Ball was over half a mile away and had made good his escape. The risk he took in landing this way was very

The Kaiser as an Advertising Man

American Writer Picks Him as the Greatest in the World.

IS the Kaiser the greatest advertising man on earth? Gerald Stanley Lee calls him this in the course of an article in *The Saturday Evening Post*. The article was a rather remarkable one, being a plea for an advertising campaign of America's intentions addressed direct to the German people. The writer believes it is possible to finally "sell" the Teutons on the advantages of peace as compared to war. However, in speaking of the Kaiser, he says:

In competing with the Kaiser we Americans will have to compete—so far as his local field is concerned—with the best advertising man on earth. No advertising any one ever dreamed of is like the Kaiser's. It is taking twenty nations to whip the Germans because the Kaiser begins his advertising with the babies.

Before their fathers and mothers have met, the educating of babies and the advertising of babies begin in Germany. The advertising of obedience in Germany begins in the womb. It is idle to think of Wilhelm II. as a splendid national decoration, a kind of royal image for the German people.

In his own field he is the greatest nation engineer, the greatest attention engineer or statesman the world has known. All day, all night, all the years of their lives, the Kaiser

is the horizon of their news, the sky line of their thoughts; and he has laid mines in the ground, deep underneath their lives. The tone he takes with them instead of being theatrical is real. He has obsessed the imagination of the Germans and jammed down his soul on them as the lid of the country.

The Kaiser stands out to-day as the main fact that the world has to face for the next hundred years because he has believed in advertising. If the people of the other nations, of the great democracies, had a twentieth of the grim spiritual faith in advertising, in touching and gripping men's imaginations—the imagining, visualizing, driving forces in men—that the Kaiser has, we should not be paying several hundred dollars a year apiece to hold back the imagination of the German about Germany, hem it in and coop it up so that the rest of the world will be worth living in. The way for the world to beat Germany is for each nation of the Allies to advertise her own people as well as the Kaiser has advertised his. Then we will advertise in Germany.

What we are fighting the German people for is to get the German people to let us advertise in Germany. We propose to put before the Germans our advertisement of the kind of modern world we want and how we want to get it alongside their Kaiser's modern world—the one he is giving them now—the Kaiser's world and our world side by side, day by day, before the eyes of the German people—civilization to-day hangs by a thread.

The Mystery of Trotzky

Russian Leader Was Obscure Agitator in New York When Revolution Came.

THE making of peace between Russia and Germany has been largely the work of one man, Leon Trotzky. This shaggy-haired agitator has been the most potent power behind the Bolsheviks, and it is rather astonishing to read that, when the Russian revolution came about, he was not in Russia at all. He was in New York, living under another name on the charity of friends. The great upheaval which shook autocracy from its grips on Russia was accomplished before "Leon Bronstein" returned. William Almon Wolff tells this story of the Bolshevik leader in *Collier's*, in part, as follows:

They were growing tired of Leon Bronstein. He found it harder and harder to keep body and soul together. It was more and more difficult to raise those small loans. But he grew more and more vehement; his eyes burned with a fiercer flame. And then, at last, there came that day when the news of the revolt in Petrograd swept every other piece of news from the front pages of the newspapers; when the whole East Side of New York seethed with an uncontrollable amazement and delight and exultation.

"It is the dawn, the beginning! Now we shall march!" said Leon Bronstein. "The bourgeoisie have made the revolution—it is for us to carry it on. Lvov? He President of free Russia? An aristocrat? Never! Pah! He will have fallen before I can reach Russia, and Miliukov with him. But there are

others. Kerensky will try to rule. I know him. But do you know why there has been a revolution now instead of at some other moment? It is because Russia wills peace, demands peace, means to have peace. It is because the soldiers are weary of fighting and the workers are starving. I am ready."

His first question had to do with the sailings of ships. He must go back to Russia. Already he had a cable message from Lenin, in Switzerland, calling him. But Lenin sent no money and while Leon Bronstein was arranging for his passage he had not a whole dollar in the world!

But now some part of what he had foretold had come to pass. Some there had been who had a faith in him that had begun to waver. Their faith was restored. Others who had scoffed or been indifferent to him and his dreams saw him with new eyes, listened to him with new ears. He was mad. He must be mad. And yet . . .

It came to this: The Bolsheviks of New York took up a collection; they passed a hat around. Little by little the money that was needed for traveling expenses was raised. A week after the world knew that autocracy in Russia was dead Leon Bronstein and Bocharin and as many more as the money served to transport of the Bolsheviks sailed away, and America wished them Godspeed. They must have had passports; Leon Bronstein must have borne with him a document bearing the signature of Robert Lansing, Secretary of State of the United States. Less than a month later that same Robert Lansing was to sign another document a proclamation of the entrance of the United States into that war which Leon Bronstein had sailed away to end.

At the pier he turned to those who had come to bid him farewell. "You shall hear from me and of me!" he cried. "If Kerensky

survives until I reach Russia, I shall place him under arrest myself—that bourgeois of the bourgeois! He will try to make himself dictator—I know him! But he will fail. And I shall make peace. The Kaiser shall send his ministers to me, perhaps I shall even make him come himself. For he must have peace. He must have peace to try to save his throne. He cannot save that—our brothers in Germany will see to that. The day of kaisers and czars is over."

So Leon Bronstein, who had come four months before to New York sailed away.

Those whom he left behind waited for news of him. It came. Things that he had foretold came about. Lvov fell, and Miliukov. The star of Kerensky set a price upon the head of a Bolshevik called Nikolai Lenin—and within a month Lenin sat in Kerensky's seat, and Kerensky was a hunted fugitive. And at Lenin's right hand was—Leon Bronstein.

Bronstein it was who issued manifestoes to the Allies of Russia, bidding them declare themselves—bidding them, under penalty of immediate opening of negotiations with Germany by the free Russia for which he spoke, to state their terms. Even before that he had published, as he had sworn, in a saloon in Center Street, New York, that he would, the secret treaties into which the old Russia had entered with France and England and Italy and Rumania.

There came more news, crowding upon the heels of what had come before. Russia and Germany were to meet at a council table. And to that council the delegates of Russia went, with the words of Leon Bronstein in their ears—with his written orders in their portfolios.

His name was on every tongue in every belligerent state. In Downing Street, in Rome, in Paris, and in Washington the acts from day to day of this man who had starved in New York and set the town to laughing at



Cesare in New York Evening Post.
AT JERUSALEM
Richard Cœur de Lion: "My dream come true!"



—Bernard Partridge in *Punch*.
THE NON-STOP CAR
Erin: "Come out o' that now, darlint, or ye'll be kilt entirely."

his mad boasts were discussed and analyzed. Ministers met to counteract his deeds; his whim controlled the fate of millions. Did Scheherazade ever weave so wild a tale? Did rubbing of a magic lamp ever bring Aladdin realization of so mad a dream?

I think not. For imagination bounded, it limited, those adventurers of the Arabian Nights; the imagination of their inventor, their creator. And this is no imaginative tale, no work of fiction, that I have set before you. It is the plain, unvarnished narrative of the coming of Leon Trotzky, Foreign Minister of the Bolshevik Government in Russia, to New York, and of his sojourn here. He calls himself Leon Trotzky. But he was born Leon

Bronstein; that is his real name. I could take you with me to Cyse Avenue, in the Bronx, and show you the rooms in which he and his wife and their two children lived while they were here. I could point out to you the old-clothes man who sold him that seven-dollar suit of clothes. I could take you to a store where the waiter who lent him that first quarter would serve us with coffee and cake. I might induce a Russian girl, a servant, to tell you how glad she would be if M. Trotzky, Bolshevik Foreign Minister, would send back to her the ten dollars which she contributed toward his passage home in the belief that she was lending the money to the cause of Russian freedom.

The Biggest Market in the World

Interesting Information With Reference to Commerce in China.

THE Chinese market is being opened to the world slowly, but the commercial possibilities even to-day are tremendous. Elmer E. Murphy calls it "the biggest market in the world" in *System* and proceeds to give some valuable and interesting material with reference to it. He says:

Most articles, to be sold in China, must be cheap. There is only a limited demand for high class goods.

The Standard Oil Company laid the foundation for quite a bit of its business by recognizing at the start this demand for cheap merchandise. They put out a small tin lamp, finished in red lacquer, and sold it to the Chinese for a cent and a half. This lamp burns kerosene with a wick. Its wide sale is largely responsible for the tremendous imports of kerosene from the United States.

Chinese habits of thought are different from ours, and this difference is reflected in their methods of doing business. The people, for instance, buy from hand to mouth.

As you go down the streets of Canton, you see them carrying away from the meat markets tiny strips of meat tied with pieces of grass instead of string. In the other hand they will have a tiny cup with a small portion of soy sauce, and probably a vegetable. That will be the next meal. Their other purchases are nearly always in proportion.

Large sales, therefore, except at wholesale, are not to be expected. These buying habits are fixed, and it is difficult to change them. Take a special product, soap. Into the port of Hongkong alone, before the war, the British shipped 1,000,000 cases of soap a year. They packed it 72 cakes to the box, and it was inferior in quality.

Since the war many orders for soap have been sent to America. But the soap shipped has never been according to specification. Either it was packed 100 bars to a case, or the cakes were slightly larger than those the British had been selling.

But this soap had always sold at retail for so much apiece, and the merchant must continue to sell it so—causing a loss to him if he bought at a higher price, even though the quality were better.

You have to work through an intermediary known as a comprador, whom you meet in consultation with the head of the firm. He really acts in the capacity of manager for one of the Chinese establishments as far as all its imported lines are concerned.

The duties of the comprador are numerous. Here is a brief summary of them:

(1) He supervises the purchase and disposal of your products to the Chinese.

(2) He lends money to Chinese merchants, or extends credit; but he is under bond to you to make good if there is a loss.

(3) He protects the firm he is representing from the business abuses that often exist in China.

(4) He engages and pays the Chinese help, including clerks and salesmen. The salesmen are known as schroffs.

(5) He has all transactions with the native merchants.

Except in unusual cases, therefore, the importing firm has no direct connection with the

customer. The comprador's knowledge enables him to discriminate, as a rule, between salable and unsalable goods. Furthermore, since his money is involved, he can generally be regarded as a man of conservative business methods.

Employees of the comprador are on a sort of profit-sharing basis. If one puts through a big deal, everybody gets a little something out of it. Each salesman, or schroff, has his own trade, worked up among his personal acquaintances. These are often relatives. He makes no particular attempt to enlarge his trade. If a salesman calls on a merchant and fails to do business with him, it is considered a breach of etiquette for him to go back. The comprador pays his salesmen about \$15 a month.

In working through the comprador it is necessary to have an American assistant on the ground to keep the Chinese on the job. Otherwise your goods are likely to be shunted to an undesirable place in the establishment.

For instance, at one of the British import houses I found the comprador on the ground floor, the British display rooms and offices on the second floor, and the American goods way at the top of the building.

If you are buying from a Chinese, you must expect a prolonged session. Say he expects eventually to get 20 cents for the article. He will probably start by asking \$1. Then you will find it necessary to haggle and trade and bluff for hours.

But if, on the other hand, you are an American and are selling your goods to a Chinese, and quote a price, the Chinese rarely questions it. Furthermore, he is usually willing to pay for the goods in New York without having seen them.

You will find that the average Chinese does not care for catalogs and other descriptive matter. He much prefers to see the thing you are selling; "looksee" is the pidgin English word he uses when he tells you that he wants to look at your samples.

One peculiarity of doing business in China which the exporter runs up against is the necessity for paying "squeeze." Perhaps he would call it graft in the United States, but in China it is not considered dishonorable. In fact, no self-respecting Chinese would put through any deal unless he were able to get at least a little "squeeze" out of it.

Here is an actual instance. Gridley, an American exporter doing business in the southern part of China, described the incident to me one evening on the dinner of a Chinese train. Gridley was selling engine packing, a commodity that is used in all engine rooms, on all railroads, and in a great many other places.

At one of the plants a preliminary test of several competing products was made. The product Gridley was selling was chosen. Gridley said to the plant superintendent, a white man:

"I'm mighty glad our product proved better than the other stuff. Thanks very much. I shall go now and see the purchasing agent of your company."

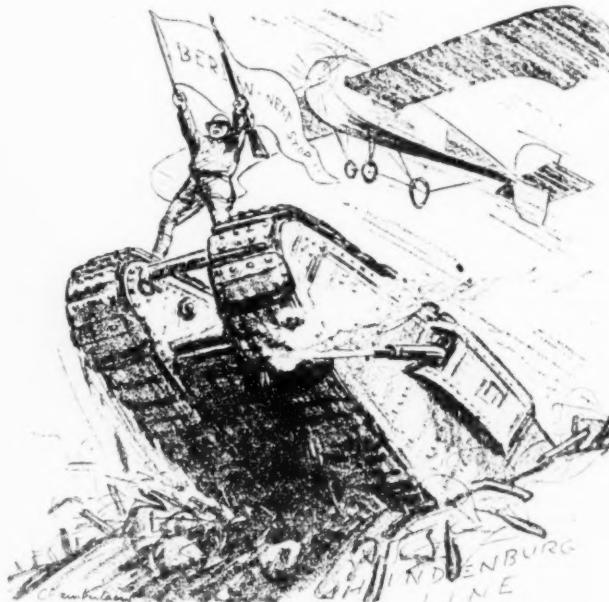
"That's all right," said the superintendent, "but you'd better not be in such a hurry. You have to see me first. I get 20% on everything that comes in here."

"But," Gridley said, "we pay our agent here 10%, and your 20% makes 30% on the goods. We can't afford to take the order at the price."

"They will buy what I specify and the price doesn't matter. Add it to your regular figure."

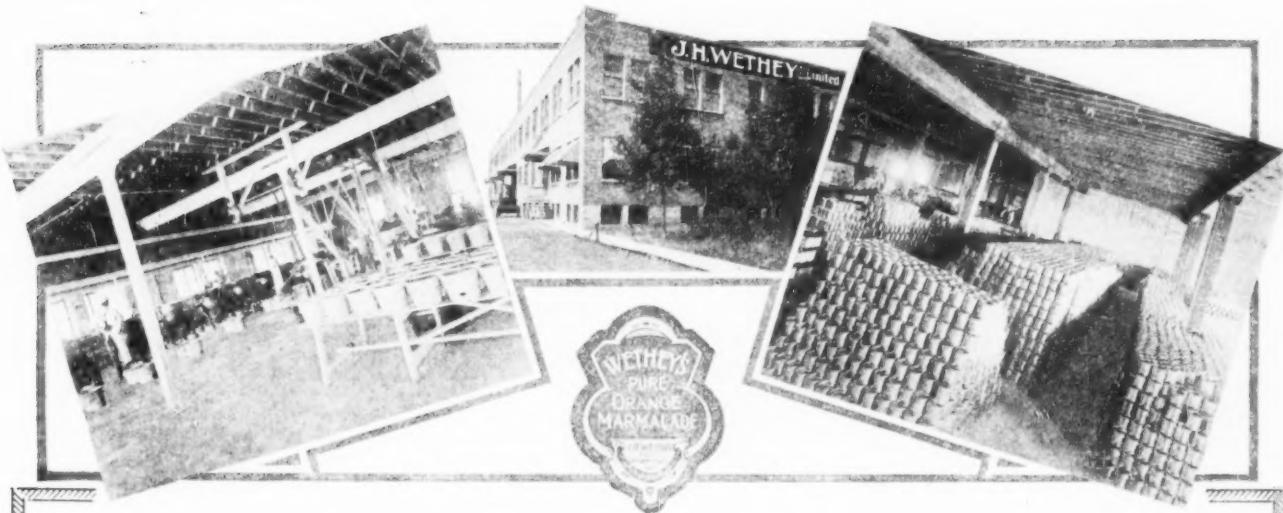
The superintendent convinced Gridley that was the common method of doing business in China, and the practice was not looked upon as being questionable. So he agreed. But before he started out the superintendent said to the American exporter,

"Don't call on the purchasing agent. See Chang and Company: they're here in town."



—Chamberlain in Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph*.

The Hare and the Tortoise



The Factory Behind the Label

Our label was shown, full size, in the February issue of this magazine. You remember, do you not?

Now—about the factory. In the above you see sectional views—both interior and exterior—of the well-named “daylight” factory in which the Wethey goods are produced. At the left,—note the boiling room, where everything is so spotlessly clean and where the work of preparing “Wethey” products is a pleasure to our uniformed employees. At the right,—is a partial view of one of our warerooms, which, with the exterior view, gives you some idea of the factory behind that Wethey label.

This is the Home of WETHEY'S ORANGE MARMALADE

It is the Marmalade that surpasses all others with a deliciousness all its own. The Wethey process of blending Seville Oranges and granulated sugar produces the Marmalade you want.

Buy it in the glass
Or buy it in the tin,
The label goes on
After the quality goes in.

If your grocer does not carry Wethey's he will get it for you.



Mention MacLean's Magazine—It will identify you.



Why Pay More?

Ivory Soap could not be made better if it were made to your order at 5 dollars a cake. It is made of the choicest materials. It is made so carefully that it contains no free alkali or unsaponified oil. It is as good soap as you can buy, no matter what you pay.

IVORY SOAP



IT FLOATS

99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % PURE

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada

Chang and Company was a native Chinese jobbing house. Gridley called on them. They added another 10% for handling the goods. Gridley could not resist the temptation, where there was so much graft, so he added another 10% for his house.

After Chang had given the order and Gridley thought everything was fixed up, Chang said:

"But, of course, we don't do any importing ourselves. You'll have to go to the Portuguese company that does our banking. They will arrange to pay you cash in San Francisco, you allowing them 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ %."

Therefore, when this order reached the ultimate consumer, the extra sums were something like this:

To the local agent	10 %
To the Portuguese shipping firm	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ %
To the Chinese jobber	20 %
To the shop superintendent	20 %

In other words, there was a local selling expense of 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ %. But that is usually the way business is handled in the Far East.

Shipping is, of course, an important problem in China. During the year 1914 there called at Hongkong 385 British vessels, 188 Japanese vessels, and only 14 American vessels. For American business men to get their share of trade in the far East it is important that shipping conditions be improved.

Goods that are ordered from England may arrive within seven or eight weeks after the ships have sailed; but you have to allow to at least three months if the goods are to go to a Chinese port from New York by way of the Suez canal.

Because of the high freight rates from eastern manufacturing centres to the Pacific Coast, it is next to impossible in normal times to consider sending merchandise overland, and then across the Pacific.

Sweden is at Last Neutral

Recent Developments Turn That Country From Pro-German Attitude.

THE position of Sweden to the belligerents has been unusual at all stages of the war. Sweden has been ostensibly neutral but officially pro-German. The mass of the Swedish people have been pro-ally at most stages of the conflict, but the ruling classes have evinced a strong preference for the Teutonic cause and they unfortunately have been able to make themselves most felt.

A change has come about recently, however. The absolute break-up of Russia has completely changed the Swedish viewpoint which was largely dictated by fear of Russian aggression. To-day Sweden is really neutral for the first time and is likely to incline more and more to the Allied side as time goes on. Edwin Bjorkman discusses the question in *Scribner's* as follows:

As far back as a year ago the Liberal and Socialist leaders had come to a full realization of the dangerous position in which the country had been placed. If, nevertheless, they refrained from using all the means at their disposal to compel a more radical change when, in the early part of April last year, the Hammarskjold-Wallenberg cabinet reluctantly surrendered the governmental machinery to the equally Conservative Swartz-Lindman cabinet, their hesitancy must chiefly be ascribed to a fear that the establishment of a truly representative government at that time might lead to open conflict with Germany. Two factors tended by degrees to put that fear in the background. One was the Russian revolution, which in one stroke disposed of the principal Conservative campaign argument, and which undoubtedly hastened the downfall of the Hammarskjold regime. The

other was the entrance of the United States as a belligerent, the importance of which was much better appreciated by the mass of the people than by the ruling class.

The demonstrations were meant to produce a change of government policy rather than another change of government. When they proved futile some hotheads clamored for an immediate revolution. The Swedes, however, are a slow and patient people, very orderly in all instincts. The radical leaders knew that nothing could be more dangerous to final success than a premature resort to extra-parliamentary means. The wiser heads prevailed, and their wisdom was proved when the regular elections of last September reduced the strength of the Conservatives in the lower house from 86 to 58, and gave the combined radical groups a majority of more than 60 in both houses. On October 19 a Liberal-Socialist coalition cabinet took charge of the nation's affairs, this being the first time in history that a Swedish ministry included representatives of the Socialist party.

This change of government implied a total change of national policy—not from neutrality to belligerency, but from pretended to genuine neutrality. It implied a final and complete cessation of practices found detrimental to the interests of our own country and our Allies. It implied a thorough cleaning up of permanent officialdom, first in the Swedish Foreign Office and then elsewhere. It implied a national attitude rendering a satisfactory agreement with the Western powers not only possible, but inevitable. It implied finally a completion of that process of democratization which, in Sweden as elsewhere, constitutes the one enduring barrier against Pan-Germanism.

The mass of the Swedish people standing back of the new government have no desire for territorial enlargement in any direction. They want nothing that has to be won at the expense of another nation. They want no control of any social or racial group outside their present borders. They feel the precariousness of their own situation very keenly, but they will risk all they have to protect their national independence. They want no warlike adventures, but they will not suffer injury or insult beyond a certain point. They want peace above all else, but they want it for the whole world, and the only kind of peace that will quite satisfy them is one that "makes the world safe for democracy."

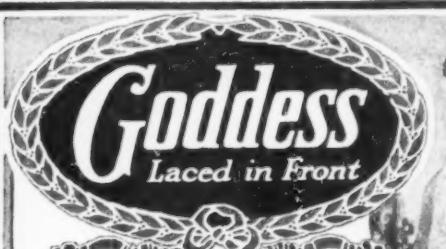
The Error of British Diplomats

H. G. Wells Contends They Failed to Understand Russia.

ONE of the prophets of the war has been H. G. Wells and probably no writer has written as much or as soundly on war topics as has the author of "Mr. Britling." Wells is a fearless writer. He attacks official ineptitude and established prejudice at every turn. In the course of an article on the Bolsheviks in the London *Daily Mail* he shows that the English diplomats failed utterly to understand the men who grasped the Russian rudder. The article develops a sweeping attack on the British diplomatic system. He writes:

There is a fashion in the British press of writing of these new people, these Bolshevik leaders with whom we have to deal, as though they were ignorant, illiterate, and inexperienced men of no account. When a Bolshevik leader meets a Junker one might imagine Bottom was meeting Theseus. That is a misconception that must be put an end to. Some, it is true, are poor men of the professional class, but Mr. Lloyd George is, to his honor, a poor man of the professional class. That, surely, therefore, is nothing against them. On the other hand, they are probably much better educated men than even the German Junkers against whom they are pitted, and certainly much better educated than our diplomats. Our public has to realize this fact. These

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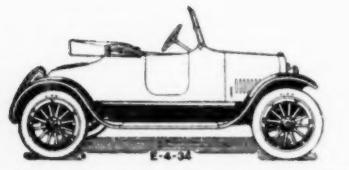
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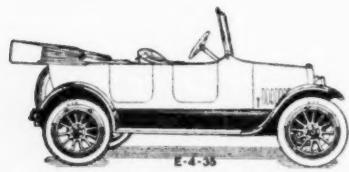
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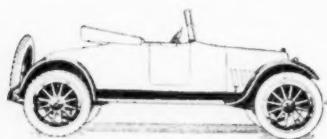
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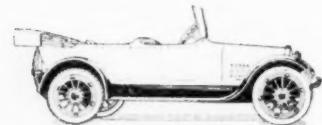
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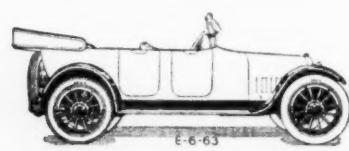
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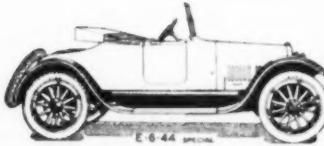
For three successive seasons our output has been sold long before the selling season was over.

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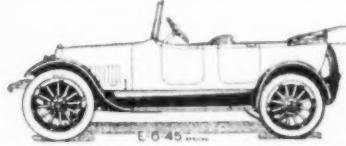
In addition to models illustrated here, the 1918 series include: E-4-37, 5-passenger, \$1,685; E-6-62 Coupe, Light Six, \$2,000.

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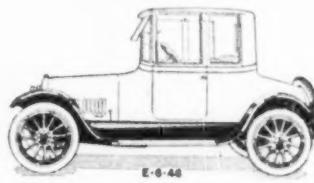
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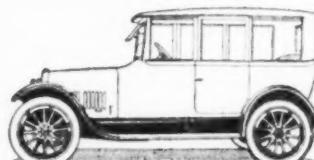
McLaughlin 6-Passenger Roadster
E-6-44 Special \$1795
E-6-44 Standard \$1695



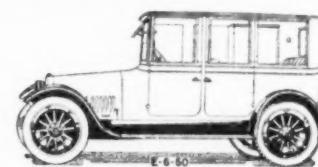
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ARTHUR STRINGER has established himself as the Master of Mystery Stories. No writer to-day is more before the magazine public with stories that carry the elements of mystery and romance dexterously interwoven than this young Canadian author—and no one is more eagerly received.

Mr. Stringer has completed a new series of stories, twelve in all, which promise to outshine anything that he has yet done in this line of fiction—and they are to appear exclusively in MACLEAN'S starting with the next (April) issue. They are stories of nocturnal adventure in a large city and each is separate and complete in itself, although the same characters run throughout and there is a close continuity of interest. There is a distinct flavor of Stevenson about these stories; they carry the reader into a delightful realm where the unusual happens and where under the cover of night the modern metropolis changes into a newer Bagh-dad.

Thus for a year Arthur Stringer will entertain readers of MACLEAN'S with his newer Arabian Nights. The arrangement that has been made with him is further evidence of the determination of MACLEAN'S to produce a really national magazine.

Starting in April
Issue

Bolshevik leaders are men who have been about the world; almost all of them know English and German as well as they do Russian, and are intimately acquainted with the labor movement, with social and economic questions, and indeed with almost everything that really matters in real politics. But our late Ambassador, I learn, never mastered Russian. Just think what that means. Hardly any of our Foreign Office people know anything of Russian, of the Russian press, or Russian thought or literature. Moreover, our Foreign Office is crudely ignorant of the world of modern ideas. When one meets a British diplomatist one has to talk to him about such things as one talks to a fifth-form boy, guarding against any sudden mental shock. It is they who are the ignorant and limited men, and not these Bolsheviks. They knew, of course, the Czar and all his relations—beautifully. But the Czar has gone!

That was all very well while diplomacy was a genteel, tactful sort of business of secret treaties and the like that went on in and about Courts. Where there is a Court there is a conspiracy. Our Foreign Office, in spite of the fact that we are a great free democracy, remained, therefore, very conveniently an eighteenth-century affair so long as we had the Czardom and Potsdam to deal with as our principal customers, and even a certain courtliness hung, for the same reason, and still hangs, about the French Foreign Office.

We begin to learn now the part that these courtly traditions played in the Greek treason. Gentlemanly persons met gentlemanly persons in Athens and Petrograd and Sofia and Constantinople and talked English or French with a fine aloofness from the tides of popular thought and feeling that are now running with irresistible strength. It was much more important that our diplomatists should be well connected and with easy, good manners than that they should have sufficient intelligence to watch the thought of the country in which their Embassy formed a sort of charmed island of charming people. Our own Foreign Office people are still that sort of thing. They know a vast circle of influential relations by their Christian names, they know how all the royalties are connected and things like that; they probably speak a bit of French with a passable accent, and have some dusty, ancient Greek in their mental attics. They have heard of America in a distant sort of way; are not the Duchess of So-and-So and the Countess of So-and-So Americans? But China, to them, is a source of tea and a Pacific coast. And as for Russia—. When the Czar, whom they had always understood to be adored by his people, was so righteously and unceremoniously hustled off the stage, he left a vast hole in the world of our aristocratic diplomatists which their minds have not had the vitality to fill in again. It remains a hole—waiting for the Czar to return. They are incapable of apprehending a vast nation of people who are "cousins to nobody," stirred deeply by modern ideas, in a great creative agony. For that such education as they have is of no more service than the training of a lady's maid or the arts of an under-butler. And, make no mistake about it, they are getting us disliked, they are getting us horribly disliked.

The Little Wastes

One slice of bread, or one ounce of bread, wasted once a day by the 8,000,000 people of Canada amounts to 17 shiploads of good bread wasted every year—more than three German submarines could sink. This wasting of one slice of bread a day means adding three submarines a year to the German navy.

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B-32

How Belgium Decided to Fight

American Ambassador Tells His Story of the Events Preceding War.

BRAND WHITLOCK, who was American Ambassador in Belgium, is telling his story of the war in *Everybody's Magazine*.

It promises to be a remarkable document. In his first instalment the outstanding feature is the story of how the Belgium King and government decided to fight for their neutrality. Mr. Whitlock tells of the impressive scenes in Brussels as follows:

The Belgian Government's reply to the German ultimatum, a dignified state paper, saying that Belgium refused to break her engagements and would resist German aggression, was delivered on Monday evening at 7 o'clock. At ten o'clock the King addressed a telegram of appeal to the King of England. Tuesday morning at six o'clock Mr. von Bulow delivered his Government's note saying that Germany could take what she wanted by force. Germany had already declared war on France. The Belgian Government had been notified by both France and England that they would come to her defence if Belgian soil were invaded; the formal declarations of war were all that remained.

And at ten o'clock that morning the King went to Parliament.

It was a day of lovely sunshine; the Belgian flags of black and yellow and red floated from every house, and the people had gathered early about the Park and the Palace and the Parliament buildings to see the King and the Royal family go by. The crowds were massed along the sidewalks, on the *terre-pleins* and the *carrefours*; people hung out of the windows, even the roofs were black. The *garde-civique*, the *chasseurs* and the infantry, the *gendarmes à cheval* and companies of Boy Scouts formed a hedge from the Royal Palace along the Rue Royale to the Parliament Houses at the other end of the Park. The Queen went by first in a landau, with the three royal children, preceded by the *piqueurs de la Cour*. The King, booted and spurred, mounted on his big bay, came after with his staff and the *escadron* Marie-Henriette in their green tunics and gray bushies as guard of honor. The crowds were wild with enthusiasm.

At ten o'clock Mr. Gibson and I drove to the National Palace. Sir Francis Villiers drove up in his motor just as we arrived, and I entered with him and we went slowly up the red-carpeted staircase together to the diplomatic gallery, Sir Francis heavy with care. The Salle des Séances presented a scene one would not soon forget. All around the galleries were crowded, the wives of the Ministers in seats opposite us, though none of the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps were there. Below, the senators and deputies, all in formal black; some seated, quietly waiting, others in excited groups, discussing the ultimatum of last night and the invasion of the land. The Duc d'Ursel was there in the uniform of the Guides. The Ministers, after their sleepless nights, were on their benches, the Baron de Broeckeville, Messieurs Davignon, Carton de Wiart, Hymans, the new Liberal Ministre d'Etat, and Vandervelde, the new Socialist Ministre d'Etat, receiving congratulations. The hall is a semicircle, with columns all around, not unlike the chamber of the Supreme Court, the old Senate at Washington, though of course larger. A red-and-gold fauteuil was placed for the King on the president's dais; overhead under the statue of Leopold I was the escutcheon of Belgium and a trophy of flags of Belgium and the Congo. The diplomatic tribune was hung with Belgian flags too. Down there on the floor before the president's desk a great green table was set, and at it were seated the president and the recorders. Gold fauteuils were set for the Queen and the Royal family.

The colleagues were gathering in these now changed conditions; the last time we were assembled was at St. Gudule, scarcely a fort-

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night before, at the *Te Deum* to celebrate the founding of the Belgian dynasty, now so rudely shaken. Mr. von Bulow, of course, was not there, nor the Count Clary, the Austrian Minister. We waited many minutes, then there came through the open window the strains of a band and suddenly a voice cried: "La Reine!"

The deputies sprang to their feet, and against the solid black of their frock coats there fluttered the white of the handkerchiefs they waved as they shouted:

"Vive la Reine! Vive la Reine!"

And there was a charming Majesty, all in white, lovely and gracious, just entered the chamber below to our left, acknowledging this loyal salute with sweeping courtesies right and left. She had a modest suite: the Countess Henricourt de Grunne, *la Grande Maitresse*, in a violet gown, and the two little princes, Leopold, the Duke of Brabant, the heir apparent, and Charles, Count of Flanders, in black satin suits that day instead of the costumes of gray they usually wore, and the elfish little Princess Marie Jose.

The Queen took the golden chair placed for her on the left of the tribune, and the little princes took their seats beside her, the little Count of Flanders wriggling on his chair in such a boyish manner. The deputies resumed their seats and the chamber for an instant was still. And then while we waited, suddenly there was a noise outside, a rumble, a roar, and then a bailiff shouted:

"Le Roi!"

Their words were caught up by many, many voices, swelling to a hoarse shout:

"Le Roi!"

The Queen, the Ministers, the deputies, everybody arose; we in the diplomatic gallery never once sat down. The King was just below us, entering the chamber from the side opposite that from which the Queen had entered: the deputies were waving their hands—no handkerchiefs in them now—and shouting in a united voice, deep, rough, masculine, in a mighty crescendo:

"Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi!"

It was as though they could not shout it loudly enough; as they stood there, some in tears, Catholic, Liberal, Socialist, those distinctions faded; it was Belgium acclaiming her King.

And there he was, in the fatigue uniform of a Lieutenant-General, booted and spurred, his saber clanking at his side. He strides along firmly, swiftly mounts the rostrum, takes off his *kepi*, flings it on the table before him, clicks his heels together, makes a smart military bow, swiftly peels the white glove from his right hand, slaps the glove into the *kepi* and without waiting, begins at once in his firm voice and his beautiful French, to read his speech from the notes that he holds in his white-gloved hand.

The Queen, the little princes, the deputies, resume their seats; the applause that greets His Majesty is quickly hushed by the universal adoration of silence:

"Sh! Sh!"

The president's gavel falls on the green table. The stillness in the chamber is the stillness of poignant, nervous tension. The Ministers in the front bench with their portfolios know what is coming, no doubt; but the others strain forward—the old Count Woeszt, for instance, with his hand behind his deaf ear, to hear the fateful words.

The King is somewhat short-sighted; he puts on his *pince-nez*, holds the narrow little strips of paper rather close to his eyes, and begins to read:

"Quand je vois cette assemblée frémisante, dans laquelle il n'y a plus qu'un seul parti . . ." (As I look upon this moving assemblage, in which there is but one party . . .)

The emotions break, cries ring forth; then

"Sh! Sh!" again, and silence.

And the King goes on: ". . . celui de la Patrie, où tous les coeurs battent en ce moment à l'unisson, mes souvenirs se reportent au Congrès de 1830, et je vous demande, Messieurs: Êtes-vous décidés à branlablement à malice intact le Patrimoine sacré de nos ancêtres?"

". . . that of the Fatherland, in which all hearts in this hour beat as one, my thoughts go back to the Congress of 1830, and I ask you gentlemen: are you determined steadfastly to hold intact the sacred patrimony of our ancestors?"

The deputies spring to their feet, raise their hands as though swearing to an oath and cry:

"Oui! Oui! Oui!"

The King continues; he strikes out emphatic gestures with his free hand. Below him the little Duke of Brabant looks up intently into his father's face, never takes his eyes off him. What are the thoughts in that boy's mind? Will that scene come back to him in after years? And how, when, under what circumstances?

The silence is intense, too intense to be borne, and now and then exclamations break out, immediately smothered by that imperative "Sh! Sh!" The King reads on, finishing with that moving phrase:

"J'ai fait dans vos destines. Un pays qui se défend s'impose au respect de tous; ce pays ne perd pas. Dieu sera avec nous dans cette cause juste! Vive la Belgique indépendante!"

I have faith in our destiny. A country which defends itself enforces the respect of all; such a country shall not perish. God will be with us in this just cause. Long live Belgium!

The mad, passionate applause breaks, all unrestrained now; handkerchiefs are waved, then pressed to weeping eyes—the King seizes his *kepi*, the Queen and the little princes rise, and the King stalks out, sword clanking away on stern business now!

And I find myself leaning over the balcony rail, a catch in my throat, my eyes moist.

Then that stillness again in the chamber, intense, vibrant with emotion, the thrill of patriotism, the sense of tragedy, the consciousness of assisting at an historic scene; the deputies remain standing, and the Queen makes her sweeping courtesies again, right and left, then with the Royal children and her suite, retires.

Then there is an universal inhalation in the chamber, a long breath, and Baron de Brocqueville, the Minister of War and Premier, is opening his portfolio, taking out the pages of his speech, standing up.

"A la tribune! A la tribune!"

The deputies cry, and he marches down, climbs up into the tribune, stands there, looks about him, bows. A handsome man, M. de Brocqueville; and a striking figure there in the tribune, in that moment; tall, *svelte*, distinguished in black frock coat, curly hair, smart mustache, the ribbon of the Order of Leopold in his *boutonniere*. He speaks dramatically, reading the German ultimatum; the Belgian reply; asks almost peremptorily for a vote of supplies, and at the end, smiting the tribune, his seal ring striking sharply on the hard wood, he concludes with:

"La parole est aux armes!"

The session is over, though the senators and the deputies are to hold formal sessions to ratify the Government's acts and to vote supplies. But the dramatic tableau is done and we turn to speak to one another, and then drift out of the gallery. And as we go, the Prince Koudachoff comes up to me, takes me aside and asks me to take over his legation in case he has to go away. I tell him that I shall be honored to do so, of course.

On our way out the word went abroad that the Papal Nuncio wishes us to remain and meet him a moment in an anteroom. Monseigneur Tacci, as the only Ambassador at the Belgian Court, was the dean of the corps, though the Count Clary, who had been at Brussels longer than any of us, usually acted in that capacity. We gathered about him, then, in one of the antechambers, and he stood there in the midst of us, in his violet robes, very distinguished, with his dark, aristocratic features, as finely cut as a cameo, and his delicate hands that were so expressive, speaking to us in his soft Italian voice that lent its accent to his French. He hinted at the possibility of the Court and Government going to Antwerp, and said that in such an eventuality we should have to accompany them.

Then the sunshine once more, and the motors rolling up into the paved court before the Parliament Buildings, and the colleagues lifting their tall hats to each other, and then rolling away in the crowded, agitated, brilliant streets.

When I got back to the Legation I found a telegram from Washington authorizing me to take over the French interests, providing such action would not prevent my taking over any other legations the chiefs of which might ask

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me to do so. And on the heels of this, word came from Mr. Von Bulow that he was leaving in the afternoon and would ask me to accept the representation of German interests.

At two o'clock then, Mr. Von Strum, the Secretary of the German Legation, came, very much excited, and formally delivered Mr. von Bulow's request.

"But I've agreed to act for the French interests," I said.

Mr. von Strum looked at me an instant, as though he could not believe me. I asked him to tell Mr. von Bulow of that fact, supposing that in such a case Mr. von Bulow would not wish me to act for German interests. Mr. von Strum was nervous, agitated and unstrung. I suppose that he, too, had been without sleep

for nights on end. Tears were continually welling in his eyes, and suddenly he covered his face with his hands, leaned over his elbows on his knees in an attitude of despair. Presently he looked up.

"Oh, these poor, stupid Belgians!" he said. "Why don't they get out of the way? Why don't they get out of the way? I know what it will be. I know the German army. It will be like laying a baby on the track before a locomotive."

He bent over, stretching his hands toward the floor as though to illustrate the cruel deed.

"I know the German army," he repeated. "It will go across Belgium like a steam-roller; like a steam-roller."

Saving Victims of Submarines

Amazing Stories of Rescues Made at Sea.

UNUSUAL stories of the rescue of survivors from submarine sinkings are told by Ralph D. Paine in the course of an article in *The Saturday Evening Post*. The article tells of a trip on an American destroyer engaged in hunting submarines and the rescues occurred at every turn. The grimness of the submarine menace is revealed in the stories that are told:

A few days ago there were brought in the remnants of a boatload of survivors from the English steamer *East Wales*, bound out to the United States in ballast and torpedoed without any warning off the Irish coast. This boat had been wantonly shelled after pulling away from the ship. One man was literally blown to pieces, another died of his hurts and seven were badly wounded. Luckily the boat was not too shattered to stay afloat until its bloody cargo of derelicts was picked up and the submarine driven off by a naval vessel.

They were the mixed assortment of the average merchantman's crew—some Englishmen, a few Americans, a brace of Norwegians, a Spanish fireman. The wounded lay in a row on their cots in the hospital ward, where the injured have often been so many that there was not enough room for them. Bandaged, suffering, these humble victims of the Hun bore their lot with the patient uncomplaining fortitude of the seafarer, to whom the bitterest vicissitudes are merely in the day's work. There was no display of hatred. They had been inscrutably chosen as a target for explosive shells, and those who should recover their strength would go to sea again and risk the same mischance.

A young Norwegian, twenty years old, would never again stow his dunnage in the dingy fo'castle of a British tramp. A fragment of shell had smashed his foot and the surgeon was compelled to cut it off.

"I vas not much goot any more," said he quite bravely, "so I vill home to my fadder in Norway go bimeby. Dey smashed all but two boats mit da shells before we abandon ship. Nobody on board vas hurted but da steward. A leetle bit of shell bumped his stomach, but he vas not hurted much. I yumped into da skipper's boat and we rowed ahead of da ship, clean away, a hundred yards anyhow. One submarine had ducked under da sea but the odder one hauled up close alongside and shelled da ship some more. Den, sudden, while we vas pullin' hard as we could, she turned her guns on us fellers.

"It vas bad, I tell you. One American nose-man is yust blown to hell, noddings left but his legs. He gets shooted right in two. It vas bad to look at so we hove his legs over da side. Pretty soon anudder feller is shooted up so much that he dies bimeby. Da bottom boards is full up mit wounded men. Me? I had two goot feet when I signs on dis *East Wales* ship. Now I got only one. Yaas, I can't understand why dose Germans shell us fellers in da boat. Pretty bad luck, I tank."

An Irishman, Frank Donahue, from Philadelphia, was stretched upon another cot, shot clean through the hip and perhaps crippled for life. Like the Norwegian he uttered no curses, but viewed it as unfair to slay men

who had to earn their bread at sea. The wounded shipmates nearest him in the ward were Robert Barclay, a horse tender from Boston; Jerry Houlihan, of the old sod, who had shipped in England; and a Spaniard with a swathed head, one of whose eyes had been shot out.

"There could have been no mistake?" I suggested to Donahue. "The submarine was surely trying to get you in the boat?"

"She had to swing her gun round to pot us, sir, for we were nowhere near bein' betwixt her and the ship," he answered with labored exertion, for he was quite weak. "An' it was only the fear of the patrol boat comin' up in reply to our S O S calls that kept her from sinkin' us an' the mate's boat besides. They shot straight, the devils. Twas what had worried us beforehand, this bein' shelled while adrift, sir. A sailor gets used to bein' torpedoed nowadays. There was men with us that had been blowed up three or four times, in one ship after another, but the boats had been spared. 'Tis wicked hard to be turned adrift in a rough sea and hundreds of miles from land maybe, to be swamped or to be dyin' for lack of food and water without bein' shelled like rats in a trap."

"And did you have any British gunners aboard, Donahue?"

"One gun mounted astern, sir; and the pair of bluejackets popped away at first, until the two submarines ranged close up. The ship was soon disabled an' the old man couldn't turn her, so the gun was no use after that. This dead American mule-whacker, Flinger has name was, had been a good, game lad. Sure, he never knew what hit him. Maybe he was luckier, after all, than one or two of us here that cannot be patched up shipshape again.

"They do tell me, sir, that some of these Hun skippers go crazy like after bein' in submarines for a while. The strain and the work is too much for 'em an' they turn desperate cruel to their own men an' to the ships they sink. Twas a wicked one that scuppered us, an' his government will not punish him. The Iron Cross for his, most likely. 'Tis a large fat score the Kaiser will have to settle with that God of his he is always gassin' about."

Later another case occurs. A tiny peanut of a skiff was picked up, adrift a hundred miles from land.

Five men and a boy were in it, afloat without food or water, for the kindly Hun had robbed them thoroughly, even to the few francs in the skipper's pocket. Theirs had been a fishing sloop of only forty tons, old, almost worthless, like the men aboard her. All the young men of the port had gone to the front and those who were left must sail out to fish or the women would be hungry. The boy was only thirteen, too young to be a soldier of France. The sloop, with her patched red sails and these wizened patriarchs of a crew, seemed scarcely worth the vengeance of Imperial Germany; but it was a bit of frightfulness and, therefore, calculated to keep other poor French fishermen ashore.

Huddled in their cockleshell of a skiff these forlorn sea waifs saw the destroyer bear down on them and were in terror lest it might be another visitation of the enemy. They trembled in their wooden shoes, muttering prayers, clasping their hands, their

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seamed brown visages wistfully agitated. Even when taken aboard they were perturbed until the word Americans was repeated to them over and over again, and they had looked about the deck and were convinced. Then the boy exploded in an joyous an "Oh, la, la, la!" as was ever heard in France.

Sailors talked of the Chinese sailors who had been saved from an open boat, famished skeletons, surviving longer than the white officers merely because they were Chinese. How long they had been adrift they could not make clear, but they were in the last extremity when found. The British mate was still alive, but the boat capsized while the destroyer was endeavoring to get alongside. A dozen life belts were flung at him, and his hand lifted above the water to clutch at one of them. His fingers were too limp and nerveless to lay hold and they slid across the belt as he sank and vanished.

One of the Chinese could whisper a little pidgin English when they were hauled over the side to collapse on deck. The surgeon fetched whisky from the medical stores, but these hapless heathen refused to drink it. A long parley, stubborn shaking of heads and wagging of pigtais, and then it dawned upon their fuddled minds that these saviors were not Germans who were trying to kill them with poisoned whisky. Jabbering, apologetic, they gulped it down and showed signs of animation.

Incredible as fact, much too wild for fiction, are the experiences of the open boats as they have been related to the crews of the destroyers. None is more amazing than that of the sailor imprisoned beneath the overturned boat. With a crowd of his shipmates he abandoned their sinking steamer, but the toppling seas soon capsized them. All were drowned but three, who somehow found themselves caught under the boat, which floated keel up. Washed there, they became jammed between the thwarts and the bottom boards.

The poor wretches were able to keep their heads clear of the water and to breathe. Apparently they were unable to free themselves or else they dared not let go and try

to dive and swim clear and so drown outside. They clung there, knowing that the hope of rescue was utterly futile, for no passing vessel would trouble itself to stop and examine a capsized boat. The blind, instinctive desire of life restrained them from letting go and making an end of it.

At length two of them succumbed and their bodies washed about in the gloomy confined space where the third man still held on and assisted on remaining alive. Through two

days and nights he managed to survive beneath the boat and then had strength enough to flounder out from under the gunwale and gain the open sea. There he hauled himself up on the boat and sprawled across the keel. The sea had become mercifully smooth and he was not washed off. For three days longer he floated before being sighted and taken off. He recovered and his story was accepted as true by the Admiralty, which had received a report of the loss of the steamer.

The German Octopus

Germany's Propaganda in Allied Countries Must be Met and Defeated.

THE urgent necessity of counteracting the political propaganda with which Germany has been so sedulously honeycombing the Allied countries and the direful results of which have been seen in the Russian revolution and the Italian *debâcle* is advocated by W. Morris Colles in *The Nineteenth Century*. He says in part:

It must here be stated, with all possible insistence, that its menace is deadly and urgent, and that, unless the several belligerents of the Entente organize their civil armies, with a single purpose, they will risk disasters which will threaten their own national integrity, and imperil the existence of the Alliance itself. Their armies and navies may, on the eve of victory, crowning a bravery which beggars all the records of chivalry, find themselves robbed of the fruits by the shameful folly of the peoples they are defending from horrors unspeakable and a future which would be a living death.

The case for a Supreme War Council, so auspiciously inaugurated at Versailles—which it is needless to recapitulate here—applies

with even greater urgency, if this be conceivable, to that for a Supreme Civil Council.

As matters stand it is indubitable that the Allies have been worsted in civil strategy in every one of the scenes which have flashed across the stage on which this mighty drama is being acted before the gaze of a bewildered world. It is a humiliating reflection, for all of them alike, that a people whose pinchbeck pretensions to superiority in arms, in science, in the humanities, have one by one been proved by demonstration to be empty as the "cracking of thorns under a pot," should have won a long succession of triumphs. There cannot, however, be any shadow of doubt as to the fact. Nor, if we are content to "wait and see," will there long be any great uncertainty as to the consequences. This is no time for beating about the bush nor for mincing one's words. The facts call, and call loudly, for hard thinking and plain statement. If it can be shown that these calamities might have been or can be averted, it is not another occasion for simply seeking scapegoats whom we can drive into the wilderness of obscurity in order that they may expiate the sins of those who sit in the seats of the mighty. But, if the Allied people can really safeguard themselves against these manœuvres, all questions as to the responsibility for past blunders may be left for settlement after the

Continued on page 68.

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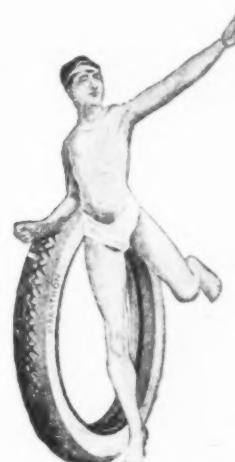
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Humor in the Trenches

The Man Who Betrayed Russia

A Description of Lenin, Leader of the Bolsheviks.

WHO is Lenin, the man who forged the Bolshevik movement and caused the betrayal of Russia into German hands? The leader of the Socialists, he and his vociferous lieutenant Trotzky have between them succeeded in breaking Russia into warring factions. There has been a certain amount of mystery about Lenin the man which is dispelled by a carefully compiled estimate and description of him in *Current Opinion*. It reads in part.

Lenin is no Jew. Not a drop of Hebrew blood is discoverable in his ancestry for generations, if the personal history of the man be told truthfully in the *Rome Avanti*. That Socialist organ is his eulogist, of course, its impressions of a mild, spiritualized and magnetic Lenin contrasting vividly with the subtle villain incarnate to the *London Post* in this same Vladimir Ulianoff Lenin. This man from nowhere, as the British organ calls him, has as many biographies as he has names. He has been plain Ulianoff, Zederbaum, Rudo-vitch, Gratschky. His homes have been all over the continent of Europe. Nevertheless, says the organ of Italian Socialism, Lenin—his rightful name, the Ulianoff hyphenated with Lenin in some signatures being a tribute to his mother—is a true Russian, the son of a man banished in his time for his political opinions. Lenin's brother was executed for treason in the old Romanoff days.

Lenin himself, in the character sketches published abroad, appears to have been born in or near Moscow forty-five years ago, being a trifle older than Trotzky. Lenin, like Trotzky, got part of his education at the

great university in Odessa. Trotzky and Lenin—by no means in such accord as recent despatches suggest—are as the poles apart in aspect. Lenin on the maternal side inherits the melancholy and reserve of the "Great Russian" stock from which his mother sprang. She transmitted to Lenin, the *Avanti* says, his vigorous frame, his broad shoulders, his brown hair, light in youth and now reinforced with a beard worn long. The steel-dark-blue of the eye, the width of the brow and the repose of manner lend Lenin of the platform the blinking gravity of the traditional German professional type, particularly since he took to the occasional wearing of horned spectacles. He is unlike Bolshevik in general in his habit of carrying a light cane. In his bigness lacking fat—Lenin impresses all as fine-looking. The chin, now masked by the beard, is strong and the jaw firm with a pronounced Adam's apple. Lenin looks well in a beard, but he has gone as shaven as a priest, especially when in flight from the old spy police.

Lenin's capacity to influence the young, especially those of generous instincts and intellectual keenness, is conceded by the European newspaper correspondents who draw such hostile portraits of him in the *Paris Temps* and the *London Times*. Krylenko, the luckless Bolshevik commander, is a conspicuous example. From the time he appeared at the university in Petrograd until he went over to the Bolsheviks, Krylenko swore by Lenin. So did Zinovieff, another scion of an old house, flighty and fantastic, heir to a great landed property and now a convert to "the ideas." So did Techicherin, the unhappy man put in prison by the English when he appeared in London as "Ambassador" from the Bolsheviks. He is the son of a former Mayor of Moscow, wealthy in his own right, educated, a bureaucrat with a bright future; but Lenin made him a revolutionary. This strange capacity of Lenin's to throw the spell

of his own magnetism over the ardent souls of inexperienced idealists is one source of his power. The *Avanti* must go for a parallel as far back as Socrates, who was charged with corrupting the youth of his native city just as Lenin was held responsible, ten years before the war, when a brilliant student in the military academy horrified a rich and prominent family by throwing up his commission in the army and joining the revolutionists.

On the platform, facing an audience of soldiers and peasants, the slow Lenin is to the French observer a transformed man. With eyes of lightning, a tongue of flame and words that burn, he talks of the enemy. There is a whole Lenin vocabulary, our contemporary notes, by which the follower of Lenin can be detected as he talks. By "the enemy" Lenin means the bourgeois. By "emancipation" he means the abolition of production for private profit, the end of "affaires," as the French say, or "business," as the Anglo-Saxons put it. Lenin has very little use for the Anglo-Saxon race because, as he contends, it set the example of commercialism, which Germany followed in the last century. The only remedy economically is Marxian. In the political sphere there must be direct law-making by the people and direct elections even of the highest army officers. In impressing these views upon an audience, Lenin, we read, begins in an unexpectedly pleasing voice, loud and clear as a bell, earnest in tone. He uses very simple words always. He saws the air with a forefinger at first; but as he proceeds he suggests the leader of a French orchestra, so numerous are his gestures, so easy his bents from the waist. In the excitement of the oration he runs his hands over his big head and chin. He promises land in the name of the revolution, bread in the names of the revolution, boots and shoes in the name of the revolution. His best oratorical effect results from a sardonic laugh at the expense of capitalistic government.



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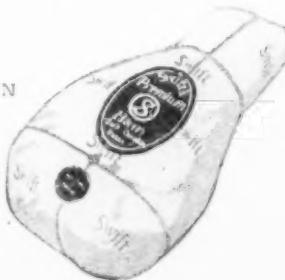
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Drawings from the Front by H. W. Cooper.
Canadians entering a captured hamlet on the West Front.

The German Octopus

Continued from page 65.

conclusion of peace. It is foolish to wash any more dirty linen in public.

German propaganda has, of course, always been at work in both the *ante-bellum* and *post-bellum* epochs. Nor need these periods be very sharply distinguished. In both it was much more destructive than constructive. The writer has a vivid recollection of a proposition which reached a leader-writer on a leading morning daily newspaper in the year 1880, offering a substantial retainer conditional upon his securing the insertion in the journal in question of articles which would be supplied, from time to time, from a German source. The proposal was, of course, promptly communicated to the proprietors and incontinently rejected without thanks. The example is, doubtless, one of many.

The Government at last admits that a considerable number of very seditious organizations exists in the country, and are known to have been at work in many industrial centres, and especially in the South Wales coalfields, preaching peace and opposing conscription, for all the world as if their spokesmen were marionettes worked from the Wilhelmstrasse itself. All the while, too, German agents are known to be spending German money like water here in the despairing effort to bring upon England evils exactly analogous to those of the Bolshevik or Bolo pattern. It will be our own fault if we do not find a short way to combat these onslaughts and the efforts of those unworthy *faineants* who appear to regard with equanimity a future with our necks under the heel of the Hun.

It is, however, proof enough, and more than enough, of this necessity, at the moment, to indicate in rapid outline some of the ways in which the German octopus has got its tentacles round a few of its victims since the outbreak of war. Each is typical. *Ex uno discere omnes*. Mathias Erzberger, who has throughout the war been in control of the propaganda office of the German Admiralty in the Budapest Strasse, Berlin, one of the most active of the German Government Bureaux, and run under the fostering care of von Tirpitz, has reduced chicanery to a science.

It has been computed that £15,000,000 a year has been expended by Germany on propaganda during the war. All such estimates must, of course, be a mere matter of guess-work, and the point is not material save as affording some measure of comparison between the enemy and the Allied estimate of the value of this weapon.

Now there appeared in the newspapers in July the following obscure paragraph which, at the time, attracted little attention and passed without comment:

"Two large advertising and press agencies have been formed, one in Berlin and the other in Essen. They are backed by large capitalists, among whom is Krupps. The aim of these agencies is pan-German propaganda at home and abroad."

The great armament firm at the time, as before and since, had its hands pretty full, and that it should have thought fit to add to its activities in this direction was not without a special significance. Krupps have, it is true, always recognized the power of the press. The *Rheinische Westfälische Zeitung* has long been the property of the firm, and

they are credited with a controlling voice in the *Tagliche Rundschau*, to say nothing of at least half a dozen other German newspapers. For that matter it may be safely suggested that Essen owns or controls many journals in belligerent as well as in neutral countries.

Krupps have "interests" manned by the picked men of the business world in almost every country. The owners of huge mining and coal concessions, they have their managers or agents in every centre or market of the raw materials required for armament and munitionment. They hold large patent and other rights in this country and they have their agents here in our midst, of whom many, we do not doubt, have not only escaped internment, but remain an active source of mischief. There is not a single Allied country which possesses a machinery capable of meeting that of Krupps on equal terms.

The true lesson of German propaganda is, however, better learnt from concrete examples than from abstract generalities. The Caporetto disaster is, at the moment, as we have said, a signal triumph. It is, if you examine the facts, so far as these have been permitted to become known, perfectly obvious that such a harvest would never have ripened but for a careful sowing of the seed in the ground. The Italian soldiery, or rather that section who ran away or laid down their arms.

The truth of the whole story has yet to be fully established—and are now expiating their crime as slaves to their ruthless seducers—could not have been corrupted by a few old wives' tales, nor deluded in any great numbers by the forged copies of the *Corriere della Sera* and the *Giornale d'Italia*, with their flamboyant stories of Italian women and children being slaughtered by licentious French and brutal British troops. To read of French cavalry riding down and sabring helpless crowds in the streets of Milan could, too, have hardly excited anything but derision even amongst the most ignorant soldiers in the Italian army.

And what, it may be asked, were the Italian officers doing all the while this balderdash was being distributed broadcast under their noses? German mendacity, we know to our cost, has been too often ignored. The truth is that the Allied official estimate of its powers for evil is all wrong. We ourselves brush aside a naked lie as simply contemptible, instead of cabling a crushing *dementi*.

If the case of the Italian press usefully illustrates the enemy methods, Germany is practising exactly the same sort of subterfuge in France. It is no secret that Boloism is much more far-reaching than has been permitted to appear. The French Government is perfectly wide awake and has shown itself commendably capable of meeting the emergency. "Lysis" more than hints, however, that the same firm, suitably camouflaged, of course, are at work in England. We see no reason, on *a priori* grounds, to doubt the possibility of the suggestion. It does not, at first sight, appear to be quite clear how such a plan would work out. Any communiques which such an agency, however disguised, ordered to be inserted, would have to be very cleverly wrapped up. For it is unthinkable that any British journal would deliberately allow itself to be used by the enemy. The suggestion may, nevertheless, explain many cryptic paragraphs, often of neutral origin, or so-called, which have appeared in the press.



Drawings from the Front by H. W. Cooper.
When the world reads that a village has been captured this is what is meant.

astutely directed, whatever their seeming purpose, to stirring up strife among us. Are our own people, for all their courage, immune to so sinister a method of undermining their confidence? A working man reads in, it may be, his one and only journal, as it seems to him, *bona fide* doubts as to the wisdom of the war and specious pleas in favor of an early peace. Round the corner, too, he finds the agitator, primed with arguments to drive the lesson home. He has so far been left without warning and without inspiration from any of our leading men.

The case of poor, unhappy Russia stands on all fours with that of Italy, save that the consequences are, as it seems, there so terribly irremediable. Here, again, the Allies had plenty of notice as to what was afoot. There is scarcely a feature in the whole hideous spectacle that was not forecast in urgent messages from Petrograd. All were warned over and over again that the Russian masses were in a state of abysmal ignorance, more especially as to British traditions in particular and the Allied war aims in general. Sir George Buchanan has unquestionably discharged his official functions with undaunted courage during a period of stress and strain almost beyond human endurance. It was not in his unaided power to do more. But it cannot be contested that Germanism, heedless to disguise, had a perfectly free hand throughout the length and breadth of the Russian State. If you look at the foundations on which the Bolshevik conspiracy was built, you can see standing out an amazingly thorough organization working above as well as underground all the while. The seduction of such large masses of the soldiers and sailors and people to a point which made them ripe for civil war, murder and a Reign of Terror was not done in a day. Lenin's plot would have collapsed long ago but for its German backing, and so long as the Allies permit these machinations to be pursued, without even the barest pretence of a counter-offensive, the troubles of which we have already reaped the first-fruits will prevent the restoration of ordered Liberty in the place of unbridled Licence in All-the-Russias. Germany has willed a Reign of Terror in Russia. Siberia, Estonia, and even Kuban have declared themselves independent Republics, and they signalize this event by withdrawing all their troops from the Russian front. It does not call for any very great acumen to detect the villain of the piece.

In China, again, the enemy is keeping alive the ferment of revolution. Foiled in her specious *coup d'état*, aimed at the restoration of the dynasty, she is now addressing herself to the congenial task of engineering recurring ministerial crises and driving home the wedge between the northern military leaders and the southern provinces, hoping thus to avert the danger of a strong coalition and foment disintegration, decay and revolution. Only the other day a Government official consulted by the writer as to the trend of enemy action remarked, "Oh, we needn't worry about China." It is the acme of *laissez-faire*. We need not, if you please, worry about this limitless reservoir of man-power, which the enemy has long marked down as his happy hunting-ground!

There is a curious sameness about German propaganda, but in "the unchanging East" that is almost an advantage. We do not doubt that the *Deutsche Zeitung* is still being presented to all the men who matter in China, as it has been for years. Such a trifle as a declaration of war would not be permitted to affect German activities materially. During the last few days we have had from Tientsin reports that, clearly under German inspiration the vernacular press is setting about categorical statements that "Japan is negotiating for a separate peace." The next move will undoubtedly be the quotation from the Chinese press of this little story. Thus Germany hopes to discount Viscount Ishii's exposure of her intrigue to close the "Open Door" in China which so narrowly failed of complete success. The Marquess of Lansdowne's letter — of which it is well known German propagandists have made the most all over the world, and not without a certain amount of success — is at the same time being used by Pekin journals as a proof of British decadence, which is not

Continued on page 72.

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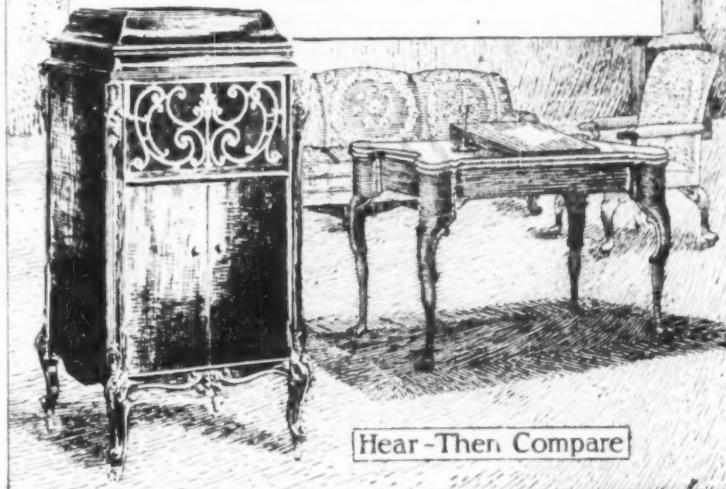
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Will Japan Aid Allies by Sending an Army to France?

An Interesting Opinion Expressed by Marquis Okuma.

WILL Japan take a more active part in the war? This question was propounded by Gregory Mason to Marquis Okuma, the aged ex-premier of Japan and the old statesman gave a frank reply which, as reported in *The Outlook*, gives an interesting view of Japanese policy. Mr. Mason writes:

Lately the Japanese press has been full of editorials and interviews purporting to prove how impossible it is for Japan to do more in the war than she is doing, and especially that it is out of the question to consider sending Japanese troops to any European front. All this seems to be called forth by the belief that there is danger that the Allies will ask Japan to make greater sacrifices. The intimations from Washington that the Ishii mission had arranged with the American State Department for an enlargement of Japan's share in the war have been the cause of much discussion and speculation in Japan. So I asked Marquis Okuma if he thought Japan would do anything more in the war than she has been doing. Said he:

"It cannot be said that Japan will not do more, because conditions may change. At present it can only be said that public opinion is all against sending Japanese soldiers to Europe. The people feel that Japan has done her part, and they don't see why she should do more. We have swept the Germans from the Far East, which was our field. Our people feel that the other fronts are very remote. The Allies must not be unfair to Japan because of this feeling of our people. We recognize that it is a war for democracy, that it is a war for international justice. It isn't that we don't sympathize with our Allies, but that we doubt the need of helping them with men, now.

"Remember, it took two and a half years

for American public opinion to be roused to the point of wanting to fight. In a sense you are nearer the war than we at least you have suffered more from German submarine attacks. It is quite possible that Japanese public opinion on this question will change. The capture of Petrograd by the Germans might make a change in Japanese feeling. Any likelihood of a German advance east through Russia, either now or as a result of victories later, would alarm the Japanese people. Other things, too, might change public opinion here. Anyway, Japanese officers are in France studying the military problems there closely, and our army is keeping up to date in case it should be needed."

"Do you mean to say that the Japanese are more vitally interested in the French front than in any other?" I asked. "What front do you think the Japanese would probably go to in case their troops should be sent abroad?"

"That," he replied, "would be determined largely by our public opinion. You know we Japanese are much moved by matters of sentiment. I should imagine that public opinion would favor the Western front, for it is part of the Samurai spirit to choose the hardest tasks. We would perhaps send half a million men, perhaps more, but we would be ready to sacrifice that many men at once, anyway. We would hope to be given twenty to fifty miles of the Western front, and we would pray to be given Hindenburg, Mackensen, or the Crown Prince as our opponent. Then we would drive in, ready to lose half of our five hundred thousand men or all of them, but confident that we could strike the Germans such a blow that, with the pressure of our Allies on each side, the Germans would fall back to the Rhine."

"That is the Samurai spirit, and Japan would fight in that spirit or not at all. Lesser tasks on weaker fronts do not appeal to our national sentiment."

"You can sympathize with that feeling, you Americans, who can match the hardihood which our people have inherited from our Samurai with the stern courage which you have inherited from your Puritans."

The Wolf of Wall Street

The Career of David Lamar, the Only Man J. P. Morgan Feared.

HERE was a much feared man on Wall Street once. During the past two years he has been in a Federal prison. When this appears he will be at liberty again—David Lamar, one time called "The Wolf of Wall Street." Something of his career is told by H. de Wissen in *The Forum*.

It has been said, and not denied, that Lamar was the only man the late J. P. Morgan feared. And it is true that scores, if not hundreds of men, including big men in finance, politics and other large lines of activities, made no attempt to deny that they feared this mysterious man who came unsung, unheralded, unknown, out of the West from a small advertising agency, headed straight for Wall Street, and within a year began to make big men down there sit up and take notice.

The very nature of operations in Wall Street is such that they cannot be transacted entirely in the open. Directors, operators and many others meet behind closed doors, and correspondence is not all filed away in the general letter file. It is as fatal to show your hand in speculative Wall Street as in poker, yet only the deals are surrounded with mystery, not the dealers. We know the men, who they are, where they are, how to reach them, at least with a note. There is nothing mysterious about them. David Lamar, however, was a mystery. His name appeared on

no office doors. No one knew the hour or day or even week of his coming into Wall Street, yet he acquired a fortune, or several fortunes, by his various operations and, despite the mystery surrounding him, few men appeared so much in public prints as he. It was difficult to locate him, practically impossible to find him in any office, even his home address was somewhat of a mystery at times, yet he was almost always around when it was worth his while to be around.

This is not a judgment of Lamar. He has already been judged and he has paid whatever society, backed by the Federal Government, has demanded him to pay. He is free again, and so there can be no diatribe as to his merits or demerits. But the fact remains that he was widely known, he was widely feared, he was called the "Wolf of Wall Street," and there were reasons for it all. He was attacked in the public prints, he was cartooned, he was arrested and re-arrested, he was in various legal entanglements and the papers and magazines printed much about him, some mere chronicles of court action, and much of the "they say" class of gossip. There was always much smoke, and, of course, there was some fire, else he would not have been sent to prison, but his full story will never be known. Only that which it may please him to tell will ever be revealed.

Whether Lamar's name is really Lamar or Jones, few know. He is somewhat of the Spanish type, a very distinguished appearing man, forceful, large, square-jawed and of engaging personality. One surprising thing about him is his eyes—they are not cold and

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grey and keen, as one might believe; they do not remind one of a "wolf" in any sense of the word. His eyes are large, kind, mild. They look out at you with a friendly, engaging gleam; they flash understandingly and give evidence of a rapid-fire brain, but they never glare or harden.

The thing that finally landed David Lamar behind Federal prison bars for two years was the impersonating, over the telephone, of Congressman A. Mitchell Palmer. This is the way a newspaper of December 4, 1914, worded it:

"David Lamar was yesterday found guilty of impersonating a Federal officer in an alleged attempt to defraud J. P. Morgan & Co. and the United States Steel Corporation."

Lamar had petty difficulties for many years, but things began to get really hot for him along in 1913, when the publication of a story discrediting the dissolution of the Harriman merger brought him into the fiercest of public limelight. Judge Lovett intimated, in his conservative way, that the stories had been spread to embarrass the company because of its refusal to pay blackmail. Other directors of the Union Pacific were far more outspoken. They declared that a notorious and thoroughly discredited market operator, whose questionable actions had gained for him the name of "Wolf of Wall Street," had associated himself with a New York lawyer in an attempt to blackmail the Union Pacific and its bankers through intimations of their power over ultra-radical members of Congress.

This brought on an investigation which disclosed the fact that a prominent lawyer, Mr. Lewis Cass Ledyard, received frequent telephone calls purporting to be from Congressman Palmer. This voice over the telephone offered to influence certain committees of the House—for a consideration.

Naturally, Congressman Palmer was surprised and shocked when Mr. Ledyard told him of "his" conversations. And, quite as naturally, Mr. Ledyard then tried to arrange a personal interview with the voice, which continued to declare itself to be that of Congressman Palmer, and, of course, he failed. Finally, however, the "voice" agreed to name a representative in whom Mr. Ledyard would have complete confidence. Arrangements were made and at the appointed hour there appeared Mr. Edward Lauterbach, a distinguished member of the New York Bar. This occurred in Mr. Ledyard's office, February 6, 1913.

In Lamar's trial in the Federal District Court on December 2, 1914, his attorney, H. E. Davis, said: "We are willing to admit our client, David Lamar, was the person who held telephone conversations with Mr. Ledyard at the times testified to." There was, before this, a Congressional investigation at which Lamar admitted that he was the man at the other end of the telephone. He stated, not without apparent amusement, according to publications at that time, that for reasons of his own he had impersonated many Congressmen in his time.

It is said that he came to New York about twenty-five years ago from Omaha, where he was a railroad advertising man in the firm of King, Lewis & Co. In New York he started as a small speculator. Soon he became acquainted with Henry Hart, who had been for many years the president of the Third Avenue Railroad Company and who then had about \$6,000,000. In a short time Lamar was Hart's confidential man. Then came long litigation over the manipulation of Third Avenue stock and it was discovered that Hart had lost about \$5,000,000. It was never made clear exactly how he had lost it.

Later Lamar became known as James R. Keene's "pum shoe man," and both of them made much money in United States Leather common stock. It wasn't until about 1901 that Lamar began to get somewhat unfavorable notoriety in the paper. About that time the late E. H. Harriman had something to say about him. Harriman made the claim that in 1901 Lamar had offered to prevent Keene and his bull pool bringing adverse litigation against the management of the Southern Pacific providing Harriman would ally himself with Lamar.

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The German Octopus

Continued from page 69.

unnatural, and a presage of Britain's downfall, which involves a *non sequitur*.

But the octopus is omnivorous. The French had the good luck to capture, lately, *en bloc* the German Mission to Abyssinia, where, "according to plan," they had been fomenting the downfall of the dynasty. The menace of German influence, through a Pretender, to British, Italian, and French Somaliland is sufficiently obvious. In South America, again, for all its belligerency, Germany is busily at work, but now underground. In the Argentine they have managed to stave off the evil-day, and, characteristically, in return fomented a railway strike. All the same the Buenos Aires correspondent of *The Times* predicts that the Argentine will become the "Greece of South America." Germany has, it is said, succeeded in making the maintenance of neutrality vital to President Irigoyen and the Radical Party. Here, too, clerical influence has, we are told, been cast in Germany's favor.

The story is the same, take what country you will. A semi-official statement from Athens, for instance, declares that German propagandists are busily at work shaking the *morale* of Greece on exactly the Russian and Italian lines. Spain, Norway, Sweden are also in the clutches of the octopus, although they vainly hope that the blessed word "neutrality" will prove their salvation. They forget the octopus never lets go its grip.

An Inter-Allied Propaganda under the control of a Supreme Civil Council, directed with vision, is, we believe, the true answer to the enemy challenge. It has already been far too long deferred. Its methods can only be settled by conjoint authority, and, obviously, lie outside the sphere of public discussion. In the same way, no doubt, its policy and practice at home are imperatively matters of domestic concern for each of the Allies. It is not possible for one Ally to step between another and its armies or its people, and it is not, perhaps, unnatural that one and all should prefer to keep their own counsel, although this may be a source of weakness.

One consideration, however, arises which is, in its application, common to all. It is the traditional method of the older diplomacy to surround itself, like the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, in a web of mystery. It would, perhaps, be unfair to suggest any parallel between its underlying motives and those which actuated Mokanna. The tradition of secrecy has, however, throughout the war been enforced without discrimination. So far as military necessities prevail it is, of course, inevitable, but it does not seem to possess the like cogency where we have to meet enemy civil action. All the Allies possess the most wonderful examples of enemy propaganda, and all, we believe, alike, with the single exception of the United States, with its virile vision, hide them away in their archives as sacrosanct and not for vulgar eyes. We ourselves possess collections, scattered through many departments, and never co-ordinated, which would throw a flood of light upon Germany's manœuvres. But the fiat has gone forth from the wiseacres who control these precious proofs of German guile, and publication is not to take place "until long after the end of the war." They will then, no doubt, provide amusing reading for posterity, but posterity instead of smiling at Germany's foolishness is more likely to form its own conclusions as to the unwisdom of our neglect to use them at the time so that their influence could have been sterilized and their mendacities held up to the ridicule and reprobation of the civilized world. It is argued that to give them publicity is to comply with the enemy's wish and enhance their effect. But is the Allied cause so poor of justification that it need fear exploded enemy teachings or preachings? We may not be able to compete on even terms in this orgy of infamy, but if it were pitilessly exposed in all its utter depravity we should at once inflict a crowning moral defeat upon the enemy.

A Cimmerian darkness is not the happiest atmosphere for a country at war. It can neither satisfy nor reassure. We have, Heaven knows, given our foes information enough and

to spare. We have indulged in a carnival of candor as to our national shortcomings. In a war of peoples it is, above all, vital, and at this, "the fateful hour of mankind," it is our sacred duty to preserve the national balance. At the front our soldiers must be kept secure from being deluded by those songs of

victory which the enemy sing twice a day. At home our watchword should be "Trust the people." This is not the moment for scolding and fault-finding. The masses have given proofs and to spare of a high courage. They have shown themselves strong to labor and to endure. The enemy will surely fail to shake their allegiance to the commonweal if we dispel the darkness by which it is being obscured. Darkness begets doubt, doubt despair. "Let there be light."

The Pawns Count

Continued from page 46.

broad blinds. Her eyes were fixed upon her visitor. She listened intently to every word he had to say. Despite some vague feeling of mistrust, which she acknowledged to herself might well have been prejudice, she found the situation interesting, even stimulating. Her few excursions into the world of high politics had never brought her into such a position as this. She felt both flattered and interested—attracted, too, in some nameless way, by the man's personality, his persistence, his daring, his whole-heartedness. The situation was instinct with interest to her.

"But why make it to me?" she murmured.

"You are to be my delegate," he answered. "Take the substance of what I say to you to your uncle. Try, for your country's sake, to interest him in it. The offer which I make shall save you a vast amount of sacrifice. It shall save your dislocating the industries of the country and sowing the seeds of a disturbing and yet inadequate militarism. I offer you, in short, a German alliance against Japan."

"The value of that offer," Pamela remarked thoughtfully, "would depend rather upon the issue of the present war, wouldn't it?"

Fischer's face darkened. His tone was almost irritable.

"That is already preordained," he said firmly. "You see, I will be quite frank with you. Germany has lost her chance of sweeping and complete victory. The result of the war will be a return to the *status quo ante*. Yet, believe me, Germany will be strong enough to settle some of the debts she owes, and the debt to Japan is one of these."

"Still, there is the practical question of getting men and ships over from Germany to America," Pamela persisted.

"It is already solved," was the swift reply. "At the proper time I will show you and prove how it can be done. At present, not one word can pass my lips. It is one of the secrets on which the future of Germany depends."

"And the price?" Pamela asked.

"That America adopts our view as to the high seas traffic," Fischer replied. "This would mean the stopping of all supplies, munitions and ammunition from America to England. We offer you an alliance. We ask only for your real and actual neutrality for the remainder of the war. We offer a great and substantial advantage, a safeguard for your country's future, in return for what? Simply that America will pursue the course of honor and integrity to all nations."

"America," Pamela declared, "has never failed in this."

Fischer shrugged his shoulders.

"There is more than one point of view," he reminded her. "Will you take my message with you to Washington to-morrow?"

"Yes," Pamela promised, "I will do that. The rest, of course, remains with others. I do not myself go so far, even," she added, "as to declare myself in sympathy with you."

"And yet," he insisted, with swift violence, "it is your sympathy which I desire more than anything in the world—your sympathy, your help, your companionship; a little—a very little at first—of your love."

"I am afraid that I am not a very satisfactory person from that point of view," Pamela confessed. "I have a great sympathy with every man who is really out for the great things, but so far as you are concerned, Mr. Fischer, or any one else," she went on, after a moment's hesitation, "I have no personal feeling."

"That shall come," he declared.

"Then please wait a little time before you talk to me again like this," she said, rising and holding out her hand. "At present there is no sign of it."

"There is so much that I could offer you," he pleaded, gripping the hand which she had given him in farewell, "so much that I could do for your country. Believe me, I am not talking idly."

"I do believe that," she admitted. "You are a very clever man, Mr. Fischer, and I think that you represent all that you claim. Perhaps, if we really do negotiate—"

"But you must!" he interrupted impatiently. "You must listen to me for every reason—politically for your country's sake, personally because I shall offer you and give you happiness and a position you could never find elsewhere."

For a moment her eyes seemed to be looking through him, as though some vision of things outside the room were troubling her. Her finger had already touched the bell and a servant was standing upon the threshold.

"We shall meet in Washington," Mr. Fischer concluded, with an air of a prophet, as he took his leave.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IT was within half an hour of closing time that same afternoon when Lutchester walked into James Van Teyl's office. The young man greeted him with some surprise.

"Will you do some business for me?" Lutchester asked, without any preliminaries.

"Sure?"

"How many Anglo-French will you buy for me? I can obtain credit by cable to-morrow through any bank for twenty or thirty thousand pounds."

"You want to buy Anglo-French?" Van Teyl repeated softly.

His visitor nodded.

"Any news?"

Lutchester hesitated, and Van Teyl continued with an apologetic gesture.

"I beg your pardon. That's not my job, anyway, to ask questions. I'll buy you twenty-five thousand, if you like. Guess they can't drop much lower."

Lutchester sat down.

"Thank you," he said, "I will wait."

A little ripple of excitement went through the office as Van Teyl started his negotiations. It seemed to Lutchester that several telephones and half a dozen perspiring young men were called into his service. In the end Van Teyl made out a note and handed it to him.

"I could have done better for you yesterday," he observed. "The market is strengthening all the time. There are probably some rumors."

A boy went by along the pavement outside waving a handful of papers. His cry floated in through the open window:

REPORTED LOSS OF MANY MORE
GERMAN BATTLESHIPS.
BRITISH CLAIM VICTORY.

Van Teyl grinned.

"You got here just in time," he murmured, "but I suppose you knew all about this."

"I have known since three o'clock," Lutchester replied, "that all the reports of a German victory were false. You will find, when the truth is known, that the German losses were greater than the British."

"Then if that's so," Van Teyl remarked, "I've got one client who'll lose a hatful which you ought to make. Coming up town?"

"I should like, if I may," Lutchester said, "to be permitted to pay my respects to your sister."

"Why, that's fine!" Van Teyl exclaimed unconvincedly. "We'll take the subway up to Fifty-Eighth Street."

They left the office and plunged into the indescribable horrors of their journey. When they stepped out into the sunlit street on another atmosphere, Van Teyl laid his hand upon his companion's arm in friendly fashion.

"Say, Lutchester," he began, "I don't know that you are going to find Pamela exactly all that she might be in the way of amiability and so on. I know these things are done on the other side, but here it's considered trying your friends pretty high to take a lady of Sonia's reputation where you are likely to meet your friends. No offence, eh?"

"Certainly not," Lutchester replied. "I was sorry, of course, to see you last night. On the other hand, Sonia is an old friend, and my dinner with her had an object. I think I could explain it to your sister."

"I don't know that I should try," Van Teyl advised. "For all her cosmopolitanism, Pamela has some quaint ideas. However, I thought I'd warn you, in case she's a bit awkward."

Pamela, however, had no idea of being awkward. She welcomed Lutchester with a very sweet smile, and gave him the tips of her fingers.

"I was wondering whether we should see you again before we went," she said. "We are leaving for Washington tomorrow."

"By the three o'clock train, I hope?" he ventured.

She raised her eyebrows.

"Why, are you going, too?"

"I hope so."

"I should have thought most of the



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And I am going to be perfectly frank with you about it. You have a position—let's call it a job—you receive so many dollars each week which is supposed to cover the amount of work you turn out for your company, perhaps it does. Probably you think you are worth more, but if you are why not show your employer that your salary is not quite sufficient—prove it to him by getting out and hustling during your spare hours.

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munition works," she observed, "were further north."

"They are," he acknowledged, "but I have business in Washington. By the by, will you both come out and dine with me to-night?"

Van Teyl glanced at his sister. She shook her head.

"I am so sorry," she said, "but we are engaged. Perhaps we shall see something of you in Washington."

"I have no doubt you will," Lutchester replied. "All the same," he added, "it would give me very great pleasure to entertain you this evening."

"Why particularly this evening?" she asked.

HE looked at her with a queer directness, and Pamela felt certain very excellent resolutions crumbling. She suffered her brother to leave the room without a word.

"Because," he explained, "I think you will find a different atmosphere everywhere. There will be news in the evening papers."

"News?" she repeated eagerly. "You know I am always interested in that."

"The reports of a German naval victory were not only exaggerated," Lutchester said calmly, "they were untrue. Our own official announcement was clumsy and tactless, but you will find it amplified and explained to-night."

Pamela listened with an interest which bordered upon excitement.

"You are sure?" she exclaimed.

"Absolutely," he replied. "My notification is official."

"So you think if we dined with you, the atmosphere to-night would be different?" she observed, with a sudden attempt at the reconverse.

Lutchester looked into her eyes without flinching. Pamela, to her annoyance, was worsted in the momentary duel.

"We cannot always choose our atmosphere," he reminded her.

"Mademoiselle Sonia is perhaps connected with the regulation of the munition supplies from America?"

"Mademoiselle Sonia," Lutchester asserted, "is an old friend of mine. Apart from that, it was my business to talk to her."

"Your business?"

Lutchester assented with perfect gravity.

"Within a day or two," he said, "now, if you made a point of it, I could explain a great deal."

Pamela threw herself into a chair almost irritably.

"You have the cult of being mysterious, Mr. Lutchester," she declared. "To be quite frank with you, you seem to be the queerest mixture of any man I ever knew."

"It is the fault of circumstances," he regretted, "if I am sometimes compelled to present myself to you in an unfavorable light. Those circumstances are passing. You will soon begin to value me at my true worth."

"We had half promised," Pamela murmured, "to go out with Mr. Fischer this evening."

"The more reason for my intervention," Lutchester observed. "Fischer is not a fit person for you to associate with."

She laughed curiously.

"People who saw you at the roof-garden last night might say that you were scarcely a judge," Pamela retorted.

"People who did not know the circumstances might have considered me guilty

of an indiscretion," Lutchester admitted, "but they would have been entirely wrong. On the other hand, your friend Fischer is a would-be murderer, a liar, and is at the present moment engaged in intrigues which are a most immoral compound of duplicity and cunning."

"I shall begin to think," Pamela murmured, "that you don't like Mr. Fischer!"

"I detest him heartily," Lutchester confessed.

"I find him singularly interesting," Pamela announced, sitting up in her chair.

"I dare say you do," Lutchester replied. "Women are always bad judges of our sex. All the same, you are not going to marry him."

"How do you know he wants to marry me?" Pamela demanded.

"Instinct!"

"And what do you mean by saying that I am not going to marry him?"

"Because," Lutchester announced, "you are going to marry someone else."

Pamela rose to her feet. There was a little spot of color in her cheeks.

"Am I, indeed?" she exclaimed. "And whom, pray?"

"That I will tell you at Washington," Lutchester promised.

"You know his name, then?"

"I know him intimately," was the cool reply. "What about our dinner to-night?"

"We are going to dine with Mr. Fischer," Pamela decided.

"I really don't think so," Lutchester objected. "For one thing, Mr. Fischer will probably have to attend the police court again later on."

"What about?"

"For having hired a famous murderer to try and get rid of me," Lutchester explained suavely.

"Do you really believe that?" Pamela scoffed. "Why should he want to get rid of you? What harm can you do him?"

"I am trying to find out," Lutchester replied grimly. "Still, since you ask the question, the pocket-book which is on its way to Germany, and which I picked up when Nikasti was taken ill——"

"Oh, yes, I know about that!" Pamela interrupted. "That is the one thing that always sets me thinking about you. What did you do it for? How did you know what it meant to me?"

"Divination, I imagine," Lutchester answered, "or perhaps I was thinking what it might mean to Mr. Fischer."

SHE looked at him and her face was a study in mixed expressions. Her forehead was a little knitted, her eyes almost strained in their desire to read him; her lips were petulant.

"Dear me, what a puzzle you are!" she exclaimed. "All the same, I am going to wait for Mr. Fischer. It doesn't matter whether one dines or sups. I suppose he will get away from the police court sometime or other."

"But any way," he protested, "you've heard all that Mr. Fischer has to say. Now I, on the other hand, haven't shown you my hand yet."

"Heard all that Mr. Fischer has to say?" she repeated.

"Certainly! Wasn't he here for several hours with you this afternoon? Didn't he promise you an alliance with Germany against Japan, if you could persuade certain people at Washington to change their tone and attitude towards the export of munitions?"

"This," she declared, trying to keep a

certain agitation from her tone, "is mere bluff."

Lutchester was suddenly very serious indeed.

"Listen," he said, "I can prove to you, if you will, that it is not bluff. I can prove to you that I really know something of what I am talking about."

"There is nothing I should like better," she declared.

"To begin with, then," Lutchester said, "the pocket book which Nikasti is supposed to have stolen from your room, the pocket-book of young Sandy Graham, which Mr. Fischer has sent to Germany, does not contain the formula of the new explosive, or any other formula that amounts to anything."

"Just how do you know that?" she demanded.

"To continue," Lutchester said, playing with a little ornament upon the mantelpiece, "you have an appointment—with half an hour, I believe—with Mr. Paul Haskall, who is a specialist in explosives, having an official position with the American Government."

She had ceased to struggle any longer with her surprise. She looked at him fixedly but remained silent.

"It is your belief," he proceeded, "that you are going to hand over to him the formula of which we were speaking."

"It is no belief," she replied. "It is a certainty. I took it myself from Graham's pocket."

Lutchester nodded.

"Good!" have you opened it?"

"I have," she declared. "It is, without doubt, the formula."

"On the other hand, I am here to assure you that it is not," Lutchester replied.

Her hand was tearing at the cushion by her side. She moistened her lips. There was something about Lutchester hatefully convincing.

"What do you mean?" she demanded. "Is this a trick? You won't get it! No one but Mr. Haskall will get that formula from me!"

Lutchester smiled.

"It will only puzzle him when he gets it! To tell you the truth, the formula is rubbish."

"I don't believe you," she said firmly. "If you think you are going to interfere with my handing it over to him, you are mistaken."

"I have no wish to do anything of the sort," Lutchester assured her. "Make a bargain with me. Mr. Haskall will be here soon. Unfasten the little package you are carrying somewhere about your person, hand him the envelope and watch his face. If he tells you that what you have offered him is a coherent and possible formula for an explosion, then you can look upon me for ever afterwards as the poor, foolish person you sometimes seem to consider me. If, on the other hand, he tells you that it is rubbish, I shall expect you at the Ritz-Carlton at half-past eight."

There was a ring at the bell. She rose to her feet.

"I accept," she declared. "That is Mr. Haskall. And, by the by, Mr. Lutchester, don't order too elaborate a dinner, for I am very much afraid you will have to eat it all yourself. Now, *au revoir*," she added, as the door was opened in obedience to her summons and a servant stood prepared to show him out. "If we don't turn up to-night, you will know the reason."

"I am very hopeful," Lutchester replied, as he turned away.

Has Canada a Political Boss?

Continued from page 40.

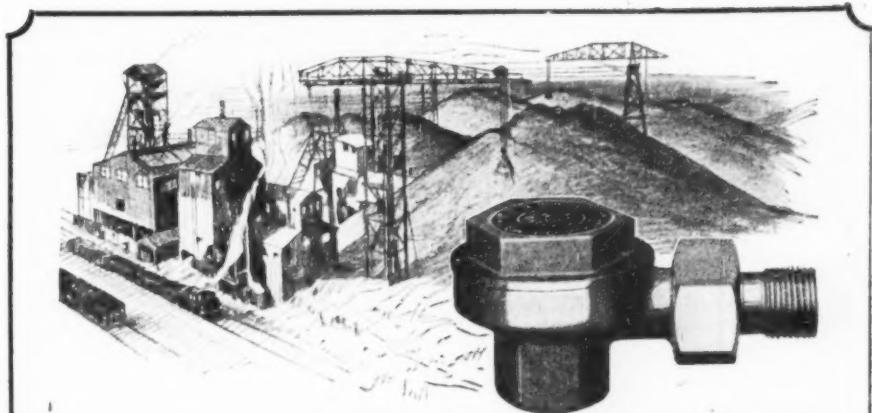
of conversation by disagreeing with him. Sir Clifford was a conscriptionist from start to finish.

The vicissitudes of the Union Government idea are well known. Sir Wilfrid was invited into a coalition government whose policy would be compulsory military service and his mind was so open on the subject that he took four weeks to make it up. After turning it over and over the Old Man came to the conclusion that the straight party game—a solid Quebec plus a scattering support in the other provinces—was his best play. He had no objection to winning the war, but he did not believe that conscription—well, let it go at that.

Thwarted there, Sir Clifford looked to the Winnipeg Liberal convention as his next hope. The Winnipeg convention was the last spasm of the old Grit machine in the West. Machinists as hostile as Frank Oliver and Charley Cross got together and put over a hurrah for Laurier that made the welkin ring. As it turned out it was a false alarm, not the real voice of the West, but it sounded bad enough. Not a word was said about conscription, the camouflage of the occasion being that win-the-war was the purpose of the convention and that the end was what was to be considered, not the means. Turriff, of Assiniboia, who was supposed to be Sifton's apostle, didn't get a chance to put his conscription motion before the convention—it never got farther than the committee on resolutions—and as for Dr. Michael Clark he was driven forth into the wilderness by the tongue of a lady delegate. The tempest was considerably helped by the famous Sifton letter which was taken as a warning by the hard-shells that Sifton was trying to swing another election. They swore that he wouldn't do it again. They swore and they swore, but Sir Clifford did, which goes to show that the Bible is right when it says swear not at all.

After the Winnipeg convention had done its worst the national conscience began to speak again and Sir Clifford, working under cover now, did much to help it along. It was his idea that Union Government should reach only for the big fellows—that the best in the land were none too good for the big job ahead of Canada during and after the war. It was his idea followed out that made Union Government what it is to-day and it was on his wooing that some of the big fellows finally came in. The negotiations were long and difficult—there were at least two serious set-backs—the great enterprise was within an ace of failure, but Sifton pulled it through. When the whole truth is told Canada will give Sir Clifford Sifton credit not only for making Union Government a life-sized proposition, but also for making it a winner. The West won the election and Sifton, ably assisted by the three Western statesmen who now grace the cabinet, handled the West. There are people down East who would like to think that they rowed the boat and they just let Sifton put an oar in, but Sifton did a great deal more than that. He was the coxswain and he did the steering.

To bring this story to a close Sir Clifford fought—and ran away—from the reward. Or rather his reward was in the



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good turn he had done Canada and the good Government he left behind him, pledged to thrift of money, thrift of resources—thrift of everything, except high endeavor. Sir Clifford's chief interest in

life, as I said before, is the Conservation Commission, and what is Union Government but a Conservation Commission of national proportions—Sir Clifford's extension movement, as it were?

The Magic Makers

Continued from page 37.

all of this the big man regarded him with distrustful eyes.

North and east of the cabin the land was void of everything save bleak and shallow valleys and bleaker ridges from which it appeared the very intensity of the seasons had smitten all vegetable growth. It was naked rock that seemed to have been stiffened into strange and crystalline waves, the rigid tops of which had been ground slowly down by the passage of some inconceivably vast and heavy body. And this, as geologists afterwards proved, was the actual truth, for these naked formations, into which the *Siren* had been shot like a projectile, had in the slow cycle of past ages been worn gradually away by the transit of glaciers, prodigious beyond imagination. So vast were these ice fields, so crushing their weight, and relentless their elemental action, that there was left only the bare framework of the uncomplaining earth. Jock, tramping across them at high noon, became one day suddenly aware that he was walking on iron that projected above the surrounding rock. Instantly his mind flashed to Rintoul's half legible scrawl. That was the meaning of the two words scratched near the bottom of the map. "Iron here," Rintoul had said; and iron there was beneath the feet of his would-be rescuer. The consciousness of it sent a swift glow through MacTier's massive frame and he registered a mighty oath that, come what might, his back would not be turned on this desolate region till the truth had been established beyond peradventure. So inspiring was this discovery that he determined, then and there, that the time had come to strike out into the unknown. That night on the deck of the *Siren* he gave his orders.

"You men," he said curtly, "will stay here for the present anyway. Bill, Nanook and I are going to be ashore for the next few weeks. In case of trouble hoist your flag half mast and we'll come aboard. You can't," here his eye rested coldly on Black Matt, "you can't steal the ship, because I've got the compass ashore, and what's more, since you've plenty of grub, I've taken the rifles and ammunition. My instructions are that Nanook is not to be allowed on board and, if he tries it, I've a hundred dollars for the man who stops him. There's just one thing more. I'd like to remind you that you've all signed on for the duration of this cruise and that as I happen to be an officer of the Crown I can arrest you if you break your contract. And, what's more, I will." Once more his glance wandered to Black Matt, who stood staring at him with inscrutable eyes. "Anyone got anything to say?"

A silence fell over the deck and overhead a westerly wind whistled briskly through the shrouds. The crew of the *Siren*, with the exception of Black Matt, had, it appeared, no objections. Full wages, plenty of food and nothing to do, formed, it seemed, a combination so remarkable as to rob them of speech. But, for all of this, Jock had an instant of wonder whether behind the silence there

was not something he had left ungauged. Then Black Matt, touching a greasy forelock, advanced half a pace.

"I'll answer for these men," he said, briskly. "I guess we all know a good thing when we see it. As for Nanook, I'm just as glad he's ordered off the ship. There's reasons. And," he added with a covert glance at MacTier, "I guess you know them. Nanook and I have agreed to start fresh and I don't mind saying I'm damned glad to see the last of him. That's all I've got."

"Well," answered Jock evenly, "you've got your orders and you've got the alternative." And with that he dropped into a boat and sculled thoughtfully ashore.

HERE followed, the same evening, a long talk during which he outlined his plans. Salty Bill listened unconvinced. He was indubitably assured that Nanook was lying, that MacTier was crazy, and that the whole expedition had degenerated into a wild goose chase, from which something worse than nothing might be expected. He glanced at the motionless figure of the Husky who crouched over a tiny driftwood fire. It was moving in Nanook's mind that the big man had meant what he said when he warned him that an attempt at flight meant a bullet between the shoulders.

"I'll tell you," interjected the skipper sullenly. "I'll anchor this blackguard to you and take a watch till midnight—then it's your shift."

Jock grinned and, summoning the suspect, they tied him with a cord that went twice round MacTier's mighty wrist. After which the big man pulled a blanket over himself and instantly fell asleep.

NIGHT deepened in and with it came the advance guard of winter. There was a crisping of shallow pools while the first fall of snow drifted lightly from the north and shrouded the bleak hills in a shining and crystalline coverlet. Plunged deep in sleep Jock seemed to feel, even through his dreams, the pressure of the cord around his wrist, but his spirit had moved out and was now searching these solitudes in lonely persistence. In the little cabin the crude oil stove sputtered and finally expired. Salty Bill, sitting beside it, felt stealing over him an irresistible languor and beneath its soothing touch the problems of life, one by one, smoothed themselves out in his drowsy brain. To his ears came nothing but the low whine of the wind and the ceaseless lapping of icy waters on the rocky shore. Presently he breathed deeply and his head dropped forward.

At three in the morning, while it was still pitch dark, Sergeant MacTier woke with a start. The pressure of the cord about his wrist had become painful and he fingered it to relieve a throbbing vein. Simultaneously he noticed that the cord slipped to him without resistance. Jerking it swiftly a loose end swung in his face. Instantly he sprang to his feet with a shout. A moment later he and Bill

were examining the clean-cut end in the murky light of a lamp. The skipper's lips were pressed tight. Presently, in utter humiliation, he raised a shame-covered face and met the accusing stare of MacTier's grey eyes.

"Didn't I tell you," he stammered, "that Nanook was the kind of kid that needed watching."

A flood of anger stirred in the big man's breast. He seemed about to answer but mastered himself with iron discipline. Whatever happened now he must not break with Salty Bill. They would need each other as few men had ever needed each other before. Then, in a flash, he thought of Black Matt.

"Take the boat," he said icily, "and see that all's well on the *Siren*. I'll stay here and watch this stuff. That is, if I don't fall asleep," he added sardonically.

Without a word Bill disappeared and the rattle of loose rock sounded with a curious sharpness in the gloom as he picked his way to the shore. Then came a pause, a pause which MacTier had in some extraordinary way almost expected, till Bill's voice sounded, ragged with new surprise.

"There's no boat here!"

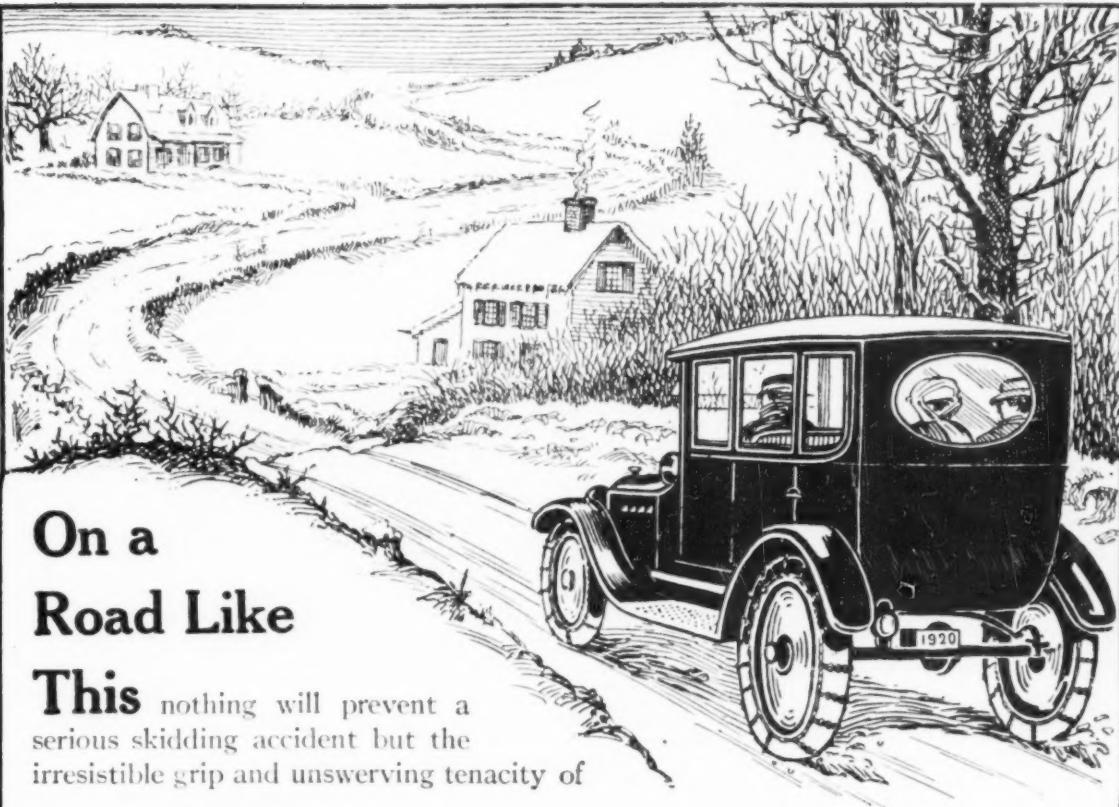
Once more that deadly flood surged through the big man's body. "Of course, there isn't," he muttered under his breath, "and there's no *Siren* in the bay either."

So it was, for three hours later, starting from the top of the ridge against which the cabin huddled its squat outline, the two could discern the feathery spars of the whaler three miles out, picking a tortuous course through the barrier of reefs, with the westerly wind swelling her tattered jibs and a tiny figure, perched far forward, swinging the sounding lead with rhythmical precision.

CHAPTER VI.

IT is written in the history of valiant deeds that a man, being confronted with danger and uncertainty, will, if he be a man, bring to bear new powers and new resources with which he may fight. And it is written, furthermore, that there are no circumstances, however arduous and threatening, above which it is impossible for the human spirit to rise triumphant. In the heart of Sergeant MacTier this mysterious sequence now began to move. The situation was, he concluded, no worse than others he had successfully met. The two were well armed. The provisions on hand would last, with care, for at least a month even without game. As for the rest of it they could live, as many men had lived before, by their rifles. At the most he reckoned they could not be more than one hundred miles from the mainland, and since this region of the Bay was invariably frozen in winter there remained but the simple problem of exploring their discovery from end to end and then striking east across the field ice for the nearest trading post. The *Siren*, he was assured, could never escape from this inland ocean before winter took her in its grip, and the inevitable result would be that Black Matt would reap arrest and punishment.

When it came to Nanook, however, the question took on a different aspect. He had yet to determine what mysterious ambition had moved in the Husky's shifty brain. The only solution which presented itself was that during the last few weeks there had been worked out a plot by which Salty Bill and he himself were to be marooned on some hitherto unknown shore



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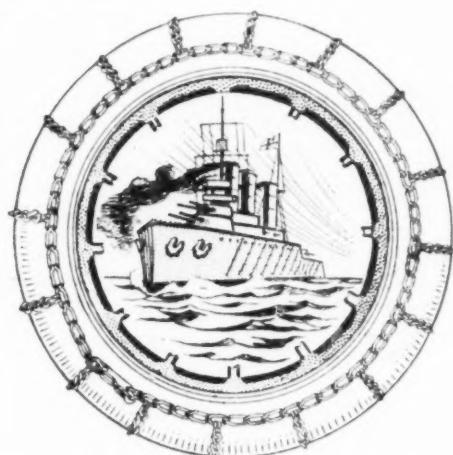
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and Nanook was to deliver the *Siren* to the tender mercies of his compatriots. All this, and much more, stirred in MacTier's brain, but most curiously and deeply of all rested the conviction that by some strange trick of fortune he had come amazingly near the man he had set out to find.

By the second day a new element of uncertainty appeared. Staring north into the unexplored districts, Jock could see nothing of life and nothing to support life. Long ere this he had expected to discover one of the multitudinous and roving bands of coast caribou that tenant this inhospitable neighborhood. But so far there was no sign of caribou. And it was on this point that discussion was hottest and most frequent.

"They must be here," persisted Salty Bill, doggedly, "because there are Huskies all over this country and the Huskies can't live without them. They mean food to them, and clothing, and rawhide, and most everything else. Did you ever see a Husky where there were no caribou?" he demanded with rising truculence.

"No," admitted Jock, "I haven't, but that doesn't mean the Husky can't live without them."

"Then they've got to be here and the sooner we get after them the better, eh? What about that?"

MacTier thought hard. Unless the outlying portions of this newly discovered land were less barren than those which lay before their view there was little chance of finding meat and, while this question loomed large in his mind, winter came down in earnest from the north.

FAINLY at first, but with gradually increasing strength, sounded the steady drone of the wind, and before it was driven a multitude of whirling flakes that imperceptibly changed the naked earth into an undulating expanse of gleaming white. Day after day fell the snow until the sharp toothed ridges took on smoother outlines and the shallow valley between every flat depression was filled level. Colder grew the air and brighter the stars, while beneath its crystalline shroud the wrinkled rocks seemed to shiver and contract. Ere long the castaways' cabin was like something that, after drifting aimlessly through these speechless solitudes, had come to anchor in what shelter might be found and was being slowly but steadily buried in a vast and fleecy blanket.

That night, with the wind fiercer than ever, Salty Bill lay awake, his wide eyes staring into the darkness, when from the wilderness something wordless communicated itself. Half rising on one elbow, he listened intently till through the drone of the gale there reached him, it appeared from infinite distance, the sound of howling. Instantly his body became rigid and he strained every swiftly awakened faculty. There was no doubt about it, dogs were there, and, he reasoned, where there were dogs there were men.

"MacTier, do you hear that?"

Out of the gloom come an indefinite grunt. "Eh?" said a drowsy voice, "what's the matter?"

"It's dogs. I've heard them twice."

"Dogs!" snapped Jock, instantly alert.

Once more, and from a little nearer, came the echoing howl, that carried with it suggestions of things savage and untamed. From the viewless distance it sounded so ghostly and hollow that Salty Bill had visions of a phantom Husky

driving a phantom team across the frost-smitten wilderness.

"They're not dogs," said Jock after a tense moment, "they're wolves, and they're fighting. Listen to that!"

AS he spoke there rose a fiendish and yelping scream from some great beast in agony. This blended and was ultimately smothered in a frenzy of short and choking coughs. These in turn were followed by rumbling growls through which ran an indescribable note of bestial contentment. Then silence till, from another point, came the flying echo of some wild chase. That, too, ended abruptly and with repetitions of the same demoniacal glee.

"It's wolves all right," continued Jock terminating a breathless pause, "and they're mad with hunger. It isn't often that wolves will turn on each other. In fact I've only known it once. Of course," he added, as though this were a thing of common knowledge, "they don't mind killing their own outcasts—I mean the ones who are sick or lame and have to follow the pack from a distance, but this fight didn't sound anything like that."

"You bet they're wolves," broke in Salty Bill with invisible gratification, "but where there are wolves there are caribou, and that's what I told you, and I'm darned well pleased to hear them, too. In fact," he growled placidly, "it's the best thing I've heard since that misbegotten Husky got away with the *Siren*."

"And if they were killing caribou," countered Jock, "we'll soon find out. There'll be a good deal of a mess there."

SOON after the flat sun had started its low arc across the southerly sky the pair set out. Ahead strode Jock, his rifle loose in the hollow of his arm, his eyes narrowed to pin-points of steel grey light. Salty Bill walked with a smile on his face. They were about to find caribou just as he had always said they would find them.

Three miles north of the camp Jock stopped abruptly. To the right lifted the still open sea and into it thrust the great promontory they had previously noted. To the left the unexplored country stretched in long waves of new fallen snow. He stared neither east nor west, but pointed to an irregular track that crossed the line of their march a few feet in advance.

"Those are wolf tracks, and he was going mighty fast. You can see the claw marks at the end of the pad. And there—he stretched his hand swiftly—"is where the others kept inside to head him off. I'll bet they got him at the top of the ridge." He read these complicated imprints with extraordinary accuracy, while his own steps hastened on. "They nearly got him here," he said a moment later, "and, look here!—just on the crest of the ridge."

At their feet lay the mangled frame of a great grey wolf. Flanks, sides and throat had been torn away till there had stiffened on the snow only the wreck of the gaunt body. To this the long lean head was yet attached, though horribly disfigured. The lank jaws, still half open, had set rigidly in ultimate defiance, and from the black roofed mouth the great incisor teeth flashed wickedly downward. The fragmentary carcase seemed extraordinarily thin, a bony skeleton over which had been stretched a long and matted hide, now shredded and rent by the fierce

assault of vanished kinsmen. Jock stared at it grimly.

"It's as I told you, Bill," he said quietly, "there are no caribou here, and the wolves have turned upon each other. It's a small chance that any living thing would have had abroad last night. These brutes are hunger mad."

Salty Bill shook his head. "I'm not satisfied yet. Let's go on."

Sergeant MacTier chuckled, and struck out north. As they progressed there became visible, miles ahead, a range of hills, higher than any yet seen. After a moment he halted.

"That's queer," he rumbled, then turning to Bill, "how far do you suppose hills of that height are visible across the water in clear weather?"

The skipper eyed them silently, racking his brain to remember whether in all his voyages up and down these wintry seas he had caught sight of just such frozen peaks. Finally he shook his head. "Thirty miles, I reckon. But," he paused, puzzled, "I've never set eyes on 'em before."

"Then that means," replied Jock with wrinkling brow, "that there's a strip of either land or water sixty miles wide in this latitude that's never been explored. Say, haven't the Hudson Bay people been through this country for the last two hundred years?"

"Sure, but they're not explorers, they're traders, and leave the exploring to the hunter, or may be to some of them surveyors that the Government send out. And look here," continued Bill with growing assurance, "it ain't possible that this land has never been found by a white man before. The white men that found it are either still here or dead. Reckon may be they had about the same luck as ourselves."

Jock shook his head. "It simply means that since this part of the Bay is marked on the charts as nothing but a series of bad reefs, vessels have kept away from it. What's more natural than that?" Presently he pointed ahead and broke into a run. "Here was the fight of last night?"

FIVE minutes later they started down at a little space where the snow, trampled and blood-stained, gave mute evidence of frenzied combat. In the middle of it lay the body of a man from whose frigid corpse the long teeth of the pack had torn both hands and feet. He lay with his black eyes open, and in them was imprinted ultimate horror and anguish. A few feet off were the bodies of two wolves, evidently killed with the rifle that projected from the snow. Utterly grim and revolting, the scene cried aloud for the mercy of Heaven which would enshroud both man and beast in its sparkling blanket, until, with the coming of spring, the sharp and iron-beaked ravens might complete the end. Beside this mute and so lately tortured brown-faced pagan stood the two, breathless with unspoken apprehension, till, in a voice broken with surprise, Jock stretched out a great hand.

"His clothes," he said jerkily, "his clothes, look at them."

From head to foot the dead hunter was clad, not in the accustomed caribou hide of these northern latitudes, but in the closely feathered skins of the Arctic eider duck.

Now of what passed through the minds of the explorers in the next few moments it would be impossible to tell, but even while they stared at the ghastly

relic of previous life there was borne on them with absolute conviction that which they had so eagerly hoped to establish.

It was out of the question, argued Jock, that one Husky should live and hunt alone, and it was, therefore, definite that at no great distance was the tribe to which he belonged. It was to be noted, also, that there was no sign of dogs nor sleigh, though the snow was in good condition for such travel. This led him to believe that the tribe itself must be close at hand. He was puzzled, however, that no provision had apparently been made for bringing home game if, as he assumed, the dead man had been on a hunt. But over all this was the amazing nature of his dress. Sealskin, walrus hide, caribou skin, and even bearskin, these were used in various regions, but most of all did the caribou provide clothing for the small brown people of the North. Now the absence of any vestige of this abundant and essential animal re-aroused in Sergeant MacTier the lurking belief that had lain dormant in his brain.

"Why," he said slowly, "should this man dress in feathers if there are caribou here?"

"Darned if I know," answered Bill truculently, for he too was lost in a maze of conjecture. "What do you make it? It beats me."

Jock's eyes roved over the naked rocks around him. "There is just one thing to it. There are no caribou because there is no feed for them. This is the only place I've seen in the North that's without moss, any kind of moss let alone the grey stuff the caribou feed on. As I see it," here his voice wavered a little in spite of him, "we've done just four things so far. We've got lost, we've found land and plenty of it, where none was supposed to exist, we've found Huskies, or any way we've found Huskies, or any way one Husky, that I don't believe anyone knew of, and we've found a tribe—if it is a tribe—that lives without caribou." He paused for a moment and a queer twinkle crept into his eyes. "Now, we'd best leave what we can't alter and get back to camp and prepare for a journey, for there is going to be no stopping me so long as there is solid earth on which to march north."

For the next day and the next so bitter was the wind that to face it was well nigh impossible, and it was not till the third morning that they set out. By this time more snow had fallen and the springy shoes that had come up with the last load from the *Siren's* hold were overhauled and put in condition for hard tramping. Now, too, the strength of Sergeant MacTier served in good stead. Dogs there were none, and to travel it was necessary to carry most of what ordinarily would have been loaded on a sledge. As to food, after deliberation, he decided on twelve days' rations, these to be eked out for an indefinite period by such fresh meat as should fall to his ever ready rifle. Bear, fox, walrus or seal, on these he felt he could count, even though the caribou were unavailing.

"I take it you're heading straight north?" asked Bill as they buttressed the cabin door against the wind.

Jock shook his head. "I'm thinking we'd do better along the coast line. There'll be open water there yet for a month to come and what life there is will be along the edge of the water."

"Strikes me you're mighty sure of yourself."

"The sea has an ancient fashion of her own of sending things ashore for the wild people to eat," grunted the big man. "In



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these parts it's mostly the small white whale, and when one of them is cast up there are committee meetings of fur and hide for miles around. In the day time it's the white bears, for they are the lords of the North, and while the bears are filling themselves there's generally a circle of wolves a little way off waiting till they're offered elbow room. And behind the wolves, still farther off, and peering with their wide bright eyes, are white foxes, and maybe wolverines, and marten, and mink, and if this were a tree country,

I'd say lynx as well. And by the time they all take their turn," he concluded with a grin, "a white whale hasn't much to say for itself. 'Tis the law of the land that the strong and wise come first and the devil takes the hindermost."

IT seemed as they started that for once nature had relented. The wind died away, what sun there was shone unusually clear, and, far ahead, the mysterious hills lifted with ever-inviting romance. At noon they ate, sheltered behind a rise

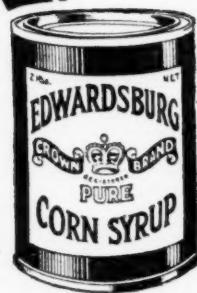
of ground, and Jock, lighting his pipe, drew forth the tightly-rolled map of Henry Rintoul.

"We've spotted just two things, so far as I can find here," he said, spreading the tanned hide across his knee, "that's yon promontory to the east and the iron." As he spoke his eye rolled across the four miles of bleak water that separated them from the great headland. "Now yon is either the big point of this same land or else we're on one island and that's another. As for this sausage thing in the

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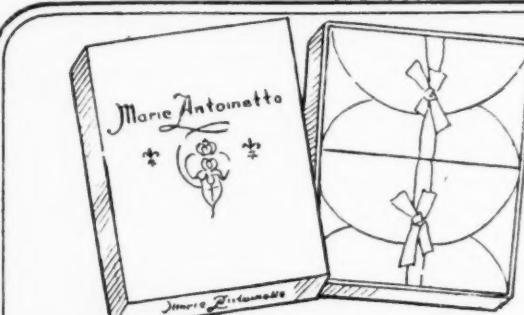
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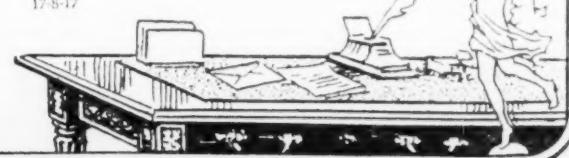
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middle of the map, if we are where I think we are, we ought to trip over the end of a lake to-morrow morning. And if we can strike that then Henry Rintoul is no such a bad draughtsman after all."

By the middle of the afternoon sharp pains were shooting up the legs of Salty Bill and the muscles of his calves burned like fire. He glanced continually at the mountainous back of Sergeant MacTier, wondering mutely what it would be like to be able to carry such a load and yet apparently not feel its weight. And just when he was casting about for an excuse for delay, an excuse that would relieve without humiliating him, the big man halted in his tracks and pointed along the shore that curved northward at no great distance from their winding trail.

"There's a white whale, Bill, and yon snowballs beside him are two bears, and at this very minute the wolves and foxes and the rest of them are waiting for a bit sup on their account." He glanced backward with a friendly grin, "Just like a story book, Bill, isn't it?"

THREE hundred yards away, the larger of the two bears ceased his assault on the streaming carion and stood stiffly inert, while the other glanced menacingly toward the sheltering ridge. A moment later both the great animals were in restless motion, during which they circled twice around the whale and finally started in uncertain quest up the boulder-strewn shore. A hundred yards further would carry them past a little bluff that projected brokenly from the higher ridge. Jock, noting this, laid his brown cheek against the stock of his rifle. "You take the one in front," he whispered to Bill, "we fire together—just behind the shoulder and not too far up. Are you ready?"

As he spoke the rifles cracked almost simultaneously. The leading bear whirled on his haunches and began biting savagely at his flank. The other lurched unsteadily and seemed to pitch straight forward into a rocky hollow where he lay stretching himself with uncouth and convulsive effort.

Jock's rifle barked again. There came back a soft thud as the nickel-pointed ball plunged into the great sinewy body, and with an ultimate shudder, the leading bear collapsed, limp and almost shapeless heap. Bill's rifle had also spoken, but his aim was wild and ere either could reload the second bear had whisked behind a nest of boulders where they could hear him snapping at his tortured side in a frenzy of pain and fury.

"Hold on, now," said the big man quietly, "and don't waste cartridges. We can't hit him from here, and what's more we can't get on the other side of him. Bide your time and he'll come out."

From behind the ridge Jock appeared and stepped cautiously down. Two hundred yards farther up, Salty Bill made a circuit. Flanking operations were now in order. These involved quick decision and straight shooting, and Jock wondered for an uncomfortable moment just what Bill's qualifications as a marksman really were. So far, he confessed, they did not seem over assuring.

PRESENTLY, beside a boulder, appeared the long, sleek head, and, in a flash, Jock fired, but his own bullet was high and there resulted but a straight gash across the flat skull, while from the weed-strewn and slippery shelter came a series of deep coughing grunts. At that Jock waved an arm to the approaching Bill and motioned him to come steadily on.

Ten minutes later the two hunters and the bear formed a triangle that enclosed an area of round and ice-sheathed rocks, over which further passage was dangerous in the extreme.

The base of this triangle was parallel with the ridge and at each end of the base crept forward a hunter. At the apex moved the bear, between death and the deep sea. Feeling for better footing, Jock signalled and stole cautiously on.

Suddenly from the apex came a strange choking scream of anger, and, as though shot from a catapult, the surviving bear dashed out, and, bounding like a rubber ball, cleared the uneven ground in long, quick leaps that flung him rapidly towards Salty Bill. At sight of him the skipper fired wildly and at the same moment Jock's rifle spoke, but such was the uncertain movement of the beast that both bullets missed their goal. On the instant Bill fired again. That his shot got home was evidenced by another infuriated grunt, but no vital spot was reached and the distance between the two narrowed with appalling speed. An ashen color rose to Bill's cheek and his hands began to tremble.

Midway across the triangle stood Jock, his rifle at his shoulder, trying desperately to get that leaping form into the minute sphere of his foresight. His own pulse had begun to hammer. Came a flash of white and his finger crooked instinctively. Once more followed that soft and eloquent thud, while again the racing beast twisted his long neck and tore at his own straining flank. And just as Jock reloaded, his feet went out from under him, and he came down heavily, his temple hard against the glassy rocks.

What followed in the few moments that immediately ensued, Bill could never exactly describe, but it appeared that as Jock crashed to earth, a lean grey body shot out from shore toward the infuriated bear, and, speeding like a rocket, across the stony earth, launched itself snapping at the heels of the formidable brute. It appeared, too, that as this happened, the bear turned and aimed a sweep of his prodigious paw, which, had it landed, would have whisked the newly arrived enemy into oblivion, but when it did arrive the enemy had miraculously shifted his ground and was snapping with undiminished vigor at some other and equally tender spot. There then evolved a sort of animal carnival of combat to which the bear, without further thought to the strange beings it had set forth to attack, devoted itself with repeated efforts. These, missing by a hair, only seemed to further encourage its smaller, but valiant, assailant, till, in the midst of this Homeric contest, there came another sharp report, and, with a steel-nosed bullet through its heart, the big brute collapsed limply, choking out its life in a crimson torrent. Upon which Jock, with a smoking rifle in his hands, stared dumbfounded at the dwindling form of a great grey wolf that vanished as mysteriously as it came.

EATED that night beside a tiny flame which he had fanned into existence from an armful of driftwood found miraculously wedged into a seam of the rocky shore, Jock silently recapitulated the events of this amazing day. He had, it seemed, stepped from a fairly sane and understandable world into one in which every ordinary procedure of life was upset. For hours past he had been questioning himself as to how humanity could exist in this desolate waste unless it, like

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the animals themselves, wrested sustenance from the sea. There were no caribou here, that seemed without question, nor had he observed, even in the most sheltered nooks, any trace of the grey moss upon which the vast herds of the north thrive and multiply. So barren was this land, so tortured with the endless assaults of the elements, that he had expected an abnormal ferocity in whatever wild life might survive. But instead of this the most deadly beast of all had interposed itself mysteriously between the explorers and death, and, its purpose accomplished, had vanished as though at some strange but imperative signal. In the silence of this hour, and beside the winking and tiny flame of a few sea-borne branches, it came to Sergeant MacTier

that he was on the edge of things still more amazing — things that would test him to the uttermost. And then, as always when the future seemed least assuring, a wave of quizzical humor stirred within him.

"Bill," he asked genially, "what do you make of it?"

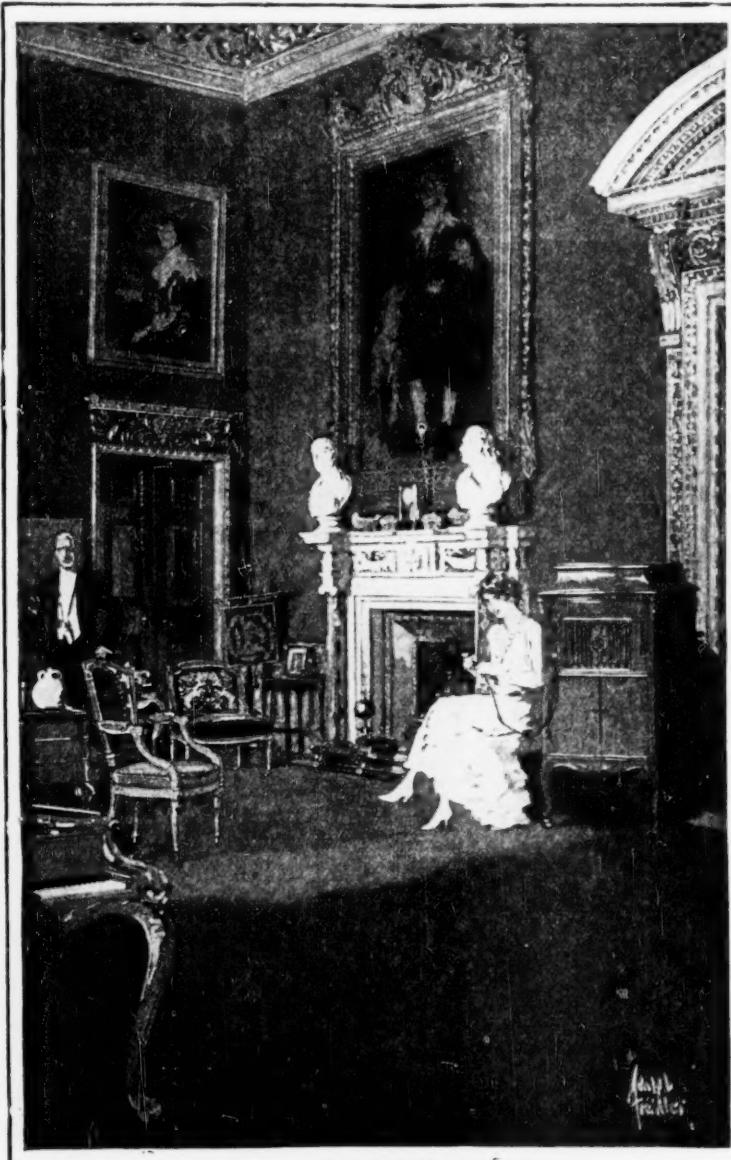
The skipper shifted his long legs and cast a reflective glance shoreward toward the scene of combat. His stomach was full of broiled bear steak, and from this comfortable centre there radiated a pleasurable glow that for the moment obliterated all thought of danger.

"Well," he answered cheerfully, "I ain't doing much thinkin' now except that we're all crazy. You were crazy to trust that darned Matt, and Nanook, too, and I was

crazy to believe you. As for this blamed island, about the only thing that ain't apparently gone mad here is those bears, and they're dead. Seems likely to me that some sport has got a sort of winter shooting place up here and has tamed a few wolves on the side, and in that case he's crazy too — an' them's my sentiments."

Jock nodded with extreme good nature. It was just barely possible that Salty Bill was right. Then gradually sleep took them both, while high over head marched an endless procession of stars and far in the north an aurora shimmered like a great trembling curtain of rose and violet flame.

To be Continued.



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Sixteen Months in Germany

Continued from page 26.

pomp of Potsdam. They were socialists, out and out. They hated war, they hated war-makers, they hated the English—and they were beginning to hate the war element in their own land.

HERE was much excitement among them when early in 1917 the news spread that unrestricted submarine warfare was to be resumed. Old Fritz came over to me with a newspaper in his hand and his eyes fairly popping with excitement.

"This will end it!" he declared. "We are going to starve you out, you English. Submarines—that's it!"

"You'll bring America in," I told him. "No, no!" he said, quite confidently. "The Yankees won't come in. They are making too much money as it is. They won't fight. See, here it is in the paper. It is stated clearly here that the United States will not fight."

"Then you still believe what the newspapers say?"

Fritz did not answer. He was poring over the paper in the dull light of a lantern and chuckling to himself. I concluded that his open delight at the resumption of submarine warfare was due to two causes: The hope that it would end the war soon and equally the belief that the "English pigs" would be made to suffer. Others around the mine dilated more on the latter side of it than on the prospects of peace. Any suggestion from us that the United States would come into the war was greeted with hoots of derision. They pooh-poohed the idea and scoffed at America as a military factor.

But when the news came that the United States had actually declared war, they were a very quiet lot. They stood around and discussed the situation quietly and, I thought, furtively. There was no bombast about them that day. I took the first opportunity to pump old Fritz about the views of his companions.

"It is bad, bad," he said, shaking his head dolefully.

"Then you are afraid of the Americans after all?" I said.

Fritz laughed, with a short, contemptuous note. "No, it is not that," he said. "England will be starved out before the Americans can come in and then it will all be over. But—just between us, you and me—most of us here were intending to go to America after the war. We have had enough of wars and sufferings like this. We wanted to go to a land where we would be free from all this. But—now the United States won't let us in after the war!"

This, I believe, was the feeling all through that mine at least. How general it was throughout the country I do not know. Certainly, however, these men had looked forward to spending the rest of their lives in America and President Wilson's declaration of war came as a thunder clap to them.

Bitterness grew among them from that time on. At first the news of the sinking of ships created some degree of satisfaction, but the impression had been general that a few months would see the end of it all. As month after month passed and nothing developed they began to get restless and impatient. They could not un-



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derstand it. Fritz confided to me several times that England must be on the verge of giving in and that the good news would come all of a sudden; but he did not seem very confident about it. Finally the idea prevailed that the submarines had failed as all the other much heralded coups had done in the past, and from that time on solid gloom was the order of things.

IT was about this time that I began to hear talk of strikes. The idea of a universal strike was a favorite one among them. They talked of a strike all over the world, the workers to arise and throw off their governments simultaneously and settle the war. When it was given out that an international conference was to be held at Stockholm there was great excitement and jubilation.

"It is coming, the great day!" said Fritz. "When the people, the workers, get together what must be the result? Peace—new things—no more capital and nobility to grind us down—"

"Do you think anything can come of this conference?" I asked him.

"Something must," he said. "It is the last hope."

I shall never forget the day that the papers announced the refusal of the English labor delegates to go to Stockholm. One excited miner struck me across the face with the open newspaper in his hand and hurled a jumble of obfuscation at me. "Always, always the same!" he almost screamed. "The English block everything. They will not join and what good can come now of the conference? They will not be content and the war must go on!"

I made my escape soon after that and so cannot say what effect the Russian peace parleys and the Italian retreat had on the people. Certainly it would give some new courage into them. Unless, however, something very tangible promises a quick peace develops, I feel sure that the temper of the people will relapse into the dangerous condition which prevailed at the time of which I write.

The last experience I had with civilians that are worth recording have to do with the food shortage which reached a crisis about the time my happy chance to escape occurred. Sometimes when the people took their bread tickets to the stores they found that supplies had been exhausted and that there were nothing to be obtained. Prices had gone sky high. Bacon, for instance, was 10 marks a pound—\$2.50. A cake of soap cost 3½ marks. Cleanliness ceased to be a virtue and became a luxury. These prices are indicative of the whole range and it is not hard to see the struggle these poor mine people were having to keep alive at all.

At this time our parcels from England were coming along fairly regularly and I believe we were no worse off for food than the Germans themselves. Owing to the long shift we were compelled to do in the mines we fell into the habit of "hoarding" our food parcels and carrying a small lunch to the mines each day. These lunches had to be carefully secreted or the Germans would steal them. They could not understand how it was that starving England could send food abroad to us. The sight of these lunches helped to undermine their faith in the truth of the official information they read in the newspapers.

I do not know that revolution will come in Germany. I am convinced, however, that the lower classes at least would wel-

come it. They are heartily sick of the present order and long for a change. They are allowed to go to moving pictures, but the holding of musicales in their homes has been prohibited. This, but one of many small restrictions, has eaten to the very core of their content, and they are angry and mutinous.

THE lot of the prisoners of war at the mines is a hard one. It is in fact almost unendurable. We were supposed to receive four and a half marks (90 cents) a week for our labor, but there was continual "strafing" to reduce the amount. If we looked sideways at a "stagger" we were likely to receive a welt with a pick handle and a strafe of several marks. Sometimes we only received a mark or two for a week's work. Most of this we spent for soap. It was impossible to work in the mines and not become indescribably dirty and so soap became an absolute necessity.

I feel in duty bound to record one incident that redounds to the credit of at least one German and shows that there is still some conception of justice in that country, even where the detested "Tommies" are concerned. I had been more or less of a thorn in the side of the "stagers" all through and they watched me closely. One day three of them found me taking a rest in a worked-out end of the mine, and they proceeded at once to give me a severe beating. I sprang up and swung around a mining lamp that I happened to be holding, catching one of them in the side. They backed off then, but had me haled up that afternoon before the military authorities, who gave me six days "black"—that is, solitary confinement on bread and water. When I came out I was handed over to the civil courts on a charge of assaulting civilians. They took me to stand my trial at Recklinghausen.

The judge was an elderly man with a rather kindly face and I thought there was a trace of concern in his eye as he looked me over. So, when the evidence against me had been put in, I decided to make an appeal to him. The charge against me was that I had hit one of the "stagers" in the face with my lantern and hurt him seriously. I spoke up in English.

"Your Honor, this is a court of justice. Are you prepared to give a British soldier the same chance as a German citizen?"

This was translated and the magistrate replied rather severely that, "certainly, I would have the same chance."

Then I asked: "Is there anyone in court who knows anything about a miner's lamp?"

A man came forward from the back who had worked in a mine and I asked him: "Would it be possible to hit a man in the face with a miner's lamp without breaking his jaw or marking him up?" The man hesitated and then answered reluctantly, "No."

The magistrate acquitted me at once.

WE lived under conditions of great discomfort in the camp. As I stated before all the British and colonial prisoners were kept in one building—250 of us in all. There were two stoves in the building in which coke was burned and in winter time the place was terribly cold. The walls at all seasons were so damp that pictures tacked up on them mildewed in a short time. Our bunks contained straw which was never replenished and



By the Simple Turning of a Tap

Make the Water from the Faucet in your own Home do Your Washing.

I have built a new "1900" water power washing machine. I consider this machine the most wonderful washer ever put on the market. Built of the highest quality selected material. It is as sturdy and durable as a machine can be made. Can be sold at a price within reach of all. I will guarantee that this machine will not tear clothes, break buttons or fray the edges of the most delicate fabric. It will wash everything from heavy blankets to the finest lace without damage to the goods.

This new "1900" Washing Machine can be instantly connected with any water faucet in your home and is started and stopped by simply turning the water on and off. Even although you have a meter, it will do your washing for about 16. a week. It will save 50 per cent time, money and labor every week. The outfit consists of washer and water motor and I guarantee the perfect working of each.

I also make a full line of hand and electric power machines. I will send my machine on 30 days' free trial. You do not need to pay a penny until you are satisfied this washer will do what I say it will. Write to-day for illustrated catalogue. Address me personally.

State whether you prefer a washer to operate by Hand, Engine Power or Electric Motor. Our "1900" line is very complete and cannot be fully described in a single booklet.

L.H. MORRIS 1900 WASHER COMPANY 357 YONGE ST. Toronto



Would You Like A Beautiful Skin?

A woman's skin is naturally soft, clear and lovely. Carelessness, poor soaps, exposure and neglect will often spoil its appearance. The Hiscott Institute makes a specialty of treating all non-infectious forms of skin and scalp trouble. Our preparations will cure Pimples, Blackheads, Wrinkles, Roughness, Undue Redness, Blotches, etc. We send them to any address by mail or express on receipt of price with full instructions for home use. We recommend to every woman a jar of Princess Skin Food. It benefits good skins as well as poor complexions.

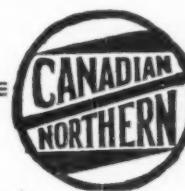
Princess Complexion Purifier	-	\$1.00
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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR PERMANENTLY REMOVED

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Travel for Business--Make it a Pleasure

Ten thousand miles of splendidly equipped road, traversing a hundred thousand square miles of magnificent country—forest and stream, prairie and mountain.

Direct Route between the East and Western Canada and the Pacific Coast

With through tickets and connections for all principal points in Canada and United States.

Full information on fares, routes, or for descriptive literature, opportunities, booklet, etc., any C.N.R. agent, or write General Passenger Departments, Toronto, Montreal or Winnipeg.

IN THE DINING CARS Economy and Service unexcelled. Menus a la carte or table d'hôte. Always something new and within reach. You will like it.

He stands by BAKER'S COCOA and it is a good old stand-by too.

For generations it has supplied the demand from young and old for a pure, delicious, invigorating, wholesome food drink, rich in nutritive qualities and easily digested.



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**MARK HIS CLOTHING WITH
Cash's WOVEN NAME-TAPES**

and insure them against loss
Guaranteed fast colors

Prices
24 doz. \$4.00
12 doz. 2.25
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Style Sheet sent free on request or can be seen at any leading Dry Goods Store

He writes: "Be sure and mark all my clothes with Cash's Names."

J. & J. CASH, LIMITED
Room 40, 301 St. James St., MONTREAL

we all became infested with fleas. Some nights it was impossible to sleep on account of the activity of these pests. On account of the dampness and the cold we always slept in our clothes.

Discipline was rigorous and cruel. We were knocked around and given terms of solitary confinement and made to stand at attention for hours on the least provocation. It became more than flesh and blood could stand. One day seven of us got together and made a solemn compact to escape. We would keep at it, we decided, no matter what happened until we got away. Six of us are now safely at home. The seventh, my chum J. W. Nicholson, of Winnipeg, is still a prisoner. Poor Nick was the most determined and resourceful of the lot of us, I think. Together we saw the Dutch frontier a few yards ahead only to be caught as we made our last sprint for liberty. It was the hardest of luck that robbed us of our chance that time. Luck was with me later, and not with Nick.

I made four attempts to escape before I finally succeeded. The first time a group of us made a tunnel out under the barricade, starting beneath the flooring of the barracks. We crawled out at night and had put fifteen miles between us and the camp before we were finally caught. I got seven days' "black" that time.

The second attempt was again by means of a tunnel. A close chum of mine, William Raesides, who had come over with the 8th C.M.R.'s, was my companion that time. We were caught after twenty miles and they gave us ten days' "black."

The third attempt was made in company with my chum Nicholson, of Winnipeg, and we planned it out very carefully. Friends in England sent through suits of civilian clothes to us. We got a hint in advance that they were coming. The procedure with reference to the distribution of parcels was this: We would be summoned to headquarters where the parcels would be heaped up on a long table. The Kommandant would then have a prisoner call out the names on each parcel and a couple of soldiers would open the parcels for examination before handing them on. On the day I thought our suits were about due to arrive I pressed forward for the job of reading the addresses. They let me go ahead without any suspicion.

Sure enough there were parcels for us which looked sufficiently bulky and I was able to slip them unobserved to one of the other fellows. In that way we secured our civilian clothes.

The next day we dressed for the attempt by putting on our "civies" first and then drawing the prisoner's uniform on over them. When we got to the mine we took off the uniform and slipped the mining clothes on over the others. We worked all day. Coming up from work in the late afternoon, Nick and I held back until every one else had gone. We went up alone in the hoist and tore off our mining clothes as we ascended, dropping each piece back into the pit as we discarded it.

It was fairly dark when we got out of the hoist and the guards did not pay much attention to us. There was a small building at the mine head where we prisoners washed and dressed after work and a separate exit for the civilians. Nick and I took the civilian exit and walked out into the street without any interference.

We could both speak enough German to pass so we boldly struck out for the Dutch border, which was 75 kilom. from Kommando 47, travelling only during the

night. We had a map that a miner had sold to us for a cake of soap and we guided our course carefully by it. We got to the border line without any trouble whatever.

The line, we knew, was very carefully guarded. There were three lines of sentries to be broken through, and on the last line they were stationed but fifty yards apart. It was, therefore, necessary to wait until night before making the attempt. We were caught through overconfidence due to a mistake in the map. Close to the line was a mile post indicating that a certain Dutch town was two miles west. Now the map indicated that this town was four miles within the Dutch border.

"We're over!" we almost shouted when we saw that welcome mile post. Throwing caution aside we marched boldly forward right into a couple of sentries with fixed bayonets.

It was two weeks' "black" they meted out to us that time. The Kommandant's eyes snapped as he passed sentence. I knew he would have been much more strict on me as the three-time offender had it not been that the need for coal was so dire that labor, even the labor of a recalcitrant prisoner, was valuable.

"No prisoner has yet escaped from this Kommando!" he declared, "and none shall. Any further attempts will be punished with the utmost severity."

NEVERTHELESS they took the precaution to break up my partnership with Nicholson, putting him on the night shift. I immediately went into partnership with Private W. M. Masters, of Toronto, and we planned to make our getaway by an entirely new method.

The building at the mine where we changed clothes before and after work was equipped with a bath room in one corner. It boasted a window with one iron bar intersecting. Outside the window was a bush and beyond that open country. A sentry was always posted outside the building, but he had three sides to watch and we knew that, if we could only move that bar, we could manage to elude the sentry. So we started to work on the bar.

I had found a bit of wire which I kept secreted about me and every night, after washing up, we would dig for a few minutes at the brickwork around the bar. It was slow, tedious and disappointing work. Gradually, however, we scooped the brick out around the bar and after nearly four months' steady application we had it so loosened that a sharp tug would pull it out.

The next day Masters and I went into the bath room last and delayed our ablutions until the sentry's round had taken him to the other side of the building. Then we wrenched the bar out, raised the window and wriggled through head first, breaking our fall in the bush outside. We got through without attracting attention and struck off at a rapid clip across country. In fact we ran as though the foul fiend were at our heels.

Close ahead was a stretch of swampy country and we plunged into it so precipitately that we very soon lost our way and wallowed around the better part of the night, sometimes up to our knees in the bog and suffering very severely from the cold and damp. Early in our flight the report of a gun from the camp warned us that our absence had been discovered. Perhaps our adventure in the swamp was what saved us from capture, for the roads



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Consider its *price*. Where else such beauty, such faithful performance, at anywhere near its low first cost and economical upkeep?

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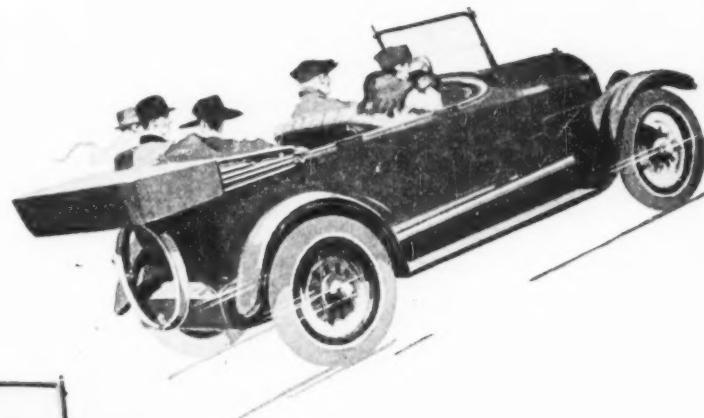
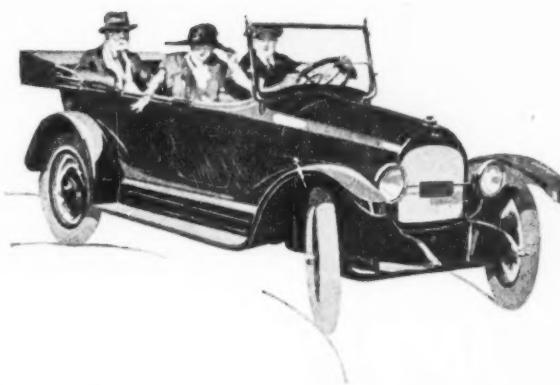
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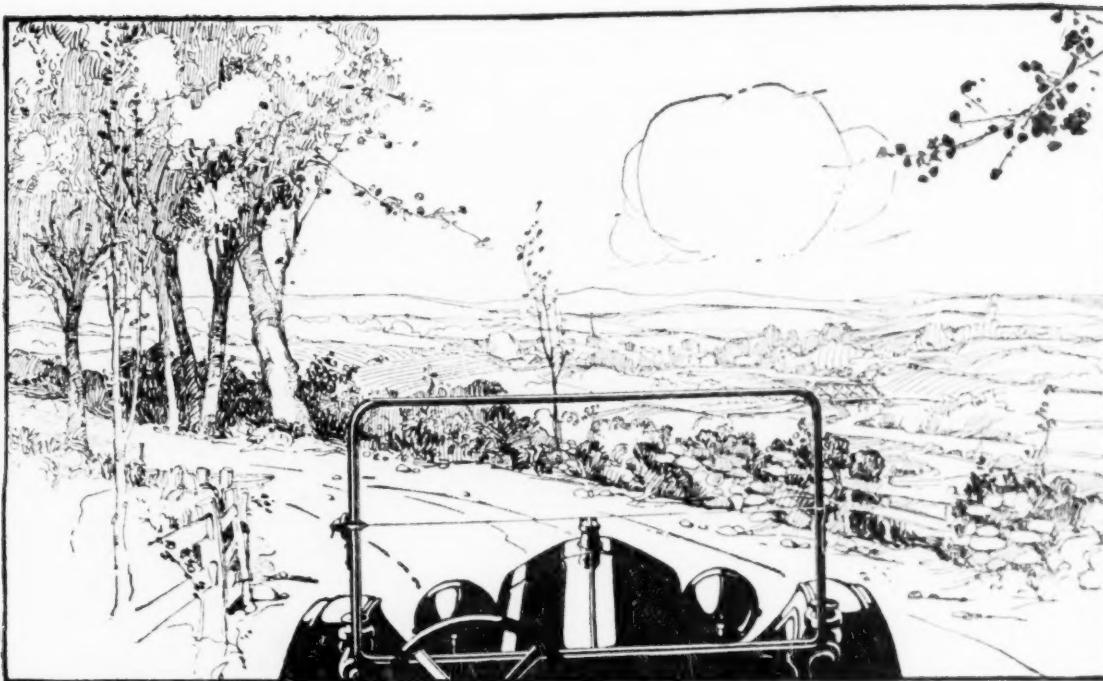
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Get Behind the Wheel of a Ford and Drive

TRY it just once! Ask your friend to let you "pilot" his car on an open stretch. You'll like it, and will be surprised how easily the Ford is handled and driven.

If you have never felt the thrill of driving your own car, there is something good in store for you. It is vastly different from just riding—being a passenger. And especially so if you drive a Ford.

Young boys, girls, women and even grandfathers—thousands of them—are driving Ford cars and enjoying it. A Ford stops and starts in traffic with exceptional ease and smoothness, while on country roads and hills its strength and power show to advantage.

Buy a Ford and you will want to be behind "the wheel" constantly.



Runabout	-	\$475
Touring	-	\$495
Coupe	-	\$770
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F. O. B. FORD, ONT.

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited
Ford, Ontario

Mention MacLean's Magazine—It will identify you.

unquestionably were patrolled by cavalry that night. The Kommandant was keen to make good his boast that no prisoner would get away from him.

We found our way out of the swamp near morning, emerging on the western side. By the sale of more soap to miners we had acquired another map and a compass, so we had little difficulty in determining our whereabouts and settling our course for the border. For food we had each brought along ten biscuits, the result of several weeks' hoarding. A biscuit is a hard and almost tasteless substance, but containing certain nutritious qualities. We had half a pound of food apiece and eighty-five miles to go!

THAT day we stayed on the edge of the swamp, never stirring for a moment from the shelter of a clump of bushes. One slept while the other watched. No one came near us and we heard no signs of our pursuers. Night came on most merrily dark and we struck out along the roads at a smart clip.

We travelled all night, making probably twenty-five miles. It was necessary, we knew, to make the most of our strength in the earlier stages of the dash. As our food gave out we would be less capable of covering the ground. So we spurred ourselves on to renewed efforts and ate the miles up in a sort of frenzy.

"Got to keep it up," we said to each other by way of encouragement. "It's now or never."

When we saw or heard anything ahead of us we immediately made for cover at the side of the road. Perhaps three persons passed us that night.

We took cover next day in a bit of wood, with a couple of farm houses within sight. No person came near us, however. We slept pretty much all day by turns and again struck out at night.

This kept up for four days and nights. We kept going as hard as our waning strength would permit and we were cautious in the extreme. Even at that we had several close shaves. One night we passed what looked like a potato patch, and the thought of a raw potato to break the monotony, and the inadequacy of dry biscuit, lured us off the road and into the patch. We had been told in the mine that a law had been passed permitting the owners of potato patches to fire on thieves and that in case the intruders were shot the owner would not be responsible. This eloquent bit of testimony to the scarcity of food in beleaguered Germany we had not altogether believed. It had hardly seemed possible that such a law could stand even in Germany. But we had convincing proof that such a law did exist. Masters had found a potato and was showing it to me with almost childish delight when the report of a rifle broke the silence. It came from the far side of the field. We turned and ran, Masters clutching his precious potato as though it were a lump of gold. Another shot followed us but we got to the road again in safety and hastily resumed our westward jaunt. There was no attempt at pursuit. The owner of the potato patch probably thought we were hungry neighbors.

We ate that potato between us and it tasted like everything good to us—porterhouse steak and mushrooms and apple pie! It was the only change we had during the whole journey from our meagre supply of biscuit. We were extremely unfortunate in our foragings. Potatoes were

Continued on page 90.



A Royal Dish At $\frac{1}{8}$ the Cost of Eggs

Do you know that Quaker Oats, with all its delightful flavor, is about the cheapest food in the world?

Measured by food value—by calories—eggs cost 8 times as much. Ham costs 4 times as much—steak 5 or 6 times as much. Potatoes 3 times as much. Even bread and milk costs nearly 3 times as much.

1000 calories—which is one-third a day's food for a workingman—costs only five cents in Quaker Oats.

Then think of the flavor, the aroma—such as no other grain food has. Think of its energizing value. All the needed elements are stored in oats, in just the right proportion.

This is the supreme food—more nutritious than wheat. It is the prescribed food for the years of growth. To bread and muffins, cookies and pancakes, it adds a new delight. It makes wheatless days enjoyable—which the government recommends.

Quaker Oats

The Extra-Flavor Flakes

Quaker Oats is made from queen oats only—just the big, rich, flavorful grains. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. By this selection we get in this brand an exquisite flavor, which has won the

world. Everywhere, among oat lovers, this is the favorite brand. Yet in America it costs no extra price. If you ask your grocer for Quaker Oats, you'll get it.

Quaker Oats Bread

2 cups Quaker Oats	5 cups flour
2 cups boiling water	
1/2 cup molasses	1/2 tablespoon salt
1 tablespoon butter or other fat	
1 cake compressed yeast dissolved in 1/2 cup lukewarm water	

Add boiling water to oats and let stand one hour, add molasses, salt, butter or fat, dissolved yeast cake and flour. Let rise until double in bulk. Knead thoroughly and shape into loaves. Put into greased bread pans, let rise until double in bulk and bake 45 minutes. This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Muffins

2-3 cup uncooked Quaker Oats, 1 1/2 cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterboro, Canada

1908

Saskatoon, Canada

Freedom of Thought

HELLO, Fred. How're things?" "Pretty good, George. Jump in, I'm going your way. Yes, sir, things are pretty good. Outside of some trouble in my engine room, I really cannot complain."

"Trouble, eh. What sort of trouble, Fred?"

"Oh, the pump went on the rocks; and I wired the firm in the States who originally supplied it to replace it immediately. They very kindly replied saying that owing to existing conditions they cannot promise delivery before five or possibly seven months. Rather humorous, eh, George, and in the meantime, I suppose I am expected to close down my plant; some joke, what?"

"Joke? Sure it's a joke, and the joke's on you. In fact, it serves you darned well right. You had no business in getting the machine from the States in the first place. Fellows like you make me absolutely tired. You wilfully run into trouble, and when it hits you, you wonder why it hurts so."

"Now look here, Fred, drive around a few blocks, because I intend to talk to you like a Dutch uncle. I know you well enough to be sure that you will realize what I'm going to say to you. In the first place, and understand this very clearly, I have absolutely and emphatically no grudge against either America or Americans; in fact I admire them; neither have I any criticism in regard to the way in which they manufacture their goods, but, mind you, BUT—Support home industry! Charity begins at home! And all that stuff."

"As I know you to be a loyal Canadian, you are doubtless aware that your country (let that thoroughly sink in, YOUR country!) is only now starting out to become a country. This is its first *real* chance to enter into the trade of the world; to become a factor in commerce, in fact, to put it plainly, to reorganize and re-establish itself as a force to be reckoned with—what happens? You, and men like you, never give the matter a thought, and so long as things are going right you go ahead and never bother where the material that you use is coming from so long as you get it."

"Another thing. You are a manufacturer of furniture. Deep down in your heart, you firmly believe in your own product, in fact (whether you're right or wrong) you honestly think that it's the best made furniture in this wide, wide world. All right! Doesn't it occur to you that the least possible concession you can make to your fellow manufacturers is to extend to them *that same freedom of thought*. They, like you, believe in their own products, and rightly, too, they have reason to. Why? Because Canadians can produce results just as good as Americans, and what is more to the point, America knows it and is ready to admit it. Ask them if you like, they'll tell you the same thing."

"Now, Fred, there's only one thing you have to do, and that is *encourage Canadian business*; let that thought be the uppermost in your mind; you know the old saw, 'Do unto others, etc.'; practice that, make it your business religion. Do you 'get me, old man?'"

"Sure I 'get you.' I got you five minutes ago, only I didn't like to interrupt such patriotic eloquence. I guess you're

right, George. As you say I never gave the matter a thought, it never occurred to me that other manufacturers could 'do things' in their own particular line as well as myself. However, I promise to reform. Who and what do you suggest in this particular case?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Fred, your particular trouble can, I am sure, be handled by

Darling Brothers, Limited, they have in the past done some very fine work for me along the lines of pump installation. They are really expert people wherever steam enters into the question. I know one of the boys down there; I'll ring him up and tell him you're up against it."

"I wish you would—shall we eat now, George?"—Advt.

Sixteen Months in Germany

Continued from page 89.

guarded like the mint and turnips simply hid themselves away when we went looking for them. Water was all we were able to obtain. A few mouthfuls of dry biscuit washed down with water was a meal to us.

Another time we were hiding in a bush when four women came along and passed within a few feet of us. They were looking for mushrooms and we could hear everything they said as they passed. One night a dog brought a man with a rifle on our tracks and he gave us a merry chase.

Our greatest difficulty was when we struck the Lippe River. Our first plan was to swim across, but we found that we had not the strength left for this feat. We lost a day as a result. The second night we found a scow tied up along the bank and got across that way.

FIGURE for yourself the plight we were in. We were slowly starving on our feet, we were wet through continuously and such sleep as we got was broken and fitful. Before we had been four days out we were reduced to gaunt, tattered, dirty scarecrows. We staggered as we walked and sometimes one of us would drop on the road through sheer weakness. Through it all we kept up our frenzy for speed and it was surprising how much ground we forced ourselves to cover in a night. And, no matter how much the pangs of hunger gnawed at us we conserved our fast dwindling supply of biscuit. Less than two biscuits a day was our limit!

Finally we reached a point that I recognized from my previous jaunt. It was about four miles from the border. This was in the latter part of the night and we had come quite a long distance. We were tired out.

"Will we go on and finish it to-night?" I asked Masters. "Perhaps it would be better to get a day's rest and make the break to-morrow night."

"Let's toss," suggested my companion.

I nodded and he drew a coin from a pocket of his ragged prison garb.

"Heads we go, tails we stay over," I said.

It fell tails, so we hunted out a well-wooded spot and settled down for a rest. We had two biscuits left between us. The next day we feasted royally and extravagantly on those two biscuits. We did not leave a crumb. No longer did we need to hoard our supplies, for the next night would tell the tale.

BY the greatest good fortune night came on dark and cloudy. Not a star showed in the sky. We started out early and crept cautiously on toward the border.

We came to the same mile post in time and I pointed it out to Masters.

"Here was where poor Nick and I went wrong," I whispered. "We'll give it a wide berth this time."

So we crawled away off to the right, literally crawled on our hands and knees for over a quarter of a mile. At every sound we stopped and flattened out. Twice we saw sentries close at hand, but both times we got by safely. Finally we reached what we judged must be the last line of sentries. We had crawled across a ploughed field and had come to a road lined with trees on both sides. Sentries were pacing up and down the road. We could hear and, at intervals, see them.

"It's the border," said Masters, in a hoarse whisper. "Once across there and—God! we're free again!"

We waited until the nearest sentry had reached the far end of his beat and then we broke across. Doubled up like jackknives we went over that road as fast as we could make it and plunged through the trees on the other side. We were not detected; at any rate not a sound came from the sentries. We struck across fields with delirious speed and nothing cropped up to stop us. We reeled along like drunken men, laughing and gasping and sometimes reaching out for a mutual hand shake.

"Free! Free! Free!" was about all we could say. "No more work in the mines! No more German bosses! Real food!"

"Are you sure we're over?" asked Masters at last, voicing a fear that still persisted in both our minds.

"Of course we are," I said. "The sentries would have us by this time if we weren't."

Just then we struck a road and at once we got quite a scare. Marching up the road toward us was what looked like a white sheet. I guess our nerves were badly shattered with what we had been through. At any rate that moving splash of white looked uncanny and awesome. I confess that stories of ghosts and banshees began to run through my mind and Masters owned up to the same feeling.

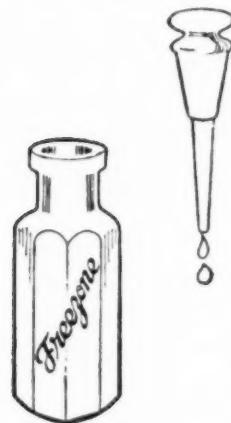
It was a scare of brief duration. The sheet soon resolved itself into two girls in white dresses walking up the road with a man. We scurried to the side of the road as soon as we made them out. Then I decided to test the matter of our whereabouts, and stepped out to accost them.

"Have you a match?" I asked in German.

The man did not understand me. Thoroughly convinced now, I cried out to Masters to come out. We were free!

WITH FINGERS! CORMS LIFT OUT

Costs few cents! Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little Freezone on that touchy corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out, with the fingers. Yes, magic!



A tiny bottle of Freezone costs but a few cents at any drug store, but is sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Freezone is the sensational discovery of a Cincinnati genius.

Your Boy in Khaki

will find many occasions when he will appreciate having a bottle of Absorbine, Jr., handy. After a hard day's work or a long hike Absorbine, Jr., will give him the much needed relief. Of course he is too proud to respond to "sick call" with only a stiff shoulder or sore, aching arms and legs.

Absorbine, Jr.

THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

acts quickly and effectively on tired, strained muscles. It is preferred by athletic trainers everywhere because it is so dependable in eliminating stiffness and reducing inflammation. If he has ever been in college athletics he knows Absorbine, Jr. It is the liniment that may be applied to cuts and wounds. It is an

Antiseptic and Germicide

and cleanses as well as heals. Absorbine, Jr., may be rubbed freely on all irritated parts—kneaded into that sore instep or applied to a shoulder chafed from carrying a gun.

It is highly concentrated and only a few drops are required at an application.

Send him a bottle to-day.

\$1.25 a bottle at druggists or mailed anywhere upon receipt of price.

A LIBERAL TRIAL BOTTLE will be sent postpaid upon receipt of 10¢ in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.
506 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Can.



By the Tip of an Eye-lash

Continued from page 22.

"This, ma'am," said Mrs. McShane, "is my married girl, Nora O'Rourke."

"And the young man," added Jimmy severely, "is Terry O'Rourke. Her husband, so he is."

Little Mrs. O'Rourke rose blushingly and made a little bow, while her husband elongated his vast frame, and touched his forelock. He began: "Pleased to me—" when the sharp elbow of his wife dug into his ribs. It was not seemly for the likes of him to say he was pleased to meet so grand a person as Miss Pandora Fulcher.

O'Rourke's sole protector seemed to be little Danny, who edged near him, a guardian look on his face. Danny had golden memories of glorious jaunts, when big Terry carried him into the country in the old helpless days.

"I've heard Danny speak of you, Mr. O'Rourke," said Miss Pandora. "Interested in horses, I think I heard?"

"Yes, Ma'am," he replied with a sheepish grin.

"No lies!" commanded Jimmy sternly. "It's a gambler he is. Shame on us that have to own it."

"Now Jimmy!" rebuked Mrs. McShane. "The boy is sorry for his foolishness, and has quit. Ye've been like a dog wid a bone, so ye have. You've bit it, and chewed it, and buried it, and dug it up again. Now let it be for good an' all. We all make mistakes now and again, don't we, Miss Fulcher?"

"The Lord have mercy on those who don't," replied Miss Pandora. "And the best gambling luck is to be loser."

"Then, by jahers, he's the luckiest in the world, asking your pardon, Ma'am," said Jimmy. "Lost everything last Saturday afternoon at Dorville track. Thought he had invented a new kind av arithmetic that made his a winner whover was loser. Wint out wid a wad of seven hundred dollars, and came home, by the same token wid a smile."

"And no hat!" added little Mrs. O'Rourke, viciously.

"Well, I couldn't figure on a twenty to one crowbar running minutes faster than ever he did in his life before," said O'Rourke in excuse. "A couple of guys took fifteen hundred out of me, but till then I was on velvet."

"Perhaps I could put you in the way of a job, if that's what you are looking for," said Miss Pandora. "At any rate call at the offices at ten to-morrow."

This stroke of good luck dissipated the clouds and little Mrs. O'Rourke so far relented as to box her husband's ears, which led to much hugging and squeezing in the corner. And so peace descended on the McShane home.

"AND you are fond of horses still, in spite of the black Saturday?" asked Miss Pandora next morning when O'Rourke expressed a desire to take a job at Fulcherville.

"Sure, Ma'am! Ye can't blame the whole world for wan deceiver," he said.

"Well, you won't forget that Saturday in a hurry, I guess?" she suggested.

"Never," he said confidently. "What with McShane yammering, and Nora cross, I'm not likely to. It has been Ginger from first tap to lights out. Ginger

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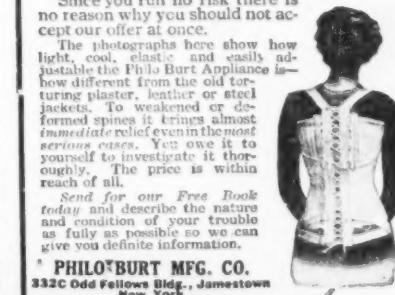
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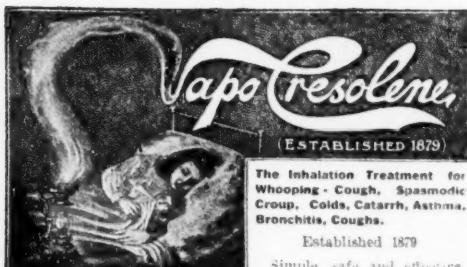
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was the horse that put the skids under me, Ma'am."

"How did you manage to lose \$1,500, when you took but seven out?" she enquired.

"I won all down the card," he explained. "There was a guy with a fat roll put a good many hundreds my way, playing favorites. I did hear he dropped ten thousand on the track. There I was, lashin's to the good when a couple of sports came along and put up fifty and twenty-five on the long shot. It looked like found money to me, and that's where the slit-up came. Fifteen hundred gone to glory, riding on the tip of the eyelash of a hypnotized skater!"

"Do you remember the men you betted with?" she asked.

"Guess I do," he replied with conviction. "The plunger I'd know anywhere, though he sat in a corner of the stand out of the way. I didn't see the face of the man who butted into your car on the road, but I've a sort of notion he was the same man who dropped the chicken feed my way for the hawks to come and pick up. The chaps who soaked me I could tell in a million."

She pushed a button, and Jack Mellish entered, to O'Rourke's bewilderment.

"Ginger!" groaned the latter, as if the ghost of his dead roll stood before him. A dozen questions leaped to the lips of Mellish.

"One moment," said Miss Pandora. "If you will wait a moment in the next room, Mr. Mellish, you may question him all you want later."

"You have pretty good eyes," she observed, looking at O'Rourke. "I want you to take a note to the Consolidated Bank downstairs. While you wait for an answer look round. If you see any one there you met at Dorville last Saturday, tell me when you come back. You need not let the person know you recognize him."

She scribbled a note asking Mr. Steeton to come to her in an hour's time. In five minutes O'Rourke was back, profound amaze in his eyes.

"Saints preserve us!" he exclaimed. "I thought this a big burg, but it is no bigger than Ballyonion in Connemara when ye're trying to lose the rent collector."

Mr. Steeton appeared punctually.

"I'd like to speak first about the Mellish affair," she said. "Mr. Steeton, the boy told the truth. The improbable tale was literally correct. He did not take the money, and what was traced to him he obtained just as he stated."

"But—" he began.

"Mr. Steeton," she continued in a grave, kindly voice, "we are both business people. You were generous the other day in speaking of Mellish and acceding to my request. I do not want to be beaten in that respect. Another employee of the bank left ten thousand dollars with the bookmakers at Dorville last Saturday."

"Who could it be?" he asked in bewilderment.

"We will not mention names," she replied. "Just step downstairs to the bank.

U.S. War Machine Breaks Down

Continued from page 34.

blank for the war; as the Government could not draft any of his gang—they were all over age."

I know a certain firm supplying the Army with fire wood, hay, oats, grain.

and tell your son what I say. You might mention further that the guilty person the man who smashed my car near Dorville last Saturday afternoon. I was coming down from Frampton and ran into the race crowd going home. Tell him all that I have the men within call who'd be the betting with the culprit. No one knows of this but myself, not even Mr. Mellish, and no one will get to know from me, unless it becomes necessary. When you ascertain all, you may be able to understand why the Fulcherville Company does not feel able to accommodate its guests to that of the Consolidated crowd."

He went away, and returned in half an hour. He seemed a broken man, aged years in moments. His eyes were dull, his face flushed. He could not speak.

"Never mind trying to say anything to Mr. Steeton," she said gently, "send him away where he will have to fight his way up, as you did. It may cure him of the supposition that the position he occupies standing on his father's shoulders, will due to his own brains and industry. Mellish should go back to you to-morrow, promoted, but for that gambling experience of his on Saturday. Let his escape from the trap he made for his own feet be his reward till he proves up without mistakably."

HERE was a new man in town, Mr. Steeton's place next morning, an Jack Mellish was back in his cage again. From that day the Consolidated seemed to take a new lease of life. It is said at Frampton that the new directorate is dominated by Mr. Steeton, the President, and Mr. Ezra Flaxton, and that the fraternity's cabalistic sign on the front door posts for the benefit of financial tramps—"hand-outs" easy, and bulldog's teeth gone," has been removed.

O'Rourke had the well-fitting mout that opens altogether or not at all, an not one syllable ever escaped him as to what happened the day he interviewed Miss Fulcher. He is a man of moment in Fulcherville where he presides over the stables, with great authority, dignity, and success, for he knows horses. McShane never ceases to be grateful to Miss Pandora for making, as he puts it, "a real man out of a gaudy monkey on a book marker's stick."

Jack Mellish is now assistant manager of the Frampton office of the bank, and Miss Pandora laments the loss of a mode secretary in Mary Marlowe.

Mr. Steeton has recently become an active supporter of women's suffrage. He says that a system which bars women like Miss Pandora Fulcher from equal privileges with men stands self-convicted and only babbling senility, or the jealousies of conscious inferiority or incurable male bone-headedness, can account for the archaic persistence of an anachronistic folly in this day of efficiency and cold sense. From which deliverance it may be deduced that he is back again in the full flower of his orotund eloquence and sound, if pompously expressed, wisdom.

For one week after Labor Day not a man of fourteen on their staff turned up.

Such instances could be multiplied by thousands.

Here and here only is the breakdown

in Uncle Sam's war machine. We may cuss Garfield. We may animadvert on Wilson's professional methods; but the real question is the drafting of labor for this war; and whether Garfield spiked the wheels of industry to let labor "eat of the fruit of its own doing," or stopped factory production because there was nothing else to do to avert deaths from cold. I do know that labor is to-day "eating of the fruits of its own doing" and will to-morrow starve on the ashes of Sodom of its own doing unless there is a remedy.

Is there a remedy?

A few years before Jim Hill, the wise man of the West died, I asked him that very question in this very connection. I quote part of his answer; and I wish I had taken it all down in letters of fire.

"You can never ram a ready-made remedy down the throat of a democracy. Water never rises above its source, nor a Government above its people. When the people learn that all the wages in the world will not buy a pound of food unless somebody has gone out and by hard work raised that food, there will be more people raise food, and fewer people tell others how to do it. Hunger is our only remedy and you will see it within twenty years."

AND we have surely learned that all the wealth of New York could not get coal because there was not enough coal. Garfield may be sacrificed to public clamor by the time these words appear; but his unexpected act has driven into our thick heads with sledge hammer force the simple fact that *we can win this war only by increased production and not by increased wages and shortened hours*. Tens of thousands of shivering people are going to do some hard thinking this winter; and a good many hundreds of thousands of consumers thrown out of work are coming back to the ranks of producers, which they ought never to have left. We are up against fuel shortage now. Will it be food next? Yes, it will, unless this lesson on fuel has brought us to our senses. Congressional howls over the breakdown in the War Machine won't remedy matters. *Labor and labor only has the fate of freedom in its hands.*

The Garden of Spices

Continued from page 30.

offer you a movie—and I'm afraid there isn't any ice cream either. I could have had some if I'd known you were coming. But I think Martha will be able to find something good."

A VERY old woman, who looked at Jims with great amazement, came out to set the table. Jims thought she must be as old as Methusaleh. But he did not mind her. He ran races with Black Prince while tea was being prepared, and rolled the delighted cat over and over in the grass. And he discovered a fragrant herb-garden in a far corner and was delighted. Now it was truly a garden of spices.

"Oh, it is so beautiful here," he told Miss Avery, who sat and looked at his revels with a hungry expression in her lovely eyes. "I wish I could come often."

"Why can't you?" said Miss Avery.

The two looked at each other with sly intelligence.

"I could come whenever Aunt Augusta shuts me up in the blue room," said Jims.

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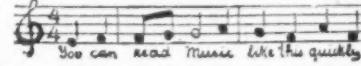
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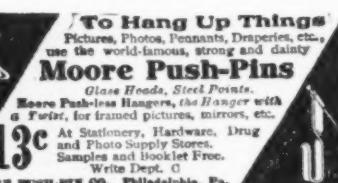
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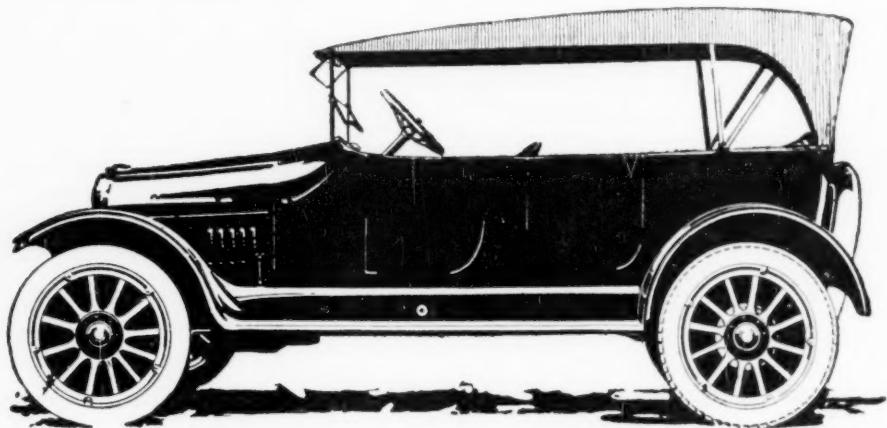
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Mention MacLean's Magazine—It will identify you.

"Yes," said Miss Avery. Then she laughed and held out her arms. Jims flew into them. He put his arms about her neck and kissed her scarred face.

"Oh, I wish you were my aunt," he said.

Miss Avery suddenly pushed him away. Jims was horribly afraid he had offended her. But she took his hand.

"We'll just be chums, Jims," she said. "That's really better than being relations, after all. Come and have tea."

Over that glorious tea-table they became life-long friends. They had always known each other and always would. The Black Prince sat between them and was fed tit-bits. There was such a lot of good things on the table and nobody to say "You have had enough, James." James ate until he thought he had enough. Aunt Augusta would have thought he was doomed, could she have seen him.

"I suppose I must go back," said Jims with a sigh. "It will be our supper time in half an hour and Aunt Augusta will come to take me out."

"But you'll come again?"

"Yes, the first time she shuts me up. And if she doesn't shut me up pretty soon I'll be so bad she'll have to shut me up."

"I'll always set a place for you at the tea-table after this, Jims. And when you're not here I'll pretend you are. And when you can't come here write me a letter and bring it when you do come."

"Good-bye," said Jims. He took her hand and kissed it. He had read of a young knight doing that and had always thought he would like to try it if he ever got a chance. But who could dream of kissing Aunt Augusta's hands?

"You dear, funny thing," said Miss Avery. "Have you thought of how you are to get back? Can you reach that pine bough from the ground?"

"Maybe I can jump," said Jims dubiously.

"I'm afraid not. I'll give you a stool and you can stand on it. Just leave it there for future use. Good-bye, Jims. Jims, two hours ago I didn't know there was such a person in the world as you—and now I love you—I love you."

Jims' heart filled with a great warm gush of gladness. He had always wanted to be loved. And no living creature, he felt sure, loved him, except his gobblor—and a gobblor's love is not very satisfying, though it is better than nothing. He was blissfully happy as he carried his stool across the lawn. He climbed his pine and went in at the window and curled up on the seat in a maze of delight. The blue room was more shadowy than ever but that did not matter. Over in the Garden of Spices was friendship and laughter and romance galore. The whole world was transformed for Jims.

FROM that time Jims lived a shamelessly double life. Whenever he was shut in the blue room he escaped to the Garden of Spices—and he was shut in very often, for, Mr. Burroughs being away, he got into a good deal of what Aunt Augusta called mischief. Besides, it is a sad truth that Jims didn't try very hard to be good now. He thought it paid better to be bad and be shut up. To be sure there was always a fly in the ointment. He was haunted by a vague fear that Aunt Augusta might relent and come to the blue room before supper time to let him out.

"And then the fat would be in the fire," said Jims.

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But he had a glorious summer and
throve so well on his new diet of love and
companionship that one day Uncle
Walter, with fewer sick children to think
about than usual, looked at him curiously
and said:

"Augusta, that boy seems to be growing
much stronger. He has a good color and
his eyes are getting to look more like a
boy's eyes should. We'll make a map of
you yet, Jims."

"He may be getting stronger but he's
getting naughtier, too," said Aunt Au-
gusta, grimly. "I am sorry to say,
Walter, that he behaves very badly."

"We were all young once," said Uncle
Walter indulgently.

"Were you?" asked Jims in blank
amazement.

Uncle Walter laughed.

"Do you think me an antediluvian,
Jims?"

"I don't know what *that* is. But your
hair is gray and your eyes are tired,"
said Jims uncompromisingly.

Uncle Walter laughed again, tossed
Jims a quarter, and went out.

"You uncle is only forty-five and in
his prime," said Aunt Augusta dourly.

Jims deliberately ran across the room
to the window and, under pretence of
looking out, knocked down a flower pot.
So he was exiled to the blue room and got
into his beloved Garden of Spices where
Miss Avery's beautiful eyes looked love
into his and the Black Prince was a jolly
playmate and old Martha petted and spoilt
him to her heart's content.

Jims never asked questions but he was
a wide-awake chap, and, taking one thing
with another, he found out a good deal
about the occupants of the old stone
house. Miss Avery never went anywhere
and no one ever went there. She lived
all alone with two old servants, man and
maid. Except these two and Jims no
body had ever seen her for twenty years.
Jims didn't know why, but he thought it
must be because of the scar on her face.

He never referred to it, but one day
Miss Avery told him what caused it.

"I dropped a lamp and my dress caught
fire and burned my face, Jims. It made
me hideous. I was beautiful before that—
very beautiful. Everybody said so.
Come in and I will show you my picture."

She took him into her big parlor and
showed him the picture hanging on the
wall between the two high windows. It
was of a young girl in white. She cer-
tainly was very lovely, with her rose-leaf
skin and laughing eyes. Jims looked at
the pictured face gravely, with his hands
in his pockets and his head on one side.
Then he looked at Miss Avery.

"You were prettier then—yes," he said,
judiciously, "but I like your face ever so
much better now."

"Oh, Jims, you can't," she protested.

"Yes, I do," persisted Jims. "You look
kinder and—nicer now."

It was the nearest Jims could get to
expressing what he felt as he looked at
the picture. The young girl was beauti-
ful, but her face was a little hard. There
was pride and vanity and something of
the insolence of great beauty in it. There
was nothing of that in Miss Avery's face
now—nothing but sweetness and tender-
ness, and a motherly yearning to which
every fibre of Jims small being responded.
How they loved each other, those two!
And how they understood each other! To
love is easy, and therefore common; but
to understand—how rare that is! And
oh! such good times as they had! They

made taffy. Jims had always longed to
make taffy, but Aunt Augusta's immacu-
late kitchen and saucepans might not be
so desecrated. They read fairy tales to-
gether. Mr. Burroughs had disapproved
of fairy tales. They blew soap-bubbles
out on the lawn and let them float away
over the garden and the orchard like fairy
balloons. They had glorious afternoon
teas under the beech tree. They made ice
cream themselves. Jims even slid down
the bannisters when he wanted to. And
he could try out a slang word or two occa-
sionally without anybody dying of hor-
ror. Miss Avery did not seem to mind it
a bit.

AT first Miss Avery always wore dark
sombre dresses. But one day Jims
found her in a pretty gown of pale prim-
rose silk. It was very old and old-fash-
ioned, but Jims did not know that. He
cared round her in delight.

"You like me better in this?" she asked,
wistfully.

"I like you just as well, no matter what
you wear," said Jims, "but that dress is
awfully pretty."

"Would you like me to wear bright
colors, Jims?"

"You bet I would," said Jims emphati-
cally.

After that she always wore them—pink
and primrose and blue and white; and
she let Jims wreath flowers in her splen-
did hair. He had quite a knack of it. She
never wore any jewlry except, always, a
little gold ring with a design of two
clasped hands.

"A friend gave that to me long ago
when we were boy and girl together at
school," she told Jims once. "I never
take it off, night or day. When I die
it is to be buried with me."

"You mustn't die till I do," said Jims
in dismay.

"Oh, Jims, if we could only live to-
gether nothing else would matter," she
said hungrily. "Jims—Jims—I see so
little of you really—and some day soon
you'll be going to school—and I'll lose
you."

"I've got to think of some way to pre-
vent it," cried Jims. "I won't have it. I
won't—I won't."

But his heart sank notwithstanding.

One day Jims slipped from the blue
room, down the pine and across the lawn
with a tear-stained face.

"Aunt Augusta is going to kill my
gobbler," he sobbed in Miss Avery's arms.
"She says she isn't going to bother with
him any longer—and he's getting old—and
he's to be killed. And that gobbler is the
only friend I have in the world except you.
Oh, I can't stand it. Miss Avery."

EXT day Aunt Augusta told him the
gobbler had been sold and taken
away. And Jims flew into a passion of
tears and protest about it and was
promptly incarcerated in the blue room.
A few minutes later a sobbing boy plung-
ed through the trees—and stopped
abruptly. Miss Avery was reading under
the beech and the Black Prince was
snoozing on her knee—and a big, magni-
ficent, bronze turkey was parading about
on the lawn, twisting his huge fan of a
tail this way and that.

"My gobbler!" cried Jims.

"Yes. Martha went to your uncle's
house and bought him. Oh, she didn't
betray you. She told Nancy Jane she
wanted a gobbler and, having seen one
over there, thought perhaps she could get

Walter Jackson Decides Quick

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turers of his community; with his lawyer and clergyman. Jackson has civic honors, and could get into federal polities if he chose, for he is a leader. And if you ask Jackson where he gets his information, he will tell you: "I read specialized publications."

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him. See here's your pet, Jims, and here he shall live till he dies of old age. And I have something else for you—Edward and Martha went across the river yesterday to the Murray Kennels and got it for you."

"Not a dog?" exclaimed Jims.

"Yes—a dear little bull pup. He shall be your very own, Jims, and I only stipulate that you reconcile the Black Price to him."

IT was something of a task but Jims succeeded. Then followed a month of perfect happiness. At least three afternoons a week they contrived to be together. It was all too good to be true, Jims felt. Something would happen soon to spoil it. Just suppose Aunt Augusta grew tender-hearted and ceased to punish! Or suppose she suddenly discovered that he was growing too big to be shut up! Jims began to stint himself in eating lest he grew too fast. And then Aunt Augusta worried about his loss of appetite and suggested to Uncle Walter that he should be sent to the country till the hot weather was over. Jims didn't want to go to the country now because his heart was elsewhere. He must eat again, if he grew like a weed. It was all very harassing.

Uncle Walter looked at him keenly.

"It seems to me you're looking pretty fit, Jims. Do you want to go to the country?"

"No, please."

"Are you happy, Jims?"

"Sometimes."

"A boy should be happy all the time, Jims."

"If I had a mother and someone to play with I would be."

"I have tried to be a mother to you, Jims," said Aunt Augusta, in an offended tone. Then she addressed Uncle Walter. "A younger woman would probably understand him better. And I feel that the care of this big place is too much for me. I would prefer to go to my own old home. If you had married long ago, as you should, Walter, James would have had a mother and some cousins to play with. I have always been of this opinion."

Uncle Walter frowned and got up.

"Just because one woman played you false is no good reason for spoiling your life," went on Aunt Augusta severely. "I have kept silence all these years but now I am going to speak—and speak plainly. You should marry, Walter. You are young enough yet and you owe it to your name."

"Listen, Augusta," said Uncle Walter sternly. "I loved a woman once. I believed she loved me. She sent me back my ring one day and with it a message saying she had ceased to care for me and bidding me never to try to look upon her face again. Well, I have obeyed her, that it all."

"There was something strange about all that, Walter. The life she has since led proves that. So you should not let it embitter you against all women."

"I haven't. It's nonsense to say I'm a woman hater, Augusta. But that experience has robbed me of the power to care for another woman."

"Well, this isn't a proper conversation for a child to hear," said Aunt Augusta, recollecting herself. "Jims, go out."

Jims would have given one of his ears to stay and listen with the other. But he went obediently.

And then, the very next day, the dreaded something happened.

IT was the first of August and very, very hot. Jims was late coming to dinner and Aunt Augusta reproved him and Jims, deliberately, and with malice aforethought, told her he thought she was a nasty old woman. He had never been saucy to Aunt Augusta before. But it was three days since he had seen Miss Avery and the Black Prince and Nip and he was desperate. Aunt Augusta crimsoned with anger and doomed Jims to an afternoon in the blue room for impertinence.

"And I shall tell your uncle when he comes home," she added.

That rankled, for Jims didn't want Uncle Walter to think him impertinent. But he forgot all his worries as he scampered through the Garden of Spices to the beech tree. And there Jims stopped as if he had been shot. Prone on the grass under the beech tree, white and cold and still, lay his Miss Avery—dead, stone dead!

At least Jims thought she was dead. He flew into the house like a mad thing, shrieking for Martha. Nobody answered. Jims recollects, with a rush of sickening dread, that Miss Avery had told him Martha and Edward were going away that day to visit a sister. He rushed blindly across the lawn again, through the little side gate he had never passed before and down the street home. Uncle Walter was just opening the door of his car.

"Uncle Walter—come—come," sobbed Jims, clutching frantically at his hand. "Miss Avery's dead—dead—oh, come quick."

"Who is dead?"

"Miss Avery—Miss Avery Garland. She's lying on the grass over there in her garden. And I love her so—and I'll die, too—oh, Uncle Walter, come."

Uncle Walter looked as if he wanted to ask some questions, but he said nothing. With a strange face he hurried after Jims. Miss Avery was still lying there. As Uncle Walter bent over her he saw the broad red scar and started back with an exclamation.

"She is dead?" gasped Jims.

"No," said Uncle Walter, bending down again—"no, she has only fainted, Jims—overcome by the heat, I suppose. I want help. Go and call somebody."

"There's no one home here to-day," said Jims, in a spasm of joy so great that it shook him like a leaf.

"Then go home and telephone over to Mr. Loring's. Tell them I want the nurse who is there to come here for a few minutes."

JIMS did his errand. Uncle Walter and the nurse carried Miss Avery into the house and then Jims went back to the blue room. He was so unhappy he didn't care where he went. He wished something would jump at him out of the bed and put an end to him. Everything was discovered now and he would never see Miss Avery again. Jims lay very still on the window seat. He did not even cry. He had come to one of the griefs that lie too deep for tears.

"I think I must have been put under a curse at birth," thought poor Jims.

OVER at the stone house Miss Avery was lying on the couch in her room. The nurse had gone away and Dr. Walter was sitting looking at her. He leaned forward and pulled away the hand with

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which she was hiding the scar on her face. He looked first at the little gold ring on the hand and then at the scar.

"Don't," she said piteously.

"Avery—why did you do it?—why did you do it?"

"Oh, you know—you must know now, Walter."

"Avery, did you break my heart and spoil my life—and your own—simply because your face was scarred?"

"I couldn't bear to have you see me hideous," she moaned. "You had been so proud of my beauty. I—I—thought you couldn't love me any more—I couldn't bear the thought of looking in your eyes and seeing aversion there."

Walter Grant leaned forward.

"Look in my eyes, Avery. Do you see any aversion?"

Avery forced herself to look. What she saw covered her face with a hot blush.

"Did you think my love such a poor and superficial thing, Avery," he said sternly, "that it must vanish because a blemish came on your fairness? Do you think that would change me? Was your own love for me so slight?"

"No—no," she sobbed. "I have loved you every moment of my life, Walter. Oh, don't look at me so sternly."

"If you had even told me," he said. "You said I was never to try to look on your face again—and they told me you had gone away. You sent me back my ring."

"I kept the old one," she interrupted, holding out her hand, "the first one you ever gave me—do you remember, Walter? When we were boy and girl."

"You robbed me of all that made life worth while, Avery. Do you wonder that I've been a bitter man?"

"I was wrong—I was wrong," she sobbed. "But I should have believed in you. But don't you think I've paid, too? Forgive me, Walter—it's too late to atone—but forgive me."

"Is it too late?" he asked gravely.

She pointed to the scar.

"Could you endure seeing this opposite to you every day at your table?" she asked bitterly.

"Yes—if I could see your sweet eyes and your beloved smile with it, Avery," he answered passionately. "Oh, Avery, it was *you* I loved—not your outward favor. Oh, how foolish you were—foolish and morbid! You always put too high a value on beauty, Avery. If I had dreamed of the true state of the case—if I had known you were here all these years—why I heard a rumor long ago that you had married, Avery—but if I had known I would have come to you and *made* you sensible."

She gave a little laugh at his lame conclusion. That was so like the old Walter. Then her eyes filled with tears as he took her in his arms.

THE door of the blue room opened. Jims did not look up. It was Aunt Augusta, of course—and she had heard the whole story.

"Jims, boy."

Jims lifted his miserable eyes. It was Uncle Walter—but a different Uncle Walter—an Uncle Walter with laughing eyes and a strange radiance of youth about him.

"Poor, lonely little fellow," said Uncle Walter unexpectedly. "Jims, would you like Miss Avery to come *here*—and live with us always—and be your real aunt?"

"Great snakes!" said Jims, transformed in a second. "Is there any chance of that?"

"There is a certainty, thanks to you," said Uncle Walter. "You can go over to see her for a little while. Don't talk her to death—she's weak yet—and attend to that menagerie of yours over there—she's worrying because the bulldog and gobbler weren't fed—and, Jims—"

But Jims had swung down through the pine and was tearing across the Garden of Spices.

On Leave

Continued from page 32.

They were at the front or dead or scattered to the four winds. The staffs of the newspapers had shrunk and there wasn't a man on the whole street who knew me or had ever heard of me or cared a ha'penny what became of me. This is the sad experience of many Canadians on leave in London. There is no one to welcome them but the harpies. I wasn't even able to find a familiar face among the barmaids at the Dutch Tavern and so drank a lonely and lugubrious Scotch and soda.

What I did with myself during my two weeks is of no interest to anyone but myself. I finally got into touch with a couple of friends. One was an officer in the Northumberland Fusiliers—he got into trouble for running around with a Tommy, by the way—and the other was just back from the East African business, a complete wreck with about nineteen different kinds of fever. The latter was pending discharge and seemed ambitious to go then to France. There is no accounting for tastes.

Well, we had a grand time and saw everything, including an air raid. At least I would have seen the raid had I been sure what it was. I was in bed at the time and was awakened by people running around the house in a state of great excitement. I figured at first that the

house was afire, but I remembered that I was on the first floor with an iron balcony outside the window. Two blankets and a sheet would lower me down. I sniffed for smoke but couldn't find any so I decided the danger wasn't great and resumed sweet sleep. I was awakened again by the bugles blowing for "all clear" and went downstairs in time to find everyone else returning from the "tube" where they had taken refuge. Two bombs had dropped about two hundred yards away from the house. After all, that was perhaps the best way to see an air raid.

Going back to the lines is much the same as coming out except that the pace is accelerated. The trains move with more speed because the returning Tommy has to report on time.

It is far different in the spirit shown. There is no particular enthusiasm on the trains. Men sit still with far-away looks, their thoughts obviously are back in England. I fancied even that the people who watched our train as it steamed through the towns, regarded us differently. They had cheered us like mad on our way out, or so it had seemed to us. Their cheers on the way back—they always cheer us—seemed less spontaneous, a little despondent. Perhaps it was just the way we felt.

The Canadians in Mesopotamia

Continued from page 17.

could recover so soon from your defeat. The size of your army and the completeness of your equipment was a revelation."

He was much surprised when he was told that the fleet of boats on the river had been increased fifteen times over in a few months and a railroad built up behind the lines. "It was well handled," was the only comment he made.

THE Turkish prisoners, on the other hand, talked freely. They were not as war weary as had been expected, for the Turk after all is a born fighting man and likes it. They expressed aversion for the German officers as individuals, but were full of admiration for what they had done in the organization of the Turkish army. Little news could be gleaned with reference to the captured troops of General Townsend. They were at Aleppo and many of them had died from typhus and cholera. Beyond that the Turks could give no information.

A Turkish hospital-ship was captured on the river above Kut. It was filled with wounded Turks and a few British wounded who had been captured before the rout. The boat was turned and sent down stream to Busra. On the way down typhus broke out. So prompt were the measures taken, however, that it was stamped out before a man was landed.

The medical service, the weakest point in the first campaign, was well nigh perfect in the second. Contagious diseases were kept down and the wounded and sick got prompt and splendid attention. Ninety per cent. of the cases were medical—cholera, dysentery, malaria and heat stroke. The weather was a more deadly enemy than Johnny Turk at all stages of the campaign.

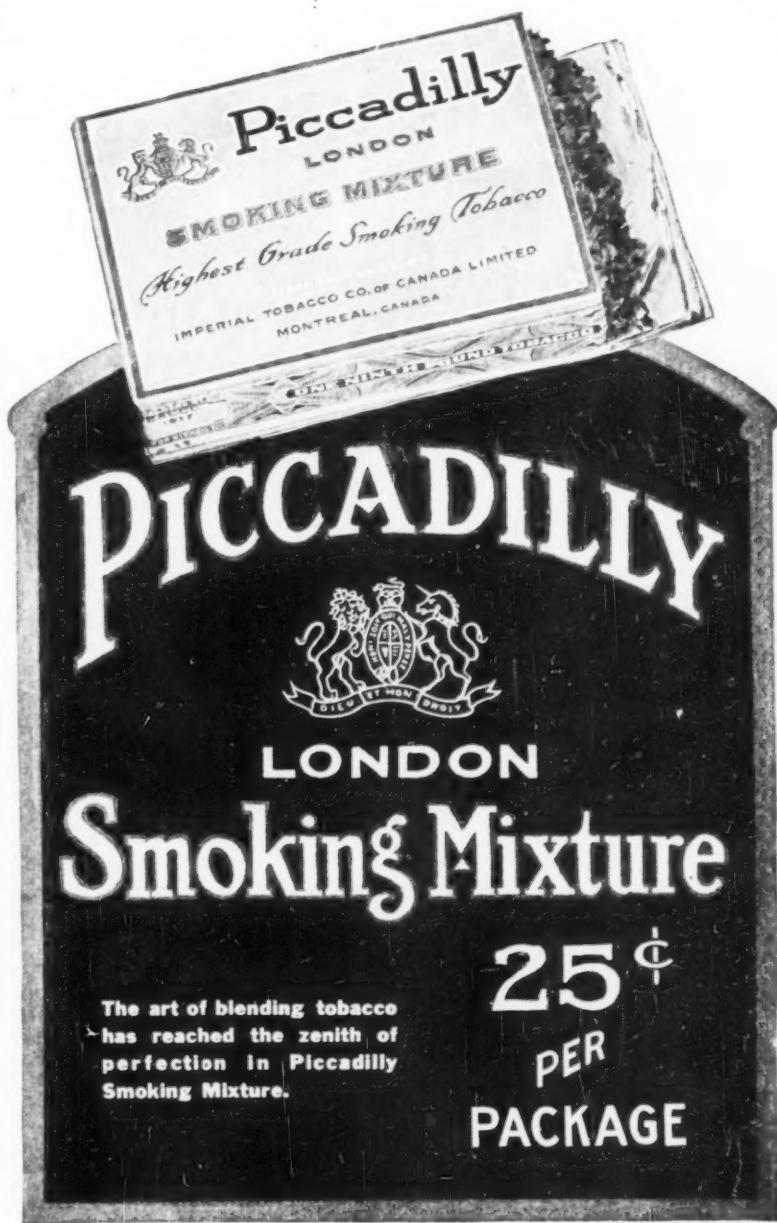
A Canadian officer was placed in charge of a hospital-ship which had been one of the original ten in the first campaign. The captain had served right through and was still seething with memories of the mistakes made by the Indian command. The Mesopotamian report was out by this time and some word as to the nature of it had leaked through the censor.

"It doesn't cover the case," grunted the captain, one evening as he paced the deck with the doctor. "I remember once during the hardest fighting they loaded this boat with wounded troops. Some of them hadn't even received first aid. They were in bad shape, the most of them. So many had to be put on the boat that they were lying everywhere—out on the deck in the hot sun without covering and between decks where the heat was stifling. There wasn't a medical man sent along—none could be spared. It took us a week to get down stream to the hospital base and many of the men died on the way. All we could do was to drop them overboard with a bit of prayer."

THE campaign moved rapidly after the capture of the Turks at Kut. This smashing blow had broken the back of the Ottoman force and little difficulty was experienced in shoving them back on Baghdad.

General Maude, who commanded the forces, had the utmost confidence of the whole army. Having been in Canada for some years as Aide-de-Camp at Rideau

Continued on page 104.



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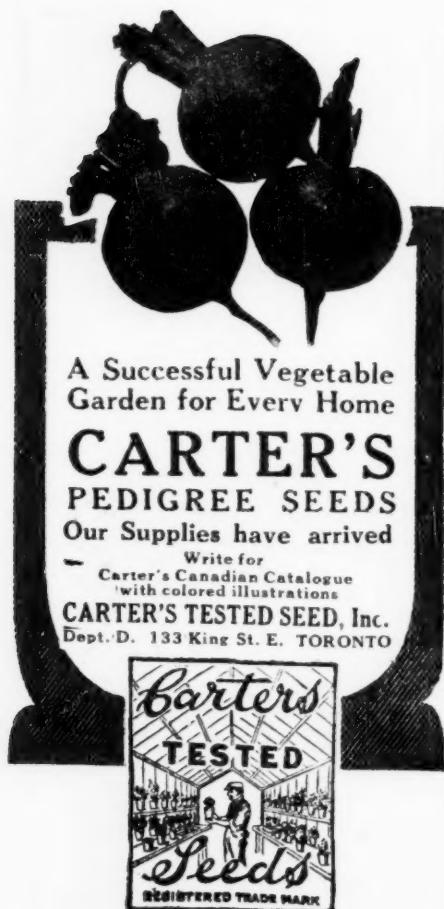
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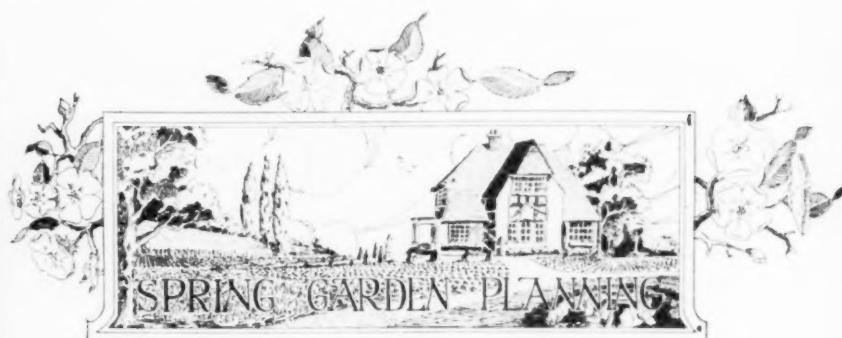
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Our Patriotic Patch

By John R. Avery

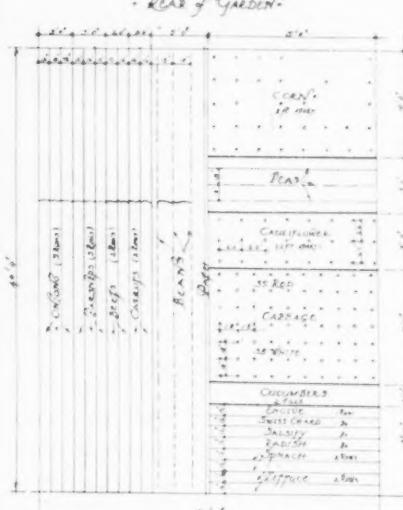
“FIGURES and facts stand ready to prove that millions of dollars could be saved this year if each consumer in large and small towns would make his home plot or an adjoining vacant lot into a family garden.”

We had heard this and it hadn't impressed us much. We had always bought whatever vegetables we wanted in addition to what we grew in a plot about twenty feet square in a corner of the back yard, and we had never considered the expenditure serious. As for what it would mean in actual food conservation it didn't seem as though the growing of green garden stuff would go far to relieve the hunger of the fighting men or the starving people in France and Belgium. Even for ourselves at home we had never thought of vegetables, barring potatoes, of course, as being of any use except to give a little variety to the bill-of-fare when they first came into season, so no wonder we had found our own little patch and the corner grocery sufficient for our needs. Last year, however, we made some discoveries. We heard specialists explain with apparent authority how materially the Empire could be helped by every man farming his own backyard and as much additional land as possible, and we wanted to do our bit. We

expected it would be an expensive venture, but we were prepared for that; even if the fertilizer should cost more than the crop would be worth we had not forgotten the predicament of Midas with his baked potato; we might want food more than money before we saw the winter through.

And the specialist made it plain that a family could live pretty largely from a garden during the summer. In several countries they do it the year round, but their gardens are not limited to mere condimental plants like onions and leeks and radishes. They seem to have an instinctive understanding of the chemical make-up of the edible part of every vegetable, which is only a natural thing after all. If we eat the seed of a plant, as in the case of beans or peas or corn, we get the part where the nutriment is stored ready to feed the young plant until it is old enough to take food from the soil itself. The legumes, beans and peas, go a step farther than this since they have the faculty of taking from the air the nitrogen or essential building element, leaving part of it in the ground to enrich the soil and storing the rest within themselves. This means that even in the green beans and peas we get a small amount of protein or building food while the dried seeds can be classed as real substitutes for meat. The roots of vegetables like beets, carrots, parsnips and salsify or vegetable oyster are the plants' storing-places for starch and sugar so (although their nutriment is in a comparatively diluted form) they can be taken as real savers of wheat, as well as carriers of iron and other health-preserving minerals. In the green vegetables or plants where the leaves and parts above ground are eaten, the mineral salts and acids are, of course, the most valuable constituent, but experience has taught us that while lettuce and onions and spinach and asparagus and Swiss chard and the dozen other varieties of succulent food plants now making up a good Canadian garden may not contain much actual nutriment themselves, they keep the system in condition to get the complete benefit from other staple foods, and their tonic quality goes to make up a very passable bill-of-fare with other less appetizing but more nutritious foods.

Taking these facts into consideration we planned to have a garden with a good variety of vegetables. This is where the beginner has to be careful; we realized that we were beginners, but we had at least the advantage of some of our neighbors' experience. We had seen little backyard patches about the size of a sun-dial



Plan of our backyard garden. This was planted in addition to the special war plot.

Mention MacLean's Magazine—It will identify you.

containing three or four of everything from parsley sprigs to cabbages and scarcely enough of anything to make one meal during the season; and we had also seen acres of war gardens with rows upon rows of lettuce and radishes and spinach and cress going to waste without even being picked, while the people who planted them would be buying potatoes before the middle of the winter. We decided to plant no more of the perishable things than we could use or give away or save by canning, and to plant as much as we could possibly take care of, of the winter vegetables—potatoes and parsnips and beets and carrots and salsify and white beans for drying, all of which could be easily stored. We also wanted a surplus of green peas and sweet corn for canning and drying, and enough tomatoes and cucumbers and string beans and asparagus and cauliflower and spinach and Swiss chard to keep the table supplied throughout their seasons with a few extra quarts to be canned each week and put away for a winter delicacy.

Of course, our regular little back yard space would not begin to furnish room for all this, besides we belonged to the "War Production Club" of the town and had already rented a quarter-acre plot of new land along the river flats, which, it was prophesied, would bring forth an increase like the fertile banks of the Nile. This, it would seem, should be enough to satisfy most people, but the garden fever possessed us and we argued, logically enough, that since the war plots were nearly a mile from home it might be a matter of considerable convenience to have a few vegetables growing at the back door as well, and if we could cultivate an extra quarter-acre away from home we would surely dig up a few more feet of earth right at our door and have a garden of some little consequence right under our eyes—and the eyes of our neighbors. So we enlarged our back yard patch from twenty feet square to thirty by forty feet, and laid it out for more intensive planting than we had ever done before. When we came to the first dry spell of the summer we learned that the advantage of close planting is not only that you get more on a given area, but the plants shade the soil and help to keep it moist, a very important point in most places. We used a little more fertilizer on account of the extra demands on the soil, but the extra yield more than repaid us for that.

The two-garden arrangement proved to be an ideal plan, since we hadn't enough ground for a large garden convenient to the house. In the home garden we grew a little of everything that should be used perfectly fresh, and we tried to get enough of the things we particularly liked, and not too much of the things we didn't care so much about. This is one advantage of planning your own garden—you can make it to suit your own needs, and our plan is shown here not as a model but as an example of one way of planning a garden. We also kept in the home patch the quick-growing things which do not require a whole season to mature, and which must be planted two or more times in order to have them through the whole season. The war plot was left for potatoes, beans, onions, parsnips, beets, cauliflower, cabbage, turnips, squashes, tomatoes and other vegetables which require the ground for a whole season and which we wanted in rather large quantities to store for winter, to can, or to sell or give away. We found that the most profitable

RENNIE'S War Garden SEEDS

EVERY owner of garden space must help to grow food for his family this year, as a patriotic and personal duty. It is a vital wartime necessity. He must be doubly sure the seeds he selects will produce the most vigorous possible crops. In other words, he must plant Rennie's seeds, indisputably the standard of high quality, dependability and unquestioned purity. Rennie's War Garden Seeds are pledged to help win the war.

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We give herewith a suggestion of seeds recommended for early planting but study your catalogue.

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LOOK FOR THE STARS

Our 1918 Catalogue is the guide to successful war gardening. Consult it at every opportunity. Watch especially the special bargains enclosed in a star border, such as encloses this paragraph. When buying from dealers insist on Rennie's Seeds.

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vegetables to grow for sale are beans, beets, cabbages, carrots, parsnips, Swiss chard and tomatoes.

However, we were not growing vegetables to sell; as everyone else seemed to be gardening, too, it looked as though the market might be very dull. Neither did we keep a sufficiently accurate account of our expenditures for seeds, tools, fertilizers, bug-destroyers and other sundry necessities, or of our returns in the shape of a harvested crop, to say just how the venture has placed us financially. We only know that we will have potatoes to last at least until our own bloom again next year, that we are still burrowing in boxes of sand for our own carrots and parsnips and vegetable oysters, that we can have Boston baked beans for Saturday night supper each week.

The Canadians in Mesopotamia

Continued from page 101.

Hall, he took a special interest in the Canadians on the staff. Every time he learned that any member of the staff was from Canada he would single him out and have a short chat. "I'm always glad to get men from Canada," he often said, "but I can't help pitying you. This climate must be hard on you Canadians. It's not so bad for the rest of us."

The entry into Baghdad was a tremendous and picturesque event. Baghdad today is, of course, a far different city from the Baghdad of the Arabian nights. It is modern in the Oriental sense—a sprawly city of noisy bazaars and crumbling minarets and unnecessary walls. Fully 50,000 of the inhabitants are Jews and Armenians who have suffered long under Turkish rule. The reception they gave the British troops was one of heart-felt enthusiasm. The rest of the population, Arabs, mostly, showed a degree of restraint at the time, but later—when they became convinced that the British were there to stay—they gathered enthusiasm rapidly.

The day before Baghdad fell one hundred German officers left on the railroad to Mosul. Before going they did as much damage as they could. The wireless station—reputed to be the finest and most complete in the world—was completely wrecked. With typical German humor the fleeing Teutons had lingered long enough to leave messages on the walls of the wrecked station. "Gott Strafe England!" was printed in huge red letters. In one place was a painting of a German Zepp dropping bombs on St. Paul's. There were, in fact, a series of cartoons depicting the fate of the British and all their works.

THE Canadians who have returned from that front declare that Mesopotamia is well worth keeping. They believe it can be made into a fertile, productive country. The great necessity is a broad system of irrigation.

At present Mesopotamia is a date-growing country. Practically all its wealth emanates from the shipping of dates, and before the war Busra was monopolized by the date interests.

The climate, however, makes three crops a year a certainty in all cereals and vegetables. The Canadian officers, finding the army fare monotonous and at

times insufficient, started to raise vegetables in little plots of ground back of the hospitals. The results were marvelous. Vegetables, all vegetables, shot up out of the earth and reached an early and fine maturity. It was necessary to keep them watered and the intense Mesopotamian sun did the rest. These Canadians assert that all grains, even wheat, could be grown, there; provided, of course, that proper irrigation plans are carried out.

It will be recalled that the Garden of Eden was supposed to have been located somewhere near the junction of the Tigris and the Euphrates. Under Turkish misrule and the indolence of its inhabitants Mesopotamia has become a country of parched land and desert stretches. A decade of progressive rule, British rule, will suffice to establish again a tropical Eden all the way from Baghdad to the sea.

Defending Our Army Heads

Kitchener's Foresight and Haig's Thoroughness Saved the Cause.

THE Empire has been stirred by the controversy between the army heads and the political heads that has recently broken out in England. The strongest defender of the General Staff against the interfering politicians is L. J. Maxse, editor of the *National Review*. In dealing with the problem, Mr. Maxse demonstrates that the foresightedness of Lord Kitchener and the thoroughness of Haig and Robertson have saved the Allied cause from certain disaster. It is particularly interesting to note that Kitchener's conception of a long war was derived, even by the French; just as the predictions made in *The Financial Post* at the same time by

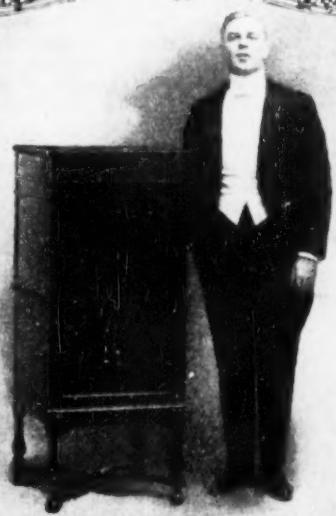
Colonel Maclean were derided in Canada.

The article reads in part:

1917 has been a great year for the British army—possibly the greatest of its history, though there is every reason to hope and believe that still greater periods are to come. What we have achieved is, however, sufficiently remarkable, reflecting as it does the utmost credit on the Imperial General Staff, upon whom has devolved the responsibility for the plans of campaign in several widely separated fields, as well as upon the various Commanders-in-Chief, pre-eminently Sir Douglas Haig, whose tremendous task has been rendered yet vaster by the hopeless collapse of Russia this summer and the disaster to Italy this autumn. This is no moment for national self-glorification, as we are in the stress of the war and critical times lie ahead, but Englishmen may point with pardonable pride to

Continued on page 110.

The OFFICIAL LABORATORY MODEL IN AN EXQUISITE WALNUT CABINET



An actual photograph of Thomas Chalmers of the Metropolitan Opera Company singing in direct comparison with the New Edison. This is the famous tone test which proves that the voices of artist and instrument are indistinguishable.

Over 30 great artists have conducted these tests; more than 2,000,000 people have attended them. And in not one instance has a listener been able to note a shade of difference between the two renditions. Not one has succeeded in detecting when the living voice ceased and the instrument continued alone.

Mr. Chalmers, one of the world's greatest baritones has scored a tremendous success in his roles this winter. His interpretation of Valentine in *Faust* is acclaimed by the critics as one which will occupy a prominent page in the history of operatic music.

IT was in response to a strongly felt demand that we recently concluded to offer the Official Laboratory Model in a walnut cabinet, in addition to the popular Chippendale. To tell you how we developed the cabinet, which is pictured on this page, may throw some light on the methods of the Edison Laboratories.

We began by asking the country's leading makers to submit designs. Forty different sketches were offered. After a careful inspection we rejected twenty-five. That left fifteen; every one of them a handsome model. But we wanted the best, the most beautiful cabinet possible to secure. So we had fifteen different models actually constructed, one from each sketch. A jury then weighed their respective claims and finally the model you see was selected. Thus thirty-nine designs were rejected that the most beautifully proportioned cabinet of its period might grace your drawing room.

This process of elimination characterizes every step in the manufacture of our instruments. 2,400 different materials, for example, were tried and rejected before we finally found the best material for the diamond stylus reproducer.

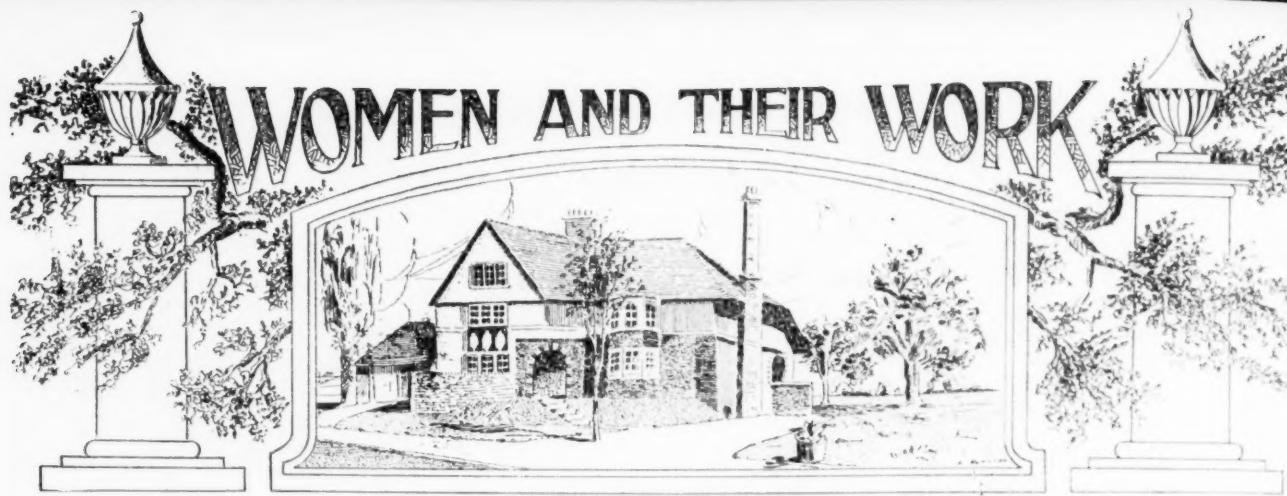
See the new William and Mary Model at your dealer's. Price \$350. Send for our Magazine "Along Broadway." It's packed with interesting musical information, in addition to data about

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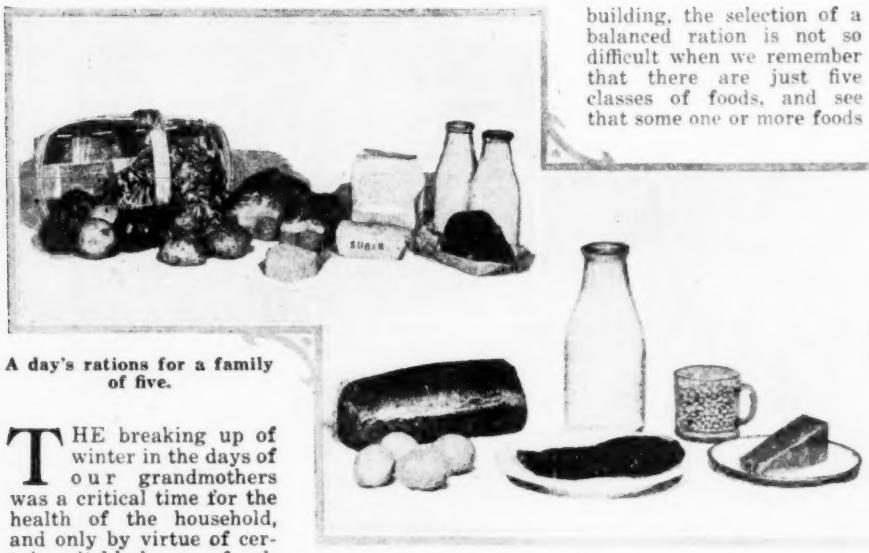
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Menu-Building Between Seasons



A day's rations for a family of five.

THE breaking up of winter in the days of our grandmothers was a critical time for the health of the household, and only by virtue of certain witch's brews of sulphur and molasses and cream of tartar were the family carried safely through to spring. The generally accepted theory explaining the danger was that the blood had become thickened by the winter's cold and must be thinned by a purging of acid and brimstone to be ready for the warming up of spring. This may have been true — in these days of extreme free thinking one hesitates to dispute another old tradition. An equally logical explanation, however, seems to be that the fresh fruits and vegetables which keep the whole system purified of its poisonous wastes are at this season running low in both quantity and quality, and that most of our foods are deteriorating a little in flavor so the appetite flags. A little touching up here and there to tempt the palate, and an intelligent substitution of lighter but equally nourishing foods for those more heating and difficult for the eliminative organs to take care of, can work a spell as magic as the sulphur and molasses concoctions of our ancestors. It requires just a little more chemistry and artistry to plan a complete and healthful and appetizing bill of fare at this time of the year. Fortunately the necessity of saving the staples wheat, beef, bacon and sugar for export will not be a serious handicap because the diet just now can be made more wholesome if less of these concentrated foods are used.

The first step in the process of menu-

building, the selection of a balanced ration is not so difficult when we remember that there are just five classes of foods, and see that some one or more foods

poisonous waste in the system — rather difficult for the eliminative organs to get rid of — which was possibly the greatest reason for the need of our grandmothers' sulphur and treacle. It is fortunate that we are just coming to the season when

fresh eggs are plentiful and at their best for quality. By cooking in a variety of ways the family will not tire of them as a rather constant substitute for meat. If the season is still a little early for fresh fish the salt and smoked fish may be served in most appetizing creamed dishes, chowders and scallops. Cheese dishes requiring eggs, such as soufflés and fondues will not be so expensive since eggs are becoming more plentiful, and it is a point worthy of every housekeeper's attention that any cheese dish, whether the cheese is used in combination with eggs, macaroni, rice or other starchy food, is made both more appetizing and digestible by serving with an acid sauce such as tomato. Beans either baked, creamed or simply boiled may also be used more to take the place of meat, and with these again a cup of tomato juice or a seasoning of tomato catsup will give a zest to the flavor and pep to the digestion.

With the starchy foods we may begin with the cereals. A few people feel that oatmeal is too "heating" for anything but a winter diet. It is quite possible that much of the heating quality comes from the cream and sugar with which the dish of oatmeal is loaded before eating, and that oatmeal could be made a year-round breakfast food with considerable benefit to most people. In planning a bill of fare for a time when the appetite needs some humoring, however, it is better to have some variety even in such staples as breakfast foods. Much as we may like the various wheat preparations we can sacrifice our appetites enough to leave

from each class are served at each meal, or at least once a day. The kinds of foods available at this time and the special dietary needs of the season present a few little problems, but with careful planning it is not difficult to work around these.

Of the protein or muscle-building foods we may have used considerable beef and pork during the winter, notwithstanding the patriotic need of cutting down our allowance. Now, whether we have any conscientious scruples or not the meat supply must be reduced for the sake of health. Any excess of meat, or the protein which is not actually needed to build or repair the body tissues becomes a

PROTEINS	CARBOHYDRATES	FATS & OILS	MINERAL SALTS AND WATER	VITAMINS
Build and Repair Tissue	Furnish Heat and Energy	Heat and Energy and Store Heat in Fatty Tissue	Regulate Body Processes	Life-giving Elements Essential to Health
Meat	Starches and Sugars:	Fats of Meats and Fish:	Vegetables	In husks, germ and skin of cereals and fruits Examples: Bran
Fish	Rice	Butter	Fruits	Whole cereals, as old-fashioned oat-meal and corn-meal, real graham and whole wheat flour. Unpolished Rice
Eggs	Corn	Cream	Eggs	Uncooked Milk
Milk	Potatoes	Lard	Small amounts in all foods. Largest amounts in: Spinach, greens	Nuts. Apples and Potatoes eaten with skins on
Cheese	Macaroni	Oleomargarine	Beets, Onion	Greatest number in yeast
Dried Beans	Tapioca	Bacon	Celery, Cabbage	
Dried Peas	Sago	Nuts	Lettuce, Apples	
Dried Lentils	Dates	Olive-oil	Lemons, Oranges	
Wheat, Oats (in bread and cereals)	Figs	Corn	Prunes, Raisins	
Nuts	Raisins	Alligator Peas	Figs, Dates, Grapes	
	Prunes	Chocolate	Milk, Egg Yolks	
	Honey			
	Molasses			
	Candy			
	Chocolate			
	Bananas			

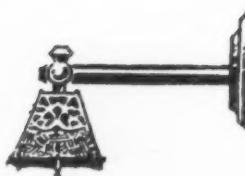
them for those who need wheat more than we do, and having given up wheat we will find our next staple in corn. The reason some people do not like cornmeal porridge is that they do not have it sufficiently cooked. Cornmeal that has been boiled for five minutes and then cooked slowly until every starch granule has swelled and burst, is as light and jelly-like as the finest wheat farina, and any left over can be fried for lunch or supper. Rice may be used occasionally for the sake of variety, but it must be remembered that rice is made up almost entirely of starch and does not contain the valuable protein and fat found in oatmeal and cornmeal.

So much has been said about saving wheat and white flour that it seems only repetition to emphasize the need. At the close of the winter, when we are trying to do a little housecleaning of the digestive system, however, it happens that we actually need the coarser breads, corn cake and Johnny cake, and bran gems and oatmeal bread and biscuits and any other breads made from a flour or meal containing a considerable quantity of the outer layers of the grain. It is fortunate for the health of the Canadian people that it has been made compulsory for millers to include more of these coarser layers of the grain in the flour; it carries a promise of the sweet, wholesome, yellowish loaf of our grandmothers' when the flour was ground out in an old stone mill. Another of the starch foods available in any quantity this spring is the potato. Because there is no potato famine we may not care particularly for what was a real luxury last year, but as every potato used helps to save bread, it is one of the housekeeper's problems to practise a variety of ways of cooking these valuable savers of wheat.

One difficulty in building the right kind of menus for the late winter and early spring season is that just when we need the special tonic qualities of fresh vegetables and fruits, most vegetables and fruits are difficult to get and not by any means at their best. The stored winter vegetables that wither and shrivel up at the close of the winter, like carrots and parsnips, may have the original tenderness restored by soaking for a few hours in cold water before paring. Any of the leaf and stalk vegetables like cabbage, celery and kale are of more importance in the diet now than at any other time of the year, and if we have exhausted our own supply of canned vegetables it will be better economy for a few weeks now to buy more canned vegetables and fresh lettuce, spinach and other green things, than to invest the same amount of money in meat. Of course, the deficiency in fresh vegetables can be made up to a certain extent by fruits. The Canadian apple crop being a failure this year means that while apples have been scarce all winter they are almost impossible to get now. Grape fruit and oranges, however, are just at their best and the dried fruits, dates and prunes especially, are sources of the concentrated mineral salts and acids which the system needs. An excellent date and prune marmalade can be made without sugar. The more we can substitute raw and stewed fruit and the light desserts made from eggs and milk for pastry and the heavier puddings, the better. One seasonable treat which will be considered a special delicacy this year on account of the scarcity of sugar will be the Canadian maple syrup. This is perhaps at its best served with hot biscuits or frozen with cream in a mousse.

In planning a diet for this time of year

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sciatica, swollen and throbbing inflammatory rheumatism, neuralgia almost severe enough to drive you wild, the burnings of indigestion, or the dull, dread dragging of a lame back, and your Branston Generator is at hand for immediate relief. The cost of a few treatments from the physician pays for a machine, and enables the whole family to benefit by it.

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You need not let the absence of electricity in your home keep you from enjoying the benefits of this wonderful scientific discovery. You can get a portable Branston Generator which will operate from its own dry cell batteries. A treatment book is given with each instrument, containing full charts and instructions, telling you just how to treat each disease.

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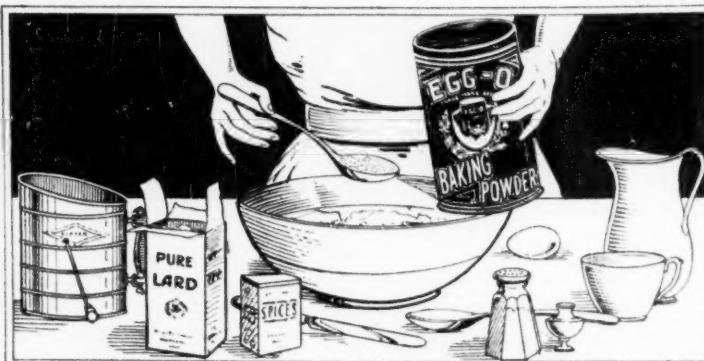
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THE necessity for war time economy makes it most desirable for every housewife to use Egg-O Baking Powder. Less Egg-O is required and the results are better.

HOME-MADE bread and cakes are vastly superior to the baker's, both in taste and food value. Every housewife knows this but many hesitate fearing failure.

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ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
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Total 600 Outside Rooms
Two Floors—Agents' Sample Rooms. New Unique Cafes and Cabaret Excellent.
All Absolutely Quiet

particularly consideration should be given to certain foods known to be especially valuable for the vitamins they contain. No one seems to know much about vitamin except that it is a certain living principle essential to health and found in eggs, the husks of grains and skins of fruit, in milk and nuts and yeast.

One thing is evident at once, that the more the diet is made up of the coarser grains, fruit, vegetables, eggs, milk and the simpler foods, the more it contains of this valuable food principle.

The following menus are suggested for a week in March, with consideration for the conservation of exportable foods as well as for the health of the family. The midday luncheons are made very simple, taking for granted that only the mother and the children will be at home for this meal.

MONDAY

Breakfast.

Stewed Prunes.
Cornmeal Mush. Whole Milk
Boiled Eggs.
Toast.

Luncheon.

Creamed Lima Beans.
Bread and Butter.
Apple Sauce

Dinner.

Lima Bean Soup.
Meat and Vegetable Croquettes.
Boiled Potatoes. Creamed Carrots.
Caramel Blanc Mange with Cream.

TUESDAY

Breakfast.

Oranges.
Oatmeal with Whole Milk.
Creamed Codfish. Corn Muffins

Luncheon.

Fried Cornmeal Mash.
Poached Eggs. Bread and Butter
Fruit Salad.

Dinner.

Scalloped Potatoes.
Codfish Balls or Fried Halibut.
Tomato Sauce Corn Fritters.
Steamed Fruit Pudding.

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast.

Boiled Rice with Cream.
Scrambled Eggs (using skim milk)
Bran Gems. Apple Sauce

Luncheon.

Cream of Tomato Soup. Croutons
Rice Pudding with Raisins.
Bran Gems.

Dinner.

Stuffed Heart or Liver and Onions.
Mashed Potatoes. Scalloped Cabbage.
Maple Mousse. Plain Cake.

THURSDAY

Breakfast.

Oatmeal. Whole Milk.
Omelet. Potato Cakes.
Date and Prune Marmalade.
Bread and Butter.

Luncheon.

Macaroni and Cheese with Tomato
Sliced Oranges or Preserved Fruit.
Whole Wheat Muffins—Butter.

Dinner.

Lamb Chops or Breaded Tenderloin.
Boiled Potatoes. Scalloped Tomatoes.
Hot Biscuits. Maple Syrup.

Mention MacLean's Magazine—It will identify you.

FRIDAY—

Breakfast.

Grape Fruit.
Cornmeal Mush. Whole Milk.
Boiled Eggs. Brown Bread.

Luncheon.

Warmed Potatoes. Nut Roast.
Tapioca Cream.

Dinner.

Salmon Custard or Baked Whitefish.
Baked Potatoes.
Peas. Lettuce Salad.
Rice Pudding, Hard Sauce.

SATURDAY—

Breakfast.

Oatmeal. Whole Milk.
Creamed Finn Haddie. Fried Potatoes.
Whole Wheat Gems. Marmalade.

Luncheon.

Coddled Eggs.
Toast. Stewed Figs.

Dinner.

Baked Beans or Lima Beans en Casserole.
Scalloped Potatoes.
Macedoine of Vegetables. Tomato Jelly Salad.
Preserved Raspberries. Plain Cake.

SUNDAY—

Breakfast.

Boiled Rice. Cream.
Scrambled Eggs. Toast.

Dinner.

Roast Beef. Mashed Potatoes.
Creamed Onions. Beet Salad.
Custard Pie.

Supper.

Baked Potatoes. Cheese Souffle.
Celery or Lettuce Salad.
Raisin Brown Bread. Coddled Apples.

Seasonable Recipes

LIMA BEANS EN CASSEROLE

1½ cups dried lima beans
½ pound sliced bacon
2 medium sized onions
1 cup milk
Salt; pepper.

Soak the beans overnight. In the morning boil until soft and drain. Sear the bacon in a hot frying pan; remove from pan and add the onions sliced. Cook these until clear and yellow, but not brown. In a greased casserole place a layers of beans, sprinkle with onions, small pieces of bacon and sparingly with salt and pepper. Repeat until all is used. Over this pour the milk and bake from fifteen minutes to one-half hour.

SALMON CUSTARD

2 cups scalded milk
2 eggs
1 small can salmon
Salt; pepper.

Beat the eggs slightly and add the milk. Pick the salmon into fine pieces with a fork and stir it into the milk and egg mixture. Add seasonings and turn into a buttered pudding dish or casserole. Set the dish in a pan of hot water in the tendency to attach and boilify our big oven that the milk may not be curdled by too high temperature. Bake until a knife

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dipped in the centre comes out without showing a trace of milk.

CODFISH BALLS

2 cups salt codfish
2 cups mashed potatoes
1 tablespoon butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk
1 egg
Pepper. Salt if necessary.

Soak the fish for two hours; drain, cover with cold water and simmer until tender. Drain and chop. Add potatoes and seasonings. Beat well, shape into round flat cakes and sauté or fry on a well greased pan.

CORN FRITTERS

2 cups canned corn
1 egg
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour
Salt and pepper.

Beat the egg slightly, add to the corn and stir in the flour and seasonings. Drop by spoonfuls on a greased pan. When browned underneath turn and brown on the other side.

TOMATO JELLY SALAD

To one can stewed and strained tomatoes add one teaspoon each of salt and sugar and two-thirds box of gelatine which has soaked fifteen minutes in one-half cup cold water. Pour into small cups or moulds and chill. When set turn out on lettuce leaves and pour over salad dressing.

CRUMB CAKE

1 cup brown sugar
2 large tablespoons butter
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour
1 cup buttermilk or sour milk
1 teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon soda
Raisins or chopped dates if you wish.

Mix the sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of the flour and the butter together until they crumble, and take out one-quarter cup of these crumbs to sprinkle over the top of the cake. Sift the soda and spice with the reserved quarter cup of flour and add this to the crumbs in the mixing bowl. Stir in the milk and beat well. Pour into a greased pan, sprinkle the crumbs over the top and bake slowly.

DATE AND PRUNE MARMALADE

1 pound prunes
1 pound dates
Water.

Wash and soak prunes over night and stew. When cooked remove the stones, add the dates, chopped, and cook until dates are soft. Mash or press through a sieve. A few drops of lemon juice may be added but do not use any sugar.

MAPLE MOUSSE

2 tablespoons cold water
1 teaspoon gelatine
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ cup maple syrup
1 pint of cream, whipped.

Soak gelatine in cold water, heat syrup and dissolve gelatine in it. When cool and partially thickened carefully stir in the whipped cream. Turn into a mould (a baking powder tin does very well) and freeze in a mixture of two parts ice to one part salt.

GRAPE FRUIT DESSERT

Cut grapefruit in halves, remove seeds and white part and loosen sections with a sharp knife. Sprinkle with sugar and let stand two or three hours. Just before serving sprinkle with grated maple sugar and chopped walnuts. This is delicious either for a dessert or served with little cakes for an evening refreshment.

Defending Our Army Heads

Continued from page 105.

the fact that besides bearing the main burden at sea—and one out of all proportion to any effort of any Ally—as well as the chief financial burden we have played the largest part on land in 1917—an infinitely greater part than was ever foreseen before the war even by the wildest of military megalomaniacs, had we bred such persons in this country. We can never be unmindful of Lord Kitchener, who was the first Minister to realize the probabilities of continental warfare. His extraordinary flair enabled him to think in millions of men while others—including, so far as we know, all the most prominent British soldiers—were only thinking in tens of thousands. Had Lord Haldane remained at the War Office after August 5, 1914, as he hoped and as his Liberal-Imperialist friends intended, there might have been a slight increase of our regular army, but our main military effort would have consisted of a Territorial force based on Territorial principles and Territorial training, amounting all told to 500,000 men, as our maximum contribution to the Allies—with no serious reserves. Moreover, Lord Haldane would have kept the British Expeditionary Force at home while the Territorials were being got ready to deal with a situation that, humanly speaking, could never have been retrieved. It must also be admitted that any other man who might have become War Minister in those days, with the solitary exception of Lord Kitchener—who chanced to be at home—would have made the fatal mistake of improvising a small army for a short war on the plausible ground that a long war at the pace the Germans had set was impossible. This, be it remembered, was not only the opinion of every British expert of eminence, but of all French experts, while our politicians could only regard Lord Kitchener as "mad," though he was too formidable to be resisted.

when he made large demands. His colleagues' chief contribution was to impress upon him that compulsion was "impossible" as it would produce "a revolution." It is even alleged that so late as 1915 Sir John French opposed compulsion.

The French War Office believed that all would be over in a few months, while with some military bureaucrats in Paris it was an *idee fixe* in August, 1914, that Germany would crumble up in a few weeks, on the first disaster to her war machine. If France was discounted and despised in Berlin as a "decadent nation"—while Britain as a military factor was ignored—the French General Staff no less underrated the *moral* of the German army and the staying power of the German nation, who on accepted theories should have treated the Battle of the Marne as an adverse decision. It is an open secret that Lord Kitchener's

"eccentric" anticipation of a three years' war was even more keenly resented in Paris than in London. It made him anything but *persona grata* across the Channel in early days, where all his talk of "new armies," which *ex hypothesi* could not materialize in time for this war, though "these phantom forces might conceivably figure in the phantom campaigns of a phantom figure," was a subject of grim merriment in circles which to-day are the first to salute his foresight. He was wonderfully right and every one who differed from him was wonderfully wrong. Although he had passed his working life out of Europe and was voted an ignoramus upon European affairs, he had that mysterious, unanalyzable gift which we call genius without knowing what it is, that enables some men to grasp the heart and essence of a subject or a situation without having made a special study of it or possessing what commonly passes for knowledge. Lord Kitchener knew something of France, a nation he greatly admired, while he loved Italy, but in the ordinary sense he "knew" little or nothing of Germany. He had none of Lord Haldane's pretensions, he had neither been educated at the University of Gottingen nor had translated Schopenhauer, nor made pious pilgrimages to Potsdam, nor toadied the Kaiser anywhere. But he had a shrewd instinct that so thorough, methodical, highly organized, patriotic, and disciplined a people as the Germans would not light-heartedly go to war without counting all the costs, nor would easily relinquish the "frightful adventure" because everything had not gone precisely as they had anticipated, which was the accepted foreign interpretation of German psychology. Lord Kitchener also realized what some others strangely missed—namely, that as the Hohenzollern Dynasty could not survive defeat, and, therefore, could not contemplate it, as the war developed in our favor we should find ourselves confronted by a clique of desperadoes, whose skins were involved, controlling the most formidable military machine ever fashioned for conquest.

Lord Kitchener laid his plans accordingly, and in a year and a half—a month after the tragedy of his death we saw the results when the new armies, under that great organizer and capable leader Sir Douglas Haig, opened the big offensive on the Somme which finally shattered the German General Staff's hope of attaining any of its major objectives. Since the attack upon Verdun, which petered out on the Somme, there has been no serious German offensive either upon Russia, France, or Great Britain—the disaster on the Isonzo, as we now know, being something of a political accident. Since the summer of 1916 the British army has exercised decisive influence on the continent by preventing the enemy from securing a decision otherwise inevitable.

We stand too near these great events to see them, but the future historian will look back upon the terrible fighting of these two years as by far the greatest of British achievements on land, in that they effectively saved Europe from Pan-German domination, which with the exit of Russia and the Italian disaster was, humanly speaking, certain but for the unique wisdom of Lord Kitchener in appreciating the size of the war, and Britain's consequent role, and the splendid tenacity of Sir William Robertson, as Chief of the Imperial General Staff, in resisting the constant conspiracy this is not too strong a term—to whittle away troops from the decisive point.

What Men in the Trenches Are Thinking

No More Room for Kings? A Truer Democracy?

WHAT are the men in the trenches thinking about? It is clear that the men who are fighting the cause of freedom, and quite equally the men on the other side who are fighting unwittingly for despotism, are thinking a new brand of thoughts. A Canadian writer, who returned recently after a year in the trenches, says of the state of mind of the British private: "They are talking re-

volution, the overthrow of existing order, the complete uprooting of present-day evils." Judson C. Welliver writes on the subject in *Munsey's Magazine* as follows:

There is no doubt that after the war the men who are now fighting will be an even bigger factor in the life and politics of every belligerent country than the discharged soldiers were in the United States during the generation following the Civil War. England is fairly typical in this regard of the other warring countries. It has about five million men in uniform, three millions of them now serving outside the home country; and

by all accounts there is little essential difference between the sentiments and aims of the men at home and those overseas.

These men in the King's uniform represent rather more than half of the voting strength registered in the British Isles before the war. With the addition of some six million women's votes to the register, the soldier vote will no longer be a majority, but it will hardly be less influential because the women are voting. The politicians, indeed, suspect that whatever radical tendencies the soldier vote may develop will be rather accentuated than otherwise by the addition of the women's votes. A good many of the women leaders will be out to get particular reforms in matters of education and public health, and in the interests of women and children, in behalf of which they will endeavor to enlist the soldiers, giving their support to the demands of the veteran as a *quid pro quo*.

Of one thing every student of the subject is convinced—that the soldiers are doing an unwonted lot of thinking, and doing it with unwonted independence. To the great majority of them the war has brought an opportunity such as they never knew before for intimate discussion among themselves. They have been looking down into the vitals of things, gropingly attempting to make up their minds what it is that has gone wrong with this world and brought it face to face with the frightful conditions that now prevail.

They are wondering if there is any room in a properly organized world for crowned heads and thrones. They are also questioning with ominous acuteness whether the existing forms of democracy are really democratic. They have observed that countries which are called democracies, where there is a certain responsibility of the government to the people, were dragged into the maelstrom of the war just as inevitably as the autocracies. They are commenting on the fact that secret diplomacy, after all, was just about as firmly established in countries supposed to be democratic as those frankly autocratic. They observed that republican France, for decades before the war, was chained to the chariot of militarism only less irrevocably than absolutist Germany.

In saying that the men at the front are thinking and debating upon these things, the writer knows whereof he speaks. He has talked with hundreds of soldiers on leave from the front, attempting to discover what is at the bottom of their minds, what direction their thoughts are taking.

There is a significant proportion of what might be called intellectual and moral pacifism among the soldiers. It is quite different from the sort of pacifism that is preached from soap-boxes and park stands in London. The soldiers not only recognize that the war is inevitable as a result of conditions which have prevailed in the past, but they are convinced and determined that the first business in hand is to fight to a victorious conclusion. Their pacifism is of a sort that firmly believes in having peace even if it is necessary to fight for it. It is not the sort of pacifism that betrays the morale of an army; quite the contrary.

But beyond all this the soldier's mind is bent to the consideration of things in the hereafter. Admitting that there is only one way to end the present war by fighting it to a finish—the man in khaki is insistent, as probably no soldier of any former generation ever was, that the institution of war is bad, and must be abolished or limited in future, if that is possible.

I do not assert that a majority of the soldiers are convinced that war can be abolished or even measurably controlled. The fatalism that one finds among them dictates the opinion which a large number, at any rate, entertain—that war is the result of elemental passions and conflicting interests, as deep-seated as any other attribute of human nature.

But by no means all take this view. I should say that an increasing number of them reject it. And if that conjecture is correct, it is particularly important, because most of the literature that has been fed to the soldier has been of a kind calculated to increase his war spirit, to exaggerate his disposition toward strife, to magnify and glorify his profession.



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about it on this page

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THE-BEST-BOOKS

The Best Selling Book

AS expected "The Major," by Ralph Connor, continues to lead the list of best selling books in Canada, with L. M. Montgomery's "Anne's House of Dreams" a good second. Third in line is a new book, one that promises to be a tremendous seller, "All In It," by Ian Hay Beith. As space has previously been given in these columns to the two leaders, our monthly review will be devoted to the new comer.

"All In It" (Wm. Briggs) is a war book and a sequel to Captain Beith's justly famous "First Hundred Thousand." Some of the characters in the first Hay book—that remarkably fine epic of the First Expeditionary Force—are carried along through the sequel. In a sense it is fiction; but it is more than that. It is a chronicle of warfare, a picture of actual war conditions, telling a grim and graphic story of events from the Battle of Loos on. Readers of the "First Hundred Thousand" will find it in some ways more intense, for it deals with some of the most crucial phases of the war.

It has been said that the great books of the war will be written by privates and this has been borne out to a considerable degree by recent successes. Private Peat, Arthur Guy Empey, and above all that wonderful Frenchman, Barbusse, have contributed books that will rank as among the best the war has produced. Barbusse has so far produced the great book of the war, because he has told the story of the soldier, the man up in the trenches, and has told it without reservation. If this is to be the rule, however, Captain Beith is the exception to prove it. There is a literary quality, a clearness of expression, about his work that makes it stand out. In reading him one sees clearly the whole panorama of the front and gets an insight into the heart of things. Whether he gets as close to the real soul of the army as the writers who have been in the ranks is a point that time will determine; but certainly his books are intense and graphic and magnificently done.

Best Selling Books in Canada

As reported to the editor of *Bookseller and Stationer*, Toronto, by dealers from Atlantic to Pacific.

FICTION

- 1—The Major. Ralph Connor.
- 2—Anne's House of Dreams. L. M. Montgomery.
- 3—All In It. Ian Hay.
- 4—Missing. Mrs. Humphrey Ward.
- 5—Next of Kin. Nellie L. McClung.
- 6—The Soul of a Bishop. H. G. Wells.

NON-FICTION

- 1—My Four Years in Germany. Gerard.
- 2—Over the Top. Empey.
- 3—Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. Service.

Record of New Books

FICTION

The Tree of Heaven. May Sinclair. (Cassell & Co. \$1.35.)

Described by some as "Mr. Britling in Petticoats." It presents a study of the mental and spiritual evolution of a Hampstead family from childhood till they take their part in the Great War.

The U.P. Trail. Zane Grey. (The Musson Book Co. \$1.50.)

A story of love and adventure woven about the men and the women who helped the building of the Union Pacific Railroad.

Mr. Grey, a master of Western romance, has found in the building of the first iron trail across the continent a theme that has thrilled him just as Stevenson was thrilled by the mere contemplation of this vast epic.

Mary Regan. Leroy Scott. (Thomas Allen. \$1.50.)

A story of the heart of New York, where the under world and the upper crust of society come together, and of one, Mary Regan, who comes from the "criminal aristocracy."

The False Faces. Louis Joseph Vance. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. \$1.40.)

A lively diplomatic story, telling how "The Lone Wolf" saves America from the Prussian spy peril.

The Kentucky Warbler. James Lane Allen. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. \$1.35.)

The companion story to "A Kentucky Cardinal." The tale of a lad's first contact with nature and its lasting effect in the developing of his character.

Ninety-six Hours' Leave. Stephen McKenna. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. \$1.35.)

An entertaining story, reflecting alike the grit and the resource that, since 1914, have carried the British armies through so much dirty weather.

The Sixth Sense. Stephen McKenna. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. \$1.35.)

A romance of very modern life, the sixth sense being the sense of the future — what is going to happen.

Carolyn of the Corners. Ruth Belmore Endicott. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. \$1.35.)

A clean-cut story of every-day life in which humor, pathos and excitement are delightfully mingled.

Comrades. Mary Dillon. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. \$1.40.)

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Cabin Fever. B. M. Bower. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. \$1.35.)

"Cabin Fever" is the Western expression for "ennui." A story of outdoor life and of people who do not fear to let their primitive impulses of love or hate or revenge sway them.

The Transactions of Lord Louis Lewis. Roland Pertwee. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. \$1.50.)

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The Arctic Stowaways. Dillon Wallace. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. \$1.25.)

A boy's book of adventure balanced by much interesting information about Arctic modes of life.

His Own Home Town. Larry Evans. (The Copp, Clark Co. \$1.40.)

The Spy in Black. J. Storer Clouston. (Wm. Briggs.)

Love and Hatred. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (Wm. Briggs.)

Her Wedding Night. Max Pemberton. (Wm. Briggs.)

Kitty Carstairs. J. J. Bell. (The Musson Book Co. \$1.35.)

His Own Accuser. Silas Hocking. (The Musson Book Co. \$1.25.)

"The Sheriff's Son." Wm. MacLeod Raine. (Thomas Allen.)

Trueheart Marjory. Norma Bright Carson. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. \$1.35.)

War Books

Germany at Bay. Major Haldane Macfall. With an introduction by Field-Marshal the Viscount French. (Cassell & Co. \$1.75.)

Besieged in Kut and After. Major Charles H. Barber. (Wm. Briggs.)

The Tenth Irish Division. Major Brian Cooper. (Wm. Briggs.)

The Willy-Nicky Correspondence. Herman Bernstein. (S. B. Gundy. \$1.)

The Bolsheviks and World Peace. Leon Trotzky. (Musson Book Co. \$1.50.)

The Collapse of Superman. Wm. Roscoe Thayer. (Thomas Allen. 60c.)

Campaigns and Intervals. Lieutenant Jean Giraudoux. Translated from the French by Elizabeth S. Sergeant. (Thomas Allen. \$1.50.)

On the Field of Honor. Hugues Le Roux. Translated by Mrs. John Van Vorst. (Thomas Allen. \$1.50.)

Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War. W. Trotter. (The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.)

Belinda of the Red Cross. Robert W. Hamilton. (Wm. Briggs. \$1.25.)

The Scar That Triples. Wm. G. Shepherd. (The Musson Book Co. 50c.)

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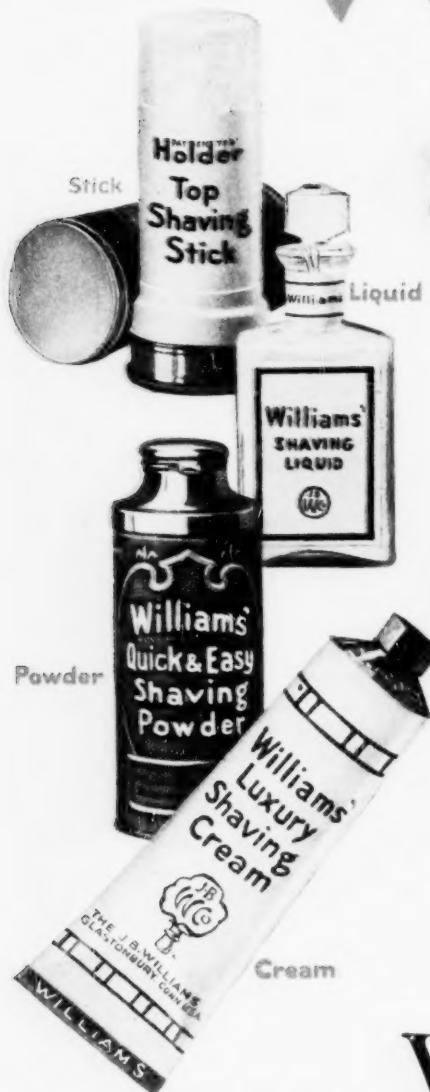
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